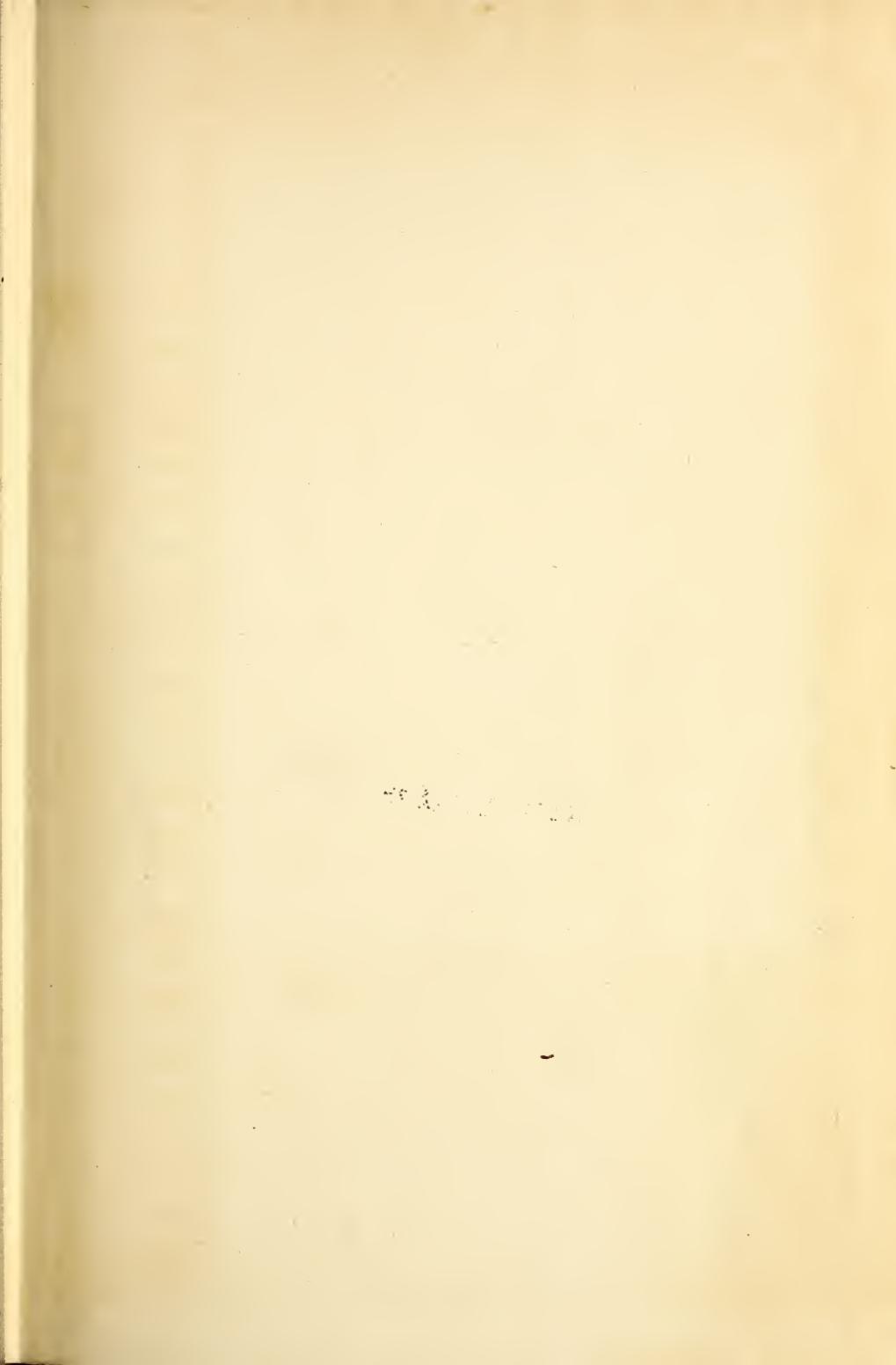


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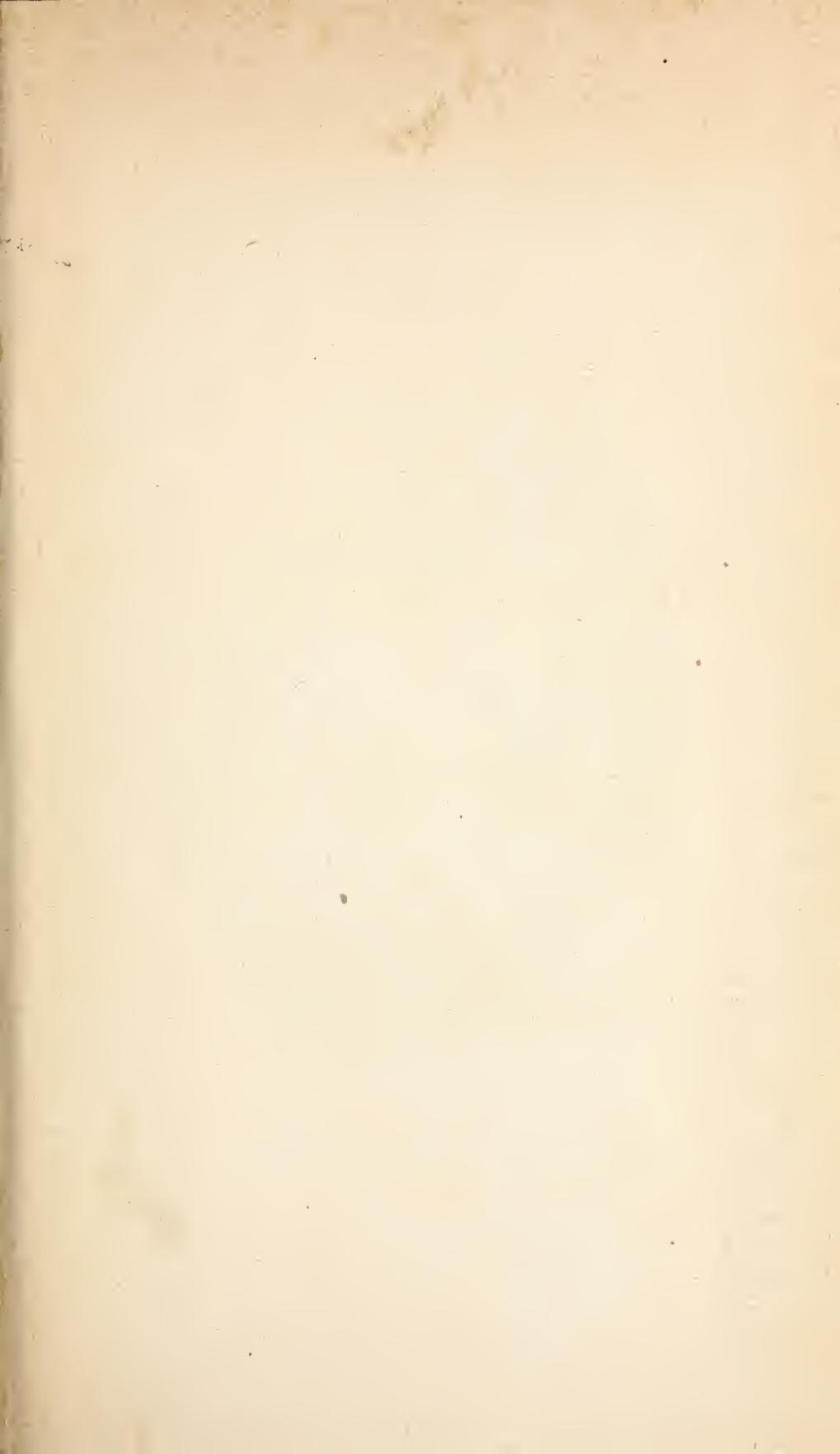


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SALLY ANN AT TWO

THROUGH CHILDREN'S EYES

TRUE STORIES OUT OF THE
PRACTICE OF A CONSULTANT
PSYCHOLOGIST

By Blanche C. Weill, Ed.D.

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TO SALLY ANN, JIMMIE,
AND THE OTHER CHILDREN
WITHOUT WHOM THIS BOOK
COULD NOT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN.

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INTRODUCTION

THE last twenty years has seen the extension of the “public health point of view” to the problems of personality and adjustment. The physician asks what is wrong with a patient, what is his weakness. To one in the public health field, the patient is sensitive, rather than weak—the patient is unconsciously trying to tell something about his surroundings. Thus, more and more, we ask what is right about our patients rather than what is wrong.

These pages are full of warm sympathy for their small heroes and heroines,—but particularly is there a quickened ear for what they are trying to tell about the pressures or dreams, the frustrations and ventures, of their families. I have long felt that to the extent that we could see these problems as the child sees them, to that extent we would be successful.

The problem child is much more trying to solve a problem than to be one. Where, as here, one listens,—the child tells of those stresses which press upon less sensitive brothers and sisters, as well.

INTRODUCTION

Real preventive programs of the coming years can be built only from such data as are given here.

*James S. Plant, M.D.
Director Essex County Juvenile Clinic*

FOREWORD

THIS book is significant not only in what it tells about the problems of children and parents, but also in what it implies about the world beyond childhood.

Often, when adults, in their immeasurable complacency, call some silly, unreasonable and disconcerting behavior "childish," I have wondered why no child protests. I have wanted to protest in the name of childhood, and call that kind of behavior "adultish." What the whole group of adults in one so-called civilized hemisphere is doing now, shows where the real problems lie. We might sit down and think awhile about ways to meet them, if there should still be time.

Perhaps the problem rulers of today, totalitarian, constitutional or whatever they may be who interfere so painfully, by their wild tantrums, with nature's course, would never have developed if they had been taken in hand, in childhood, by a skilled consultant psychologist, or by their parents, noticing that something was wrong with their little boy. If people had taken notice of expressions of misery before they became hurricanes, there might have been no need for wars or upheavals.

It is a good thing to study the problems of children. All children are problems at one time or another, and all peo-

ple are children most of their lives, at least in parts and stages of their personality. That is why children never stop teaching us how we might mend the ways of the world. We have much to learn. This book spreads many aspects before us. It has the added quality of being good reading.

Helene Scheu-Riesz

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Introductory

What to Expect of This Book

HAVE you ever thought how the world appears to your children?

It is different from ours. If you do not believe this, lie flat upon the floor and see how the world looks to the creeping baby. See how huge loom chair-legs and seats, the table a dark cloud in the sky. See how narrow the horizon is. This is the baby-eye view of the world.

Sit up and crouch low on your knees. Now the horizon widens a little. Furniture is not quite so overwhelming. But door-knobs are still hard to reach and windows show nothing but sky. This is the three- or four-year-old view.

Rise up on your knees and you see the world as the six- or seven-year-old sees it.

Lie flat again and see how people loom gigantic in stature and importance. They can seize you from your crib, swing you through the air, douse you in water. They can give: they can take away. You are powerless against their kindness or their ruthlessness. They are omnipotent. They are incalculable. Sometimes we must literally get down to the child's level in order to see with his eyes.

In order to live in this world, small and partial to us,

but the universe to him, he needs to feel tied to its most powerful beings, his parents. The strongest tie comes from the relaxation and peace he feels in their arms. Here is the beginning of affection. The ability to count on this affection becomes as important to the child as physical support. It, too, keeps him from fear.

How can he feel increasingly secure in his ties to a world full of grown-ups who have had so many things to learn that they have forgotten how a child sees, feels, thinks and what things mean to him? These grown-up people don't even understand the same language! Words and acts mean different things to the child and to the grown-up. Children try and try to get messages through to us, and generally give up in despair! This lack of a common means of communication is an underlying cause of most children's difficulties.

The adult's task is to sensitize himself to receive these wordless messages. But this takes time and so my work has been to act as an interpreter between children and their grown-ups. Many mothers, to whom I have told some of the experiences of these children, have asked me to write them down, in all their details. So here they are, telling what the child thought and said and did, and what the parent thought, said and did, and how the two got together.

You may tell me that your child is naughty. Wouldn't it be interesting to find out your child's story about what you called his naughtiness? One thing I can tell you defi-

nitely. A naughty child is an unhappy child. He may not seem on the surface to be unhappy, but whatever form his naughtiness may take, it is a kind of language. And this is what it is saying: "You don't love me enough," or "You don't love me as much as the others," or "You don't love me at all. I can't bear it, so I have to do something about it!"

You love your child so much that it is hard for you to believe this. But let the children in the stories convince you by telling you their side in their own words. Read the experiences of Mark and his mother, and you will get a glimpse of what I mean. True, Mark's mother really did neglect him a little. So also read about Sally Ann, whose mother came just short of giving her too much affection and who tried as far as was humanly possible to be both fair and wise.

The child may be right in his belief about the way you love him. He is more likely to be absolutely wrong. Perhaps he has received too much affection and so expects the impossible. Too much affection and solicitude is as intolerable, is as much of a handicap, as to be loved too little. Perhaps his funny, literal little mind is not convinced of the affection which you think he must surely take for granted. In either case, his anxiety and his suffering, however foolishly based they seem to you, are real. *What he believes is true for him.* So he acts accordingly.

The love of which you need to convince him is not an indulgent, smothering love that would keep him acting on a baby level, but it must be understanding and wise,

the kind that he can count on through deprivations and joys. It must also lead him to give as well as take, thus broadening his interests beyond himself.

Help for him lies in your finding out just what is the intolerable state of affairs that forces him to act as he does. As soon as he sees that there is another way of looking at the matter, he realizes that he has been mistaken, and that he need no longer act in that way.

With a little understanding and imagination on both sides, you will find how much more smoothly life will run. The need for disapproval or punishment almost disappears.

The more timid, quiet child, who, we say, is never naughty, shows by his moping and slipping into corners, that he is unhappy too.

We use the word naughty too freely. A child is not naughty just because he inconveniences us, or embarrasses us by his questions. He is not naughty even when he gets into mischief through his curiosity. He should be called naughty only when he is experienced enough to be able to try deliberately to injure others.

The value of this book, it seems to me, lies in giving a bit of the child-way of thinking. To the extent that we, as parents, teachers or counselors, see with the child's eyes, hear with his ears, reason at his level of thinking, we can feel his emotions and understand why he acts as he does. And then—we can no longer judge. We can only try to understand and try to help.

This does not mean to give in to the child. To pamper

or soften him would be to insure his unhappiness. It does mean to help him to see that he is mistaken, and that he needs the power of independence instead of the baby's power of helplessness.

This book is not fiction. Every child in it is a real child whom I have known. Sometimes these children came to me with their problems, saying, "I've gotten myself into trouble again." Sometimes parents or schools brought them in. Some are the children of my friends.

Of course, in giving these glimpses into their lives, it has been necessary to keep the confidences of both children and parents. When I have told a particularly personal story, it is with permission. And in every story, names, places and external circumstances have been changed or kept vague.

The main places where these stories occur, apart from the children's own homes and my office as private consultant, are the Children's House, an interesting twenty-four-hour-school described in "Elizabeth," and two Guidance Clinics. In one of these I worked with a home-visitor; in the other, with a home-visitor and a psychiatrist. The fact that not all the stories are located at one spot need cause no confusion, as the one thing of vital importance is the effect of the personal contact on child and parent, no matter whose contact it is.

All children have common needs, common difficulties in meeting the increased demands that growing older makes. In reading about children who are different from your child, you will come to see what are his deepest

needs. In every story you will find something you can use. In some aspect or other your child is there. The real magic that brings the solution of your difficulties is the attitude of you, as a grown-up, facing your child. Nothing can take the place of that.

As you read some of these stories you may feel that certain difficulties a mother mentions are not adequately treated, or not treated at all. There are two reasons for this. Frequently symptoms of unhappiness such as thumb-sucking or food difficulties disappear of themselves as the child feels himself more secure. Sometimes the story would become too cluttered if all the details of many visits were given.

The last three stories tell of families in which I watched wise parents guide their children to maturity.

There is an appendix, a summing up of the problems presented by each story, called a psychological summary.

A word of fairly recent coinage expresses this attempt to understand why people do what they do. Empathy: a feeling *into* another person. With empathy a new wisdom comes to us. Before, we did not know that we were hurting our children. We did not know that they were unhappy when they were naughty or inarticulate.

Now that we know we act differently. We recognize their need of our help in discovering what it means to grow up out of babyhood into independent maturity.

INTOLERABLE SITUATION I.

They Thought They Were Not Loved

MARK

MARK was convinced that his parents did not love him. At least, they did not love him as much as they did his six- and seven-year-old brothers. His chin quivered and the tears dripped off his round cheeks as he whispered the

heart-breaking secret over which he had been brooding. Even the dignity of ten years and the sixth grade at school could not hold back those tears when I asked him, "And how do you get along at home?" Then it all came out.

He'd suspected it for some time, but to be perfectly sure, he had been collecting proofs. In the first place, he was always being asked to do things and his little brothers never were. Then, he got all the scoldings. If anything went wrong it was his fault always and never the fault of those two little sneaks. That was proof number two. Then the two little boys got all the petting. He never got a hug or a kiss, and nobody ever put an arm around him, but they were always kissing and hugging Bunny and Ken and holding them on their laps. All this made him feel queer inside, "kind'a sick," and he thought about it a lot, even in school. But yesterday—and here the tears and quivering voice made the story come forth in gasps—he had had the final proof, and it bowled him clean over.

When he got home for lunch his mother had picked *the smallest plate in the pile* and had given that plate to him. That meant she didn't love him enough even to give him enough to eat. He just couldn't stay at the table and he ran back to school but he couldn't think about anything else and he couldn't do his lessons and when the teacher asked him what the matter was, of course he couldn't tell her that his mother didn't love him, so he just told her that she hadn't given him any lunch and then he couldn't help crying, right there in school.

Mark's mother had brought him to me, her mood a

mixture of bewilderment and anger. It was her story which I heard first. The boy had been quarreling unbearably with his little brothers for a long time. He had been getting lazier and more defiant at home. Recently his fine report cards had begun to fall off. But yesterday had been the final straw. At noon, without any reason or explanation he had suddenly pushed back his plate without tasting a mouthful and rushed out of the room. When he got to school, the teacher told her, he began to cry and said he couldn't do his work because he was hungry, and his mother wouldn't give him any lunch. She couldn't get anything out of him at home. He was just sulky and defiant, and so, in view of the quarreling, the falling marks in school and this last inexplicable episode, she had brought him over to me.

Questioned about the home situation, she said that she and her husband had always been and still were much in love with each other, that they had eagerly welcomed their children, had been able to give them a comfortable, though modest home, with music lessons and simple pleasures like a yearly circus and an occasional movie.

Mark had always been well. He had been happy as a baby. As he grew older he had many playmates. School had been a pleasure.

The parents had not prepared him for the coming of the two younger babies, but he had not seemed to be jealous of them. He had always been independent and undemonstrative, in marked contrast with the two younger boys who had always been "cuddlers."

The mother thought the quarreling with the younger brothers had begun to disturb her about two years before. The past year, however, it had increased tremendously in frequency and in violence. At the same time, she had begun to notice the laziness and carelessness in doing his small household tasks, and his bursts of temper toward her and toward his father.

When asked which child was her favorite, she denied that either she or her husband had a favorite. Then she stopped and corrected herself.

"All the babies were equally welcome. I'm sure of that, although I did wish one of them, anyway, had been a girl, or two of them girls, just so long as I had both boys and girls. But once the baby was here, it didn't make any difference.

"I do believe, though, that we have enjoyed the two younger ones more because they are so much more affectionate. Mark has always been rather cold. Then, of course, we have had to be after him a great deal. I can't believe that that has bothered him, though. He is so indifferent to whatever we say."

"And the little boys?" I asked her. "Do they ever give trouble?"

"Oh, no, they get along almost like twins. Of course, they are too young for us to ask much of yet, but they have to help set the table and make the beds with me. Those are their jobs but they think of them as play. They are doing nicely at school, in the first and second grades. They haven't learned to read and pick up their numbers as

quickly as Mark did, and he makes fun of them and of course that hurts their feelings. It does seem as if Mark actually hated them. He picks on them so," and the tears stood in her eyes.

With this information and the telephoned summary from the teacher which gave the school picture just as the mother told it, I had my talk with the curly-headed youngster with the sullen blue eyes. The blue eyes lighted up, however, as I brought out the various tests, called games or puzzles, which are an aid to every psychologist in understanding her children.

He fell upon the block puzzles first, and relaxed in the enjoyment of doing them. His active brain and sensitive hands earned him a high score. He did not know this, of course, but he did know that he was having a very good time chatting as he worked. He had read widely for his years, and had picked up much general information. He was going to be a lawyer. He dreamed a good deal, he said, was often chased by bears, big ones and little ones.

Then came the question about home, the quick tears and the gasped-out story. It was difficult for me to keep a smile from marring the solemnity of the occasion, the boy's chubby fairness was so out of keeping with his woe and with his conviction of the validity of his ridiculously misplaced "proofs." Still, they were valid to him. His suffering was as worthy of sympathy and respect as though he were truly the outcast he thought himself.

I saw that my task was to act as interpreter between Mark and his mother. If I succeeded, the rest would be

chiefly standing on the sidelines and giving added courage by cheering, lap by lap, in the race toward mutual understanding.

So I began. "Yes, I see just how you must feel, Mark. But do you know, it struck me, as you were telling me about it, that maybe there was another way of looking at it all. I know a lot of big brothers and big sisters, oldest in the family just as you are," I hurried on, as Mark looked doubtful. "And their fathers and mothers count on them a lot, just because they are big and understand so much more than the little ones and can do so much more than the little ones can. These fathers and mothers think of their oldest sons and daughters more like grown-ups, and the boys and girls like it. They think it is a compliment to be trusted with harder things than the babies. So as you were talking to me I kept thinking, 'What a big, responsible fellow his father and mother must consider Mark. They don't treat him a bit like a baby.'

"And now I'm going to let you in on a little secret. When fathers and mothers love each other a great deal and their first baby comes to them, they have a special feeling for that baby that they do not have for the ones that come later. I don't mean that they love him more, but that they love him differently. He is so close to them. He is so new to them, for they have never had a baby before, and so exciting and so precious. They are a little used to babies by the time the second one comes. And right from the start, the moment the second one comes, they think of the first baby as more one of themselves, and count on his

being big and helping them to get the younger babies to grow up right."

The sobbing had ceased and the eyes looked eager.

"Gee! Maybe I was all mistaken then? Maybe—maybe they do love me?"

"I'm sure they love you and are proud of you."

"Then why don't they pick me up and hug me the way they do Bun and Ken?"

"Perhaps they think you are so big you wouldn't like it," I answered. "Perhaps they think you'd call that treating you like a baby. It's mostly babies who sit on laps, and you're big, even for ten."

Mark cogitated. This was an entirely new point of view to him.

"Maybe you're right," finally came forth.

"I wonder if you'd be willing to try something for a week," I asked him. "Go on home and act as if you were perfectly sure that your parents loved you as much as the other boys, and that you are proud that they treat you like a responsible, almost grown-up person. And if you get a chance, talk it all over with your father and mother, what we've been talking about here, and what you have been thinking. I might get a word to your mother about it, too, if you like."

He was actually grinning by this time.

"Sure I'll do it, and I'll be back next week and tell you how it works. Say, you don't know how much better I feel!"

The next step, then, was to tell the mother the boy's

story and as she listened it was not difficult to read from her expression, her gestures, her exclamations, the mixed emotions the story aroused. Incredulity came first. The boy thought he was being unfairly treated! Asked too much of? How could he think that, so much bigger than the two babies! Not loved? Absurd! Then came a rush of pity. If he really believed that, then, of course, he must have felt badly. When I told her how he longed for the demonstrative affection that was showered upon the little boys, she again looked incredulous, then tears came to her eyes, as she began to realize the implications.

But she was a courageous woman, and now that she had begun to see that she and her husband were not guiltless and the boy alone to blame, she faced herself and her responsibilities.

"Help me to see the thing straight. Have I asked too much of him?" she asked.

"Let me ask you another question first. When he does do the tasks you set him, what do you do? What do you say?"

"Why, nothing! He's just done his duty. Surely you don't mean— Why, come to think of it, I *do* praise the little ones if they get the silver straight on the table and whatever they try to do to help. I encourage them, even if they don't do it perfectly. But Mark? Perhaps I don't praise him. I suppose I even scold him if the job isn't well done. I begin to see how it looks to him."

"After all," I said, "a ten-year-old is only a child still, isn't he?"

"But to think he's been believing we didn't love him! And we thinking that he was hard and cold! Is he *jealous* of his brothers? Is that why he fights with them all the time?"

"Isn't it natural he should be? It isn't only that they get praise and encouragement for what they do, and caresses when they ask for them, but they take his things without permission and even if they misuse them, he knows he will only get scolded if he complains. He knows, too, that he gets scolded if they go to you with any complaint about him. He truly believes he hasn't a chance with you, against them. He is convinced of it and so it is true for him. He acts accordingly. He thinks he has no one to look after his interests but himself. He has to fight to protect himself, or he will be lost. He's thought he was a zero in the family, and yet he has succeeded in keeping you all very much aware of him, hasn't he?"

"I should say so! You tell me you've given him a hint about our considering him a big boy. I'll see to it that my husband gets this whole story and we'll both make it clear to Mark that we do love him."

"Come back next week and tell me how things have gone. Remember, have patience. You can't expect the millennium at once."

A week later. A beaming mother and son entered, hand in hand.

"It was all a big mistake I made," sang Mark joyously.

"And they said they'd made a mistake too. They thought I didn't like hugging. Gee! They know better now!"

"Home is a different place," said the mother after Mark had left. "I wouldn't have believed it possible. You know, his father and I could hardly get to sleep that night when we realized how we'd made that child suffer. The teacher tells me he's his old self again in school, too."

"How is his attitude toward the little boys?" I asked.

"Decidedly better, I should say. Not nearly so much quarreling, and I've made it my business not to jump in on the side of the little ones just because they are smaller. None of the three has come telling on each other so often the last few days, so they must be getting on better together. I learned another lesson the first time I sided with Mark against Bunny. Bun acted as if the floor had collapsed under his feet. He'd been believing I'd help him get away with anything, I guess, and I suddenly saw what a bad thing it was for him to think he could treat his brother any way he pleases and that I'd uphold him. Wasn't it as bad for Bun and Ken to get that idea into their heads as it was for Mark to feel that he was discriminated against? And wouldn't they come to feel that Mark hadn't any rights and be scornful of him?"

I was delighted that help with one child should have set her to thinking so constructively about all her children. She had even grasped the deeper truth that you cannot change one person in the family without changing the whole family, the relationships are so interwoven.

"I think you've gotten hold of an important pair of

principles there." I went on to say that the way children look at members of the family is apt to be the way they will later look at people outside the family. These spoiled younger children will expect all older children and older people to give in to them and protect them. Life will be easier for them if they start learning to give as well as take, right from the beginning.

"Babies are naturally selfish, aren't they?" remarked the mother.

"Perhaps self-centered or self-absorbed would express it better. None of the three words says just what I mean," I answered. "A baby isn't aware of any difference between himself and the outside world, except as he gradually learns it through experience. He isn't aware of anyone but himself. Other people are merely things to him, things he can use. But this isn't selfishness. It is only limited experience.

"As he gains further experience he finds himself in conflict with other people's needs and wants, and little by little he realizes that other people are like himself in wanting things and that some adjustment on his part is necessary. The earlier he learns this the easier life will be, and the friendlier, happier and more useful a citizen he will become. This expanding point of view is important in understanding both your younger children and Mark.

"Now I want to emphasize the attitude of the older child toward the marauding baby. If the older child is scolded and punished for trying to protect his possessions from the baby, he is bound to be resentful toward both

parents and baby, but chiefly toward the baby, since the baby is the cause of the unjust punishment. The jealousy and hate thus developed may last through life. And this will not be due to a jealous disposition, but to wrong training in early childhood.

"But don't look so worried. The very fact that you have seen this thing for yourself means that you will be on guard against it, even when you are not actually conscious of it."

The mother looked somewhat reassured.

"Now for two interesting things Mark said to me last week," I went on. "First, he told me that he often dreamed he was being chased by bears. That isn't a peaceful dream, is it? It showed an anxious, insecure state of mind. Many children dream of bears. I've often wondered if the story of 'The Three Bears' doesn't symbolize for children their own helplessness before the power of the grown-ups. The other revelation Mark made was his wanting to become a lawyer. Fairness, justice—that's what he's after, and now he's getting it. This will interest your husband."

"And now, one last word. Don't lean too far the other way in regard to your treatment of the three children. Unless something unusual develops, let me know in two weeks how things are going."

Two weeks later Mark appeared alone.

"Mother says to tell you everything is fine. It's all fine with me too, except for just one thing. Those kids think up everything they can to tease me. They hide my things. In the morning when it's time to get up I can't be ready

on time because they've hidden my clothes and I have to hunt and hunt. I get mad and then they laugh and then we fight again. Or else they've hidden my school books or my papers."

"That's certainly annoying. Perhaps I can give you a little bit of help. Teasing's only fun if the fellow you tease gets sore. If he acts as if he likes it, or doesn't even notice it, there's no use going on. Could you try that on the little boys?"

Mark looked dubious, but was willing, he said, to try anything once.

A few days later he was back, jubilant, accompanied by two other boys his age.

"Say, it worked just swell, and I told these kids about it. They've got their troubles with kid brothers, too, and they asked to come along, so you'd give them some good dope same as you did me."

Here was Mark showing again his deepest character trait, his longing for justice. This time, however, he had gone a step further. Not content with getting it for himself alone, he was spreading it to others. In this he was like his mother, whose social feeling had led her to spread her new point of view to all her children.

Mark's story is typical of the usual way parents handle the relationship of the older child to the younger. Mark had had seven years of it, ever since his brother was born. So had his parents. Seven years of habits of thought and habits of feeling, built up and up.

When did Mark first feel jealousy? How did he act? His mother did not remember. Few people realize what is happening, what is the significance of this or that seemingly trivial event or remark in the early life of a child. Suppose Mark's mother had noticed and understood the very first time? What would it have meant to Mark?

I was once present at such a moment in another child's development. I witnessed the small drama which was unmistakable as the first big, intolerable situation of this particular child's life.

SALLY ANN

Sally Ann was nearly two when her baby brother was born. Her parents had prepared her carefully for his coming. They did not want her to feel jealous or neglected. In other words, they did not want her to feel that she was a dethroned baby.

They were old friends of mine. I had visited them for a few days before they had told Sally Ann about the new baby. We had talked about her and how she would be likely to feel when she was no longer the only center of interest in her home.

"Just telling her that a new baby is coming, is not enough to ward off jealousy and suffering," I said, "for the word 'baby' does not mean the same thing to her that it does to us. She has always heard herself talked of as the baby. Naturally she will think that a new baby will

be just like herself, as she is at this moment. So be sure that she understands how little and helpless he will be. Explain to her that she will no longer be the baby herself, but will be big sister, one of the older people who must take care of the baby. And talk about him as 'our baby.' Then she will feel she has a share in him just as you have."

After Jimmie had come, the mother wrote me about Sally Ann's first sight of him. "It was at the hospital. Sally Ann was in her old place beside me, with my arm around her when the baby was brought in, and laid on my other side. Even with all our attempts to prepare her, she seemed astonished at him. I suppose nothing could have prepared her except the sight of another newborn baby, but we had not thought of that. She leaned over and patted him, and did not show any sign of jealousy. She screwed up her face as if to imitate him, and looked up at us and laughed. Since I'm home, we've seen to it that if one of us had Jimmie, the other always had Sally Ann. We talk about the fun it is to take care of him, and it is really a joy to see her bustling with importance at bath-time, trotting her legs off bringing talcum, sponges, towels and diapers. She hangs over the bathing and dressing operations absorbedly, and always calls him 'our baby.'"

When Jimmie was nine months old and Sally Ann two and a half, I visited them again. We were all sitting in the living room, drinking tea. Sally Ann's grandmother was with us, and Sally Ann was drinking imaginary tea from

a tiny toy tea-set I had brought her. She was the same radiant baby I remembered—the most radiant baby I had ever known.

Ever since my arrival an hour before, I had been waiting to see the two children together. Jimmie was having his nap and grandmother was tip-toeing back and forth, to see if he had awakened.

Sally Ann was just pouring a second imaginary cupful which was to go to me, when grandmother's excited voice came from the baby's room.

"Jimmie's pulled himself up in his crib! Come quick and see!"

The mother and I rushed back to the nursery. There, in his crib, swaying but erect, stood Jimmie, clinging to the rail with one hand, but triumphantly waving a rattle in the other. His eyes were gleaming with a look that told us he realized that something important was happening to him.

Suddenly a large ball flew past us, catching the baby full in the chest. Down he went. We turned, and saw a Sally Ann we did not know. A Sally Ann tense and grim with hate.

Her mother went over to her.

"Jimmie is very little and we must be gentle with him," she said quietly. She tried to fold the clenched fist in her hand, but Sally Ann jerked away and hurled a teddy bear at Jimmie. The teddy bear fell short. The mother spoke quietly again. For answer Sally Ann threw a wooden block which hit the railing of the crib. Jimmie howled.

With one accord, mother and grandmother turned to me, knowing that behavior problems of children were my life work. I found myself kneeling beside the excited child, so that my head was on a level with hers. I slipped an arm around her and said, seizing on the first idea that came in my attempt to turn the situation into a constructive channel, "Jimmie's so wobbly he falls over when we throw hard things at him. How about throwing him something soft? Here, we'll each give you a kiss and you throw it to him." I kissed her fingers.

Her face broke into delight. She threw my kiss to the baby who had stopped wailing and had again pulled himself up. This time he did not fall. Then the others joined in what had become a new game for Sally Ann.

We elders went back to our tea, leaving the doors open so that we could keep an eye on the children, now each absorbed in his own affairs.

"I was frightened," the grandmother said. "I've never seen her like that."

"We've been so careful," said the mother. "Today was the first time in her life that she was forgotten."

"The only way to understand why she behaved as she did," I said, "is to try to put ourselves into her place. If we can feel as she must have felt we'll find ourselves acting, in imagination, just as she acted. There was her party, where she'd been the center of the circle, spoiled. We ran away from her short legs in our rush to the nursery. Then in the nursery where all our eyes were on the baby—not a glance, not a thought for her—shut out by those three

big figures around the crib! And the cause of it all? Jimmie! Of course she was furious at this. Why shouldn't she be? She has spirit. She'd fight. She refused to submit tamely to being made unhappy."

"Unhappy!" echoed the grandmother. "I don't understand. Angry, I can see. But unhappy?"

"Bitterly, devastatingly unhappy, and I'll tell you why I know it!"

Then I explained that deep down underneath, every naughty child is unhappy. He believes that things are going wrong in his world. He may be utterly mistaken as to his facts, or his interpretation of his facts. But at his stage of experience *what he believes is true for him*. His naughtiness is his attempt, however futile, to fight off this intolerable situation.

"But that isn't being really naughty," put in the mother, "to try to get one's world back into balance again by doing something about it."

"Personally," I answered, "I have an admiration for naughty children for trying to do something about their troubles instead of moping. Laugh if you like, but I see them as heroic, if mistaken, little warriors. Going back to Sally Ann. She *was* forgotten for a moment. That is, it seemed a moment to us, but to her it meant forever; a baby's time-sense is so out of our focus. Her wrong focus was *her* mistake. And then, when we did look at her, how did we look? Amazed and dismayed as we were, she must have felt more deserted than ever. But when we had kissed away the queer, tight feeling inside her, those mis-

takes were straightened out. She found we did love her, and so she could be her old self, the big sister playing with Jimmie, all of us smiling at her instead of staring at her in that dreadful way.

"And here is something else. She had come back into the family circle, but she was no longer its center. She was throwing the kisses to Jimmie, so he was as much a part of the circle as she. Each was a point on the circumference, as it were, with the circumference a link between them, while each of us was another point on the circumference, linked with them both. See how different that is from being the center of the circle?"

"That makes me think we've overdone trying to keep Sally Ann from feeling neglected," said the mother. "She can't always have us with an arm around her. She'll have to learn to stand alone."

"True, but at two-and-a-half you can't expect her to be cheerful about being ignored. She has had her first big lesson. She'll have others. Life will take care of that. It often seems to me that progress along the road toward maturity is marked by milestones of willingness to be ignored."

"I see something else," continued the mother. "Love alone isn't enough. It must be a love that is willing to set free and not try to keep dependent."

"You don't mean to say you're going to be one of those modern mothers who lets her child run wild!" exclaimed the grandmother.

"That she'd never do," I said. "But there *are* dangers:

the danger of setting a child free too soon, and the danger of giving too much freedom. Dr. Maria Montessori gives a striking illustration of this. In one of her schools the children had a hen with baby chicks in a coop in a small enclosure. The children were afraid the chicks did not have enough space to play in, so they opened the gate and let the chicks out into the big pasture. A sudden storm came up. Only a few chicks responded to the calls of their mother. Next day the drowned bodies of the other chicks were found. Unlimited liberty was not freedom to them. It was death. That's the answer to those parents who think they should let a child express himself entirely unchecked. Dr. Montessori has definite checks: first, no action that runs counter to reasonable consideration for other people; next, insistence upon the child's putting away his work or play material when he has finished with it, even if you have to help a little. Third, no action that brings danger to the child or to others."

Sally Ann ran back to us, and recommenced pouring her imaginary tea, when smash went one of the tiny cups. The corners of her mouth began to droop, but her mother merely said, "Run get your broom and dustpan. Let's sweep it up!" and off scurried Sally Ann, returning with the tiny implements and forgetting her loss in the joy of a new activity.

The incident passed off apparently with no emotion, and was not referred to until four months later, when I was again in town and had come to see the children. Sally Ann's first words to me were,

"Oh, auntie, I broke my teacup!"

Is it farfetched to wonder whether the sight of me recalled to her something she did not want to remember—ugly feelings about her baby brother? And whether, in consequence, unaware even to herself, she recalled, instead, an incident connected with it that did not have such emotions? Could that be the reason why so many of us, in thinking back over our childhood, remember insignificant events and utterly forget important ones?

Sally Ann was a fortunate child, well-born, wisely reared, healthy and happy. Yet she met intolerable situations, as all children must. Such situations are part of life. To conquer them, or at least to make them bearable, a child must learn how to take them. Otherwise the overwhelmed or bewildered or destructive way, the *childish* way, may persist as a habit through life. But to meet a difficulty with courage, a child needs help. He needs an interpretation of the difficulty which experience alone can give, and experience is what he almost totally lacks.

Sally Ann's family came to the aid of her inexperience. She was not considered naughty. She was made to feel understood.

Of course even the most intelligent parents make mistakes. Alfred Adler says, "We are all human beings and we will always make mistakes. The best we can do is to replace bigger mistakes by smaller mistakes." The parent who is willing to admit his mistakes, and to grow up day by day with his children, learning from them, need not

fear his responsibilities. He can enter into the enjoyment of his children. After all, most of us have grown up fairly well, though we may not realize all our own possibilities.

Sally Ann's parents were able to defer their little girl's first big intolerable situation unusually long. Of course she had had many minor ones before that. There was the first time she was denied the shining thing she reached for. There was weaning. The life of an infant is a series of weanings from things he has learned to count on absolutely. It is a series of unlearnings. The weaning from the position of only child had been met with Sally Ann without allowing her to feel thrust out. Yet now there existed in her world an individual who at any moment might assert himself to eclipse her.

Sally Ann's mother had the wisdom to look forward. "She can't always have an arm around her," she said. "She'll have to learn to stand alone."

How was the mother to lead Sally Ann to that goal? There was many a difficult situation to be met in that future which her mother was imagining. Jimmie would widen his achievements. There was school to be faced. There were hundreds and hundreds of first times ahead, and unpredictable menaces, possibly illness. There was even the test which was lying in wait in success. Jimmie, too, would have his share of struggles and triumphs.

I have put down some of the later experiences of Sally Ann and Jimmie and distributed them through the book alongside the similar situations as met by other children. There you can read partial answers to the questions,

"How far have Sally Ann and Jimmie succeeded in growing up?" and "Did their father and mother understand them well enough to help?"

TIMOTHY

"See what a fighter this baby is!"

The speaker was a small, pasty-faced man, extremely dapper as to clothes, and carrying a husky year-old baby. He burst open the door and swung truculently into the playroom of the Guidance Clinic, followed timidly by a large, flabby woman with a cross-eyed three-year-old clinging to her skirt.

The baby's face was red and his fists were beating the air in the direction of the brother, who shrank as far as he could from sight.

"You the doctor?" the man demanded of Miss Clark, the home visitor, in charge of the playroom. "I'm here because *she*," pointing to his wife with a twitch of his shoulder, "wouldn't come alone and those women at the nursery school said you could help her with Timothy here."

He pulled the three-year-old from behind his mother, and thrust him forward. The child stood hanging his head and blinking.

"I've no use myself," the father went on, "for any of this new-fangled psychology business, but the wife wanted to come."

"The doctor will see you before long. I'll tell her you

are here," Miss Clark said. "Meanwhile I'll get Timothy interested in some of our toys, so we can be free to talk and you can tell me about him. I'm Miss Clark, the home visitor."

The baby made a sudden grab for Timothy.

"See what a fighter he is!" repeated the father, lunging the baby down toward Timothy. The baby's eyes snapped, his fists clenched and he made for his brother, who clearly wanted to pitch in and take up the challenge, but was too shy to do so in strange surroundings. Suddenly Timothy dropped his mother's skirt and began running around the room.

"Tim was a fighter too, when he was a baby," continued the father. "Nothing the matter with him. Just a lot of old maid school teachers, you know."

"What are they worrying about?"

"Why, the boy's only three years old and kind of wild. He'll outgrow it. The teacher says he keeps running the way he is now, and never settles down, and—and" he hesitated, reddening, then hastily went on, "he never asks to go to the bathroom."

"Does he ask at home?"

"I was just telling you, he's only three. He'll ask when he's old enough. Anyhow *they* don't have to wash his clothes. But they got my wife to worrying and—yes, Annie, I'm coming to that," as she poked him, "he's disobedient and he's fresh and he's mean. He has to be shut in the closet whenever he's in the same room as the baby or he'll hurt him. His mother's too easy-going, I always

say, but she whacks him sometimes and then he just goes up and punches the baby again or grabs at his hair. The baby is a spunky little devil. Wait till he's two years old and Tim'll have to look out."

"How long has he been acting this way?"

"About a year. Tantrums, too, but I like my boys to have a spice of temper. The oldest one's not got enough to suit me. We lick 'em of course. Can't let 'em get away with it, can we! Tim's the most trouble of any of the four, but he's wild yet."

Here the mother spoke for the first time:

"Everybody's children are disobedient. Everybody's children get mad," she murmured.

As they talked Miss Clark had been carefully watching Tim's gyrations about the room. He paid no attention to any of the toys, but merely ran about in little spurts, slipping up to tease the baby or actually to attack him whenever he thought no one was looking. As he met Miss Clark's eye he would veer off. Once he stopped in a corner and without any attempt at concealment began playing with himself. The parents did not seem to notice.

Meanwhile Miss Clark asked about the other children in the family and learned that there was a boy of twelve, in the seventh grade, and a girl of seven in the second, both doing well. They had never caused anxiety. Timothy got along well enough with the children on the block. The mother had recently sent him to the nearest school, by chance an excellent nursery school. She did this, she admitted, to get rid of him for part of the day.

It was the nursery school director who had written us for an appointment for the parents, outlining her observations as follows: both mother and child seemed dull to the school staff. During the two weeks he had been with them, he had taken no part in any of the activities, had never spoken, never had become interested in anything except aimless running. At times he would slip his hand inside his trousers and finger himself. The teachers noted that he was a stocky child, flabby rather than fat, badly cross-eyed, and very, very shy whenever he was confronted with a living person, whether child or adult. This shyness seemed to be the cause of his hanging his head and peering out from under in curious fashion. These things, together with his failure to go to the bathroom, had caused the staff to wonder, unable as they were to break through his shell, if there might not be some mental defect.

By the time I had finished my interview with another parent, Miss Clark had received a vivid impression of the child-training methods of Timothy's father and mother. Both were fond of their children and proud of them, but their idea of playing with them was to tease them. Then, when the children got excited and obstreperous, or when they began to cry, they punished them. Both father and mother thought Tim's desperate jealousy was amusing. The father made a practise of picking up the baby when he came home and making a great fuss over him for the fun of seeing Tim rush madly in and try to pull the baby

out of his arms. As the father talked, the wife smiled placidly.

When I came into the playroom the father made a grab at Timothy who was scampering by and egged the baby on to spar with him for my benefit, remarking again, "See what a fighter this baby is!"

"Come and see my games," I suggested to Timothy and he went with me without a word. I always begin the intelligence tests with those that seem like games to the children, and when they are thoroughly enjoying themselves, I give the "puzzles" that require words in answer. Three-year-olds need very few words. Most of the tests are with pencil, blocks or pictures. Tim did well. He showed ability in every way. He made remarks from time to time in clear English about the "game" of the moment. After that it was easy to talk to him about his dignity as a big boy going off to school while the baby was still so little that people had to stay at home to take care of him. He accepted this and also accepted with solemn eagerness the star chart to take to his teacher. On it she was to paste a beautiful gold star every time he asked to go to the bathroom. There were spaces for two weeks and at the end of each week he was to bring it back to us to show how much bigger and stronger he'd grown. Babies only two didn't know enough to ask, but he, of course, was big. He was three. The stars were to be given during these first weeks merely for asking to go to the toilet. That was a sufficient step for this time. Later the stars

would be for attempts to get to the bathroom in time. And the chart would be made out for four weeks instead of two.

He was also told that such a big boy as he was, helps to take care of the baby. He doesn't tease him. Even if the baby wanted to fight, the big brother could teach him better games and they could have good times together. Tiny babies needed lots of care from big people, I added casually. Tim's mother and dad had petted him and played with him when he was little just the same as they now did with the baby.

Nothing was said about a star chart for being good to the baby. One chart at a time was enough. No direct remark was made to him about having hurt the baby. Indirect suggestion is often enough and has the further inestimable value of not criticizing the child or injuring his self-respect.

There was something else besides. If his attitude toward his parents could be changed, if he could be made to believe that they did love him even though there was a new baby, he would stop feeling anger at the baby and revenge toward his parents. His violent behavior had appeared about a year before—the time of the new baby's birth. It was very clear to me, from seeing many a de-throned baby in action, that it was despair at finding himself apparently forgotten and unloved that led him to cruelty, to tantrums and to disobedience.

The parents showed no interest when they came into the office to hear what the tests had told me about Tim-

othy. The father again did all the talking. Of course their child was intelligent. Why shouldn't he be? They did not need to come to an outsider to learn that. If he was jealous, he was jealous and that was all there was to it. If he was naughty, he had to be punished. Surely a child should not be pampered when he was naughty!

"But he is so unhappy. You don't want your little boy to be unhappy, do you?" said I, thinking to throw a bombshell into the midst of his complacency.

"Unhappy! What's he got to be unhappy about? He just doesn't like being punished."

"He thinks he's being punished so much because you don't love him any more since the baby came."

"Nonsense. All he's got to do is to be good to the baby. Then the punishing would stop." Mother nodded in agreement with her lord.

I began to explain more fully. Then I ended, "I'm sure that if you both make a point of petting and playing with him more, his naughtiness will disappear by itself."

"And I'm sure it won't," came belligerently from the master of the household. "Excuse me, but are you married? Have you any children? No, I thought you hadn't, from the way you talked. You don't understand that boy. He's jealous and he's mean. If he's scared enough of getting licked he'll behave and *then* it'll be time to show him we love him. Why!" sputtering, "we keep telling him no one loves a naughty boy!"

Realizing his closed attitude, I decided not to make matters worse by mentioning Timothy's masturbation, or

fingering himself, as he called it. That could be left for a later occasion, partly because I was sure the parents would be outraged at this stage, and also because masturbation at that age tends to disappear of itself as the parents become more considerate and the child feels less lost, less utterly miserable. Some masturbation, exploratory masturbation, as the baby discovers the geography of his body, is very common in young children and disappears of itself as interests widen. No need of alarming the parents or of antagonizing them. So I plunged into what I thought would be a less disturbing subject.

"About his eyes," I said hastily. "What does your doctor say?"

"Doctor! Tim hasn't needed a doctor since he was born. There's nothing to go to a doctor for. The teacher keeps harping on that too. Squints run in my wife's family. It's Tim's hard luck to get it. When he's old enough to take care of glasses I'll get some for him."

"But, father," put in the mother timidly.

"Now, mother, I'll take care of this. I don't want you ladies to think I don't appreciate that you've been doing your best for us, according to your lights. But parents know their own children better than any outsider can, especially mothers. I trust mothers, and I leave everything to this mother here," looking splendidly down at his wife, who fluttered at his praise.

The man seemed completely self-satisfied. Possibly a dent had been made in the mother. Her "But, father" had

given some hope and I left further suggestions for another time.

Thinking over the entire situation, the father's smug self-sufficiency emerged head and shoulders over everything else. He was an assistant book-keeper in a large corporation, a tiny speck in its vastness. Remembering this and also his small size, especially as he stood beside his much larger wife, one might hazard the guess that he was trying, in his home, to bolster up his masculine self-respect by lording it over someone. In his business life he dared not be authoritative. When we challenged his methods of dealing with Timothy we were battering upon the walls of his belief in himself. Naturally he could not listen to us when we suggested that he was making a mistake. It takes courage to give up such a cherished belief.

It would also be in character for him to assert that the two older children had never caused anxiety. He was not willing to admit that his children could have any problems. Perhaps also, when these two were small, the parents, younger, and with fewer demands on their time and patience, were able to be more consistent in their training. It is frequently found that parents have used up all their energy in training the older children and regard the younger ones with more the attitude of grandparents, enjoying them and letting them grow up as best they can.

Tim got the star chart safely to school and had three gold stars at the end of the first week. Miss Clark, visiting him at school, waxed enthusiastic to the little boy over-

his "bigness." He greeted her with the eagerness of an old friend, bringing his drawing for her to see.

As a matter of fact, the parents never came to us again, and Miss Clark, when she paid the home visit, was politely but firmly repulsed.

We could still keep in touch with Timothy through the nursery school which had sent him to us. We were fortunate in this. A nursery school implies the presence of specially trained and understanding teachers from whom we could expect complete cooperation.

Now that the teachers of Timothy's nursery school had learned from us what the home situation was, they saw that Timothy's appreciation of himself as a worthwhile person must come at present through his school life. They noticed that he began to respond to praise and that from time to time he came out of his shell and joined the group. They redoubled their efforts and at the end of the year reported that wetting seldom occurred, and only when he was absorbed in some activity; also that the shyness and masturbation had completely disappeared.

For a child with a bad start and teasing, uncooperative parents, Timothy was fortunate. He had little friends in the neighborhood who liked him. There was the luck of a near-by nursery school, for his mother would hardly have heard of one otherwise. So long as he has teachers who understand him he should keep on improving.

Timothy's story has been told for two reasons: first, to show the harm to character and happiness that teasing

can do. Second, to stress the fact that even with parents as blind as his, he was not beyond help. It is true that a child develops best when he is sure that his parents love him and believe in him. But understanding and appreciation, wherever found, provide human nature with soil for growing. To Timothy, this understanding came in his school and he proceeded to develop well. Bob and Isabel, whose stories come later, found their first appreciation among undesirable children. They developed, too, but badly, until they came under the more wholesome understanding of the staff of a guidance clinic, and, in Isabel's case, of the Children's House.

ELIZABETH

Shy, nine-year-old Elizabeth suddenly became articulate. We had been sitting together in my office, working on arithmetic.

"I just hate myself when I get so mad," she burst forth. "It frightens me too. And I use such awful words. I heard a girl say 'em once and they keep coming into my head."

"Could you tell me what they are?" I asked. "I might be able to help you."

"I'd be ashamed."

"Write them, then. We all know lots of ugly words, even if we don't say them."

She wrote them, "damns," and "big boobs" and "go to hells." Then she looked up and said,

"I call mother and father those names when I'm mad,

and they send me to my room and I'm so mad I slam the door."

Elizabeth's voice had risen, as it often did, from a whisper to a startling boom, strangely mature, like that of a large, heavy woman. She went on booming,

"I slam the door as hard as I can and they call me back and make me shut it quietly and I call them names again."

"How does banging the door make you feel?"

"Better," succinctly.

"I've an idea. How's this, Elizabeth? Let's ask your parents to allow you to slam the door as hard as you like when you get mad, so as to get rid of the temper, and you slam it and get out of the room before you have a chance to let loose those names. How does that strike you?"

Elizabeth's eyes opened wide. She stopped the twisting which had gone on almost continuously through every visit to me so far—a twisting of hair, fingers, neck and a body that was the longest and lankiest I had ever seen on a nine-year-old.

Elizabeth was like Alice in Wonderland after she had finished the bottle labeled "DRINK ME."—all neck and legs and arms with a small wondering face on top and a shining mass of glorious black hair. Rages were the last thing I would have associated with her at first glance, her shyness was so painful.

She had made three tongue-tied visits before her sudden confession of swearing and slamming. My suggestion that her door-slamming might actually be done with permission astonished her.

"Do you think they'd let me?" she said slowly. "It would help, lots."

"I think they'll do it if I ask them, don't you?"

She became jubilant. "Of course they will. Can we telephone mother right this minute?"

She leaned over me excitedly as I took down the telephone and gave the number. Mrs. Boyce was at home and I handed the receiver to Elizabeth after saying, "Elizabeth and I have a plan to talk over with you."

An excited but happy babble was poured into the mother's ears. It did not sound completely intelligible to me, but Elizabeth said happily as she hung up the receiver,

"Mother says if it's all right with you it's all right with her."

Soon after Elizabeth had started home her mother rang up again to find out just what the child had meant. She was much amused and touched at the plan, and agreed to get her husband's consent also.

The results were beyond expectation. Elizabeth would suddenly make for the door, slam it hard, disappear for a second, and then reappear, smiling. As time went on, the slamming grew less frequent and so did the wild anger spells. Not only did Elizabeth work off her feelings on the door, but slamming did seem a bit pointless when it ceased to annoy.

Further than that, the child was taking a voluntary part in curing her own fault, while the parents were involved

in a plan of cooperating with her instead of fighting against her.

The parents were much impressed with the success of this technique, so that we had made a beginning, but only a beginning.

I knew from the mother's story, told me before I ever saw the child, that these rages of Elizabeth's were habitual and extremely serious. From the child's own confession I learned how helpless she felt in them, for they made her hate and fear herself and thus deepened her pitiful self-distrust.

It was evident that Elizabeth felt a deep-seated grievance against her parents for which she was angrily trying to punish them. *What* this grievance was and *how* her anger had got beyond her own control were questions which had to be gone into thoroughly with the child's parents before there could be any permanent help.

Most of the needed clues had been given me by the mother in the first interview, before I saw the daughter.

Elizabeth's mother was a sensitive and highly educated woman whose outstanding feature was a particularly rich and beautifully modulated voice, in startling contrast to Elizabeth's boom. She had come to consult me because, she said, Elizabeth was failing in the fourth grade on account of her arithmetic which she simply could not do. No one could make her understand it. Besides, the child flew into such wild rages at any attempt to teach her, or indeed at any obstacle or imagined slight or criticism, that her parents were terrified and utterly at a loss.

"Tell me all about her," I said, "how the rages started, about her babyhood, how she gets on with people in the family and out, and whatever stumbling blocks you have noticed."

"She was our first child, and a very fragile baby," answered the mother. "The doctors gave us little hope of raising her. For the first two months we couldn't find any food that would agree with her. She was starving before our eyes. Finally we did find the right food but we had been so alarmed that we tended her like a hot-house plant and she was queen of the household, and not an agreeable queen, I assure you. She demanded a great deal and was vociferous if any demand were not complied with promptly and efficiently."

"Just what do you mean by vociferous? Did she always have these tantrums?" I asked.

"She would always shriek when she wanted things, and we would hurry to satisfy her, afraid to let her cry. Her present wild temper, however, did not develop until after our little boy was born, a year ago, when Elizabeth was almost eight.

"He is all sunshine and the entire neighborhood adores him. Elizabeth is devotion itself to him and always wants to be allowed to take him out in his carriage or hold him by the hand now he is toddling."

"Does she ever get impatient with him?"

"Usually after she has been playing with him for some time. She gets tired and ends by teasing him and making him cry. She does complain that he grabs her things and

spoils them, but of course, I try to make her realize how little he is and how good she must be to him."

I made a mental note. The mother had given me six clues in about as many minutes.

"About the family," the mother went on. "We are both college trained. Mr. Boyce is a lawyer and I taught in High School before I married. I do not remember my parents. They died when I was small and I was brought up by my grandmother who has been dead for several years. She was not a demonstrative woman and I looked forward to marriage for affection. My husband had somewhat the same experience, although his mother is still alive. She was and is a dominant influence in his life and now in ours, because of her effect on him. She is unreasonable and demanding and drove all of her children away from her. Above all they hated her voice, which is unusually loud and harsh. Unfortunately, Elizabeth has inherited it. I do not think it can be direct imitation, because my husband dislikes her so strongly that we see very little of her. He wants different childhood memories for his own children, and has accordingly swung completely over to the opposite direction. Now he cannot understand why Elizabeth should fly into a rage at him when he has been so undemanding of her. He forgets that she irritates him at times, especially when her voice reminds him of his mother, and then he loses patience and speaks sharply.

"However, he's spoiled her so completely that I lean over backwards in sternness to keep the balance. Maybe that's why I seem to be the special object of her wrath.

Often I can't imagine what it is that irritates her. By the way, I'm here against her father's wishes. He feels disgraced because we cannot manage our own child."

"What do you each do when trying to maintain discipline?"

"He leaves the tantrums to me, for he gets so angry at her he does not trust himself. Then, if I cannot quiet her at once, he turns on me."

"Before the child?"

"Yes, and that does not make my task any easier. He never agrees with my methods, yet he goes up in the air when I ask him to suggest alternatives. He says that that is my responsibility. My methods are to send her to her room, or to try to reason with her calmly, taking pains to keep my voice low, and sometimes, in fact, generally, I end by throwing a pitcher of water over her, regardless of furniture, clothes or even beds. The cold dousing brings her out of the tantrums as nothing else will. Indeed, it works so well that if it had not been for the arithmetic, I should not have thought of coming to you."

Here I made a mental note of the seventh clue: open disagreement between parents as to methods of dealing with their children may cause a child to play one parent against the other, or he may feel bewildered and upset, or he may exult in being the cause of excitement, or there may be any combination of these. In any case, clashes of opinion between parents are always part of the reasons for upsets in the children.

The mother went on: "Her father has tried to help her

with the arithmetic, but he does not use present-day methods, and only bewilders her the more. He is too impatient to teach, anyhow. I'm better, but she was so restive and flared up so unbearably that I had to give it up. The tutors I've engaged find the same difficulty."

"When did she start school?"

"She went to the kindergarten of a private school when she was three. There were no nursery schools available. She stayed in that school until this fall. She learned to read quickly and devoured books. However, she would only read, not study. Her memory stood her in good stead. This year, when she was to enter the fourth grade, we wanted her to have public school experience. We had not realized that under the easy methods of private school she had been able to evade all the arithmetic, and still get by. When she was faced with long division on her first day, she found herself helpless."

"And then what happened?"

"She howled for help, and when she could not understand the explanations at once, she refused to listen and went into a tantrum. Finally they told me she couldn't even add or subtract. I went to the private school and asked how she had gotten the marks on her report card. They finally confessed that they had always helped her, fearing her outbursts of temper."

"How does she get along with other children?"

"Very badly. She gets angry when they won't do what she wants, and they retaliate by taunting and teasing her, especially about her gawky appearance."

"Has she always been large for her age?"

"Yes, she was long and lanky when she was born, like her father. But she has grown particularly fast the last two years. Don't you think her size, and the attention it has caused have been bad for her? People are always making remarks about it in her hearing."

"Indeed I do; any of us would be made miserably self-conscious and probably irritated."

"Then, too, everyone, even my husband and myself, forgets she's only nine, and expect as much of her as of a twelve-year-old. Some think she is even fourteen. My neighbors always treat her as if she were older than their children, though she is actually the youngest by several months, and they hold her responsible for all the difficulties."

"Are the neighbors necessarily permanent?"

"Yes, unfortunately. There are no rented houses in our part of town, and no fences between the gardens. Both the little girls next door taunt Elizabeth, and the only remedy would be for us to give up our home and go elsewhere."

"Is Elizabeth interested in helping about the house?"

"She does more than any of the neighbors' children do. I have her take care of her own room, with some help. The maid could do it, but I think children should not be brought up to feel dependent on servants. Elizabeth was very proud at first of being allowed to take care of her own room, but now the two little wretches next door tell her that she's doing the maid's work and make fun of her. She wanted to stop at once, and I wouldn't let her,

so there have been frequent storms. I tried to stiffen her backbone, but she persists in over-valuing their opinion, even though it crushes her."

"I've a clear picture of Elizabeth now. I'll see her Wednesday, go through the tests and follow up whatever they bring out. The arithmetic I can take care of. I'll use that as a means of making friends with her. As soon as I've won her confidence, I'll talk with you again."

On Wednesday Elizabeth appeared for her first visit. In her anguish at meeting a stranger in a strange place she writhed down the corridor like a slender snake, in her pale green dress. Everything embarrassed her. She kept on writhing as she played the "games." There were moments when she was quietly absorbed, but for the most part she twisted handkerchief, fingers, mouth, hair, body and long legs. Her voice would grow loud, then fade away until it could not be heard. At any question her head would droop and she would twist more violently.

She made a good showing on the tests, and even the nine-year-old change-making did not bother her, although she added a revealing "about" to each response. "About six cents," "About three," she answered. She spoke as far as possible in monosyllables.

"What's the hardest thing for you in school?" I asked finally. Her head drooped. "Arithmetic," she murmured.

"How queer!" I exclaimed. "You've done so well in the arithmetic part of these games."

"But you didn't give me any arithmetic. I can't do arithmetic!"

"You told me how much change you'd get back from a dime."

"Oh, but that's change. I do lots of errands for my mother."

"I see, of course. Do you like to help your mother?"

Her answer was too low to be heard. This was too tender a subject to talk about just yet. I tried the little brother. She brightened for a moment, then drooped again. So I told her I'd like to help her in arithmetic. "I'm good at helping, you know. I've helped a lot of children who thought they never could understand it."

"My father and my teacher say I just haven't an arithmetic head."

"Would you like to be able to do it?"

"I don't care."

"I know one thing," said I. "If you can make change you can do arithmetic, because that's all that making change is."

She looked at me in astonishment.

"Yes, it's only subtracting and adding and you did it exactly right. Tell me again, if you bought six cents' worth of candy and gave the man ten cents, how much change would he give you back?"

"About four cents."

"Not exactly four?"

"Maybe it was that time."

"Isn't it always?"

"Why no, of course not."

So that was the cause of her difficulty. She did not realize that number is fixed, that one is always one, and ten, ten. That was the first thing to convince her of. It did not take long. From there we went on, quite easily, and she openly rejoiced as she found that she knew what she was doing.

At last the confidence accorded me for the arithmetic spread over into other fields. The child made her confession of the tantrums, which were evidently worrying her as much as they did her parents. It was easy enough to get Mrs. Boyce's cooperation after the success of the door-slammimg. She accepted my interpretation of the causes of the child's behavior. But it was particularly desirable to gain the father's help across the barrier of his understandable masculine pride.

Mrs. Boyce invited me to dinner. Mr. Boyce questioned me and suddenly became deeply interested. After Elizabeth had gone to bed, he brought up the subject of her possible jealousy of the baby, mentioned to him by his wife.

"I can hardly swallow that," he said. "She's devoted to him. It's her best trait."

"That may be because she is just," I answered. "She accepts the baby as innocent of wronging her. But if you want to find out who she thinks has done so, ask yourself whom she attacks. Isn't it you and your wife?"

He nodded and I went on: "The mother of the baby who has supplanted her is the worst criminal and the father the next."

As Mr. Boyce looked uncomfortably toward his wife I hastened on:

"Do you think she has ever heard any remarks about the importance of your having a son at last, or that it was too bad the boy couldn't be the oldest?"

"It's possible," he admitted. "People are always saying it. But she's usually deep in a book. She doesn't listen to us. Still—it's true. We *have* said it. Do you think it's possible that she could be jealous because the baby is a boy?"

"If she has absorbed the idea that you and her mother think boys are worth more than girls, it is sure to have some kind of effect on her. Most grown-ups let children know that that is their opinion and I'm always seeing the result in the people I meet, adults as well as children. Do you think she ever felt she was forgotten in your interest in the baby?"

"She might have. Yes, I suppose there were many times. Strange we never thought of that before. And is all this the new psychology? I'm really interested."

"It's such live stuff, isn't it!" I answered eagerly. "The old academic psychology was so dead. This opens your eyes, as you say."

I caught his wife's glance behind his range of vision. Her lips moved soundlessly. "Tell him what you told me."

"Perhaps you'd be interested in hearing just what clues there were in your wife's first few minutes' talk with me?" I asked him.

"I certainly would, if you don't mind giving your magic away," he answered.

"No magic about it. Mrs. Boyce gave me other clues later, such as Elizabeth's looking older than she is. But in the first few minutes there were six. First, I learned that as Elizabeth had been frail as a baby, you both had naturally been anxious about her. That means spoiling, usually, and she confirmed that by saying that the child got what she wanted by screaming. Then there are the eight years' difference between her and the baby. That meant she had had the habit long built in of being your only interest at home. Third, the baby was a boy, and as you have admitted, she must have heard much about the value of boys as compared to girls. Next, the tempers were never so bad until after his birth. That showed that, dearly as she loved him, she felt robbed of much of her place with you. Then, he was loved in the neighborhood and she was not. Finally, the last clue came when Mrs. Boyce said that the baby was allowed to take Elizabeth's things, and she must not rescue them, even if he spoiled them, because he was little and she big. That meant that she was unjustly treated, because her rights should have been considered too."

"And I had not thought for an instant of the harm it was doing the baby, either," broke in the mother.

"That's a lot to think about," said the father. "So you evidently believe our girl's not so bad after all? At least, that she's had reason to act as she did?"

"How quick you are to grasp the essentials! Yes, she's had reason to act as she did, several reasons, in fact."

I did not want to explain to Mr. Boyce at this juncture, his own particular contribution to Elizabeth's behavior, when he stormed at her, and when he flouted her mother's methods before her. That would be too painful and would have to come later and more gradually. He was in enough of a painful position at the moment. He had hoped and tried to make his little girl happier than he had been as a child, yet she was not only constantly unhappy, but showing the traits that he had so disliked in his mother. So I merely clarified as well as I could the points I had already made.

"Put yourself in her place," I said, "and see what you'd do if you had had eight years' experience that screaming was the way to get what you wanted. Remember that crying for what he needs is the baby's first key to power. Elizabeth never needed to learn another method of getting her desires, so long as this one worked. You and your wife were young and worried and you couldn't foresee the result. So for eight years Elizabeth had no other way of meeting life whenever it presented a difficulty except by a tantrum. Running away is another method. Gritting teeth and fighting through is another. Most children soon learn that the tantrum way and the running away way are babyish and never get them anywhere. Special circumstances can keep a person from realizing this and so he continues in his old way until some obstacle comes along

that he cannot remove. Elizabeth's overwhelming obstacle came along—the baby. She couldn't remove him by screaming. She *had* lost her unique place with you and nothing could get it back. She couldn't help but recognize that the baby was sweeter than she and that he was a comfort to you where she was an irritation.

"With her child logic she saw him always enjoyed and herself always scolded. What could she do? There was only one thing she could ever do about anything;—shriek with rage. And the more she shrieked, the more she was in disgrace, all in contrast with the baby. See how she was caught! She must have felt completely helpless. That is why now her rage is utterly beyond her control and yours, until it frightens all of you. Haven't you ever been the victim of some misunderstanding and felt so helpless that you longed to beat your fists against the wall? I have. You'll have to be very patient with Elizabeth while she's learning the way out of the wilderness in which she's been lost.

"But she's making one mistake in which we can all help her right away. She does not understand that you can still love her at the same time that you love the baby. She's no different from most children at that. It's a lesson they all have to learn.

"Another mistake we can help correct is her giving up before an obstacle. That is the result of her commandeering too much help when she was younger. She's been going at her arithmetic with me like a trump, now she begins to see what it is all about."

I had deliberately swung into a less emotional subject to distract the man's attention.

"Do you think she really didn't understand it?" asked her father.

"I know she had a poor start, and that she hadn't bothered to learn it because there was always someone around to help her to get it. Arithmetic is always hard for a child who hasn't realized what numbers really mean. But I think her recent failure in it has another cause as well. She got more attention because she was failing than when all went well, didn't she? You'd supplanted her by the baby. Then she'd make you pay attention to her. She succeeded, didn't she?"

"Well, I'll be— You don't mean to say she did it on purpose?"

"Probably not. Probably she didn't recognize her own motive."

"That's *too* much—a child being as smart as all that! But I like your other ideas, and you can count on me to put them over."

For the next few days her mother and I used the arithmetic lessons as a lever. The child gained greater self-confidence through finding that she could conquer the unconquerable. Then we began to broaden her ideas about being a big daughter and a big sister. The gains had to be made indirectly, as direct discussion, especially at first, made her writhe unhappily and twist her hair.

But her mother reported progress at home and Elizabeth began to realize the privileges as well as the responsi-

bilities of a big sister. Her parents were to show great appreciation of effort. Even if the performance was not perfect, they were to make no criticism. All this worked out well and pleased the child mightily.

She earned star after star on her daily chart for going through an entire day without a tantrum. Star charts do not appeal to all older children, but for her the chart was a tangible reminder as well as a record, and so was a valuable stimulus to further effort.

She was still having a hard time with her playmates. She understood now that they teased her only because it was such fun to get her angry, but she could not control herself with them, and the teasing went on. She was so unhappy about it that, when her mother became seriously ill, her parents decided to let her spend several months in the Children's House, an interesting experiment in the education of children with which I was connected.

There were about thirty children in the "House." Some were there for health problems, chiefly convalescent or feeding problems. Some had personality problems like Elizabeth's. Some were there as wards of the Children's Aid, in order that they might learn how to adjust to new surroundings before trying to fit into a foster home. A few were there because their parents were away. I had an office there, and used it both for children who lived in the house and who lived outside. The staff was carefully picked for patience and understanding. The children went to the near-by public school.

Elizabeth had come to my office for her arithmetic, so

she had already made the acquaintance of several of the children who lived in the "House."

She was happy to come, providing she might bring her dolls, and until her first home visit some weeks after her arrival, no child could have been more cheery, cooperative and friendly. She got on well with everyone. Self-consciousness vanished, and she was proud to be doing fractions in regular fourth grade work. She would drop into my office to chat, to show her school papers, the book she was reading, or the dress she was making for her doll. She loved her dolls passionately, and made them clever costumes. She was keenly interested in pretty clothes for herself as well. Her passion for her dolls was so great that I often wondered if she were trying to be to them the kind of mother she wanted for herself,—all-adoring, her own spoiled-child-idea of a mother.

When her mother was better, she went home to spend Friday to Monday. It was understood that if she flew into a temper she was to be brought straight back to us. We did not tell her this, since we did not want to suggest to her anything but a successful visit.

At noon on Saturday her father carried into my office a screaming, kicking, purple-faced child, who recovered herself promptly when she was dumped on the floor.

"Go wash your face and then come and say goodbye to your father," I said quietly. When she returned in a few moments she was tranquil again. Meanwhile her father told me she had been angelic the first day. But next morning, when she saw her mother working on some rompers

for the baby, she turned on her. Her mother had tried to ignore the outburst, but it only grew more furious. So there was nothing to do but to bring her back.

I made no reference to the visit until she spoke of it herself. She was much ashamed and begged to be allowed to try again. A few weeks later she went for a second attempt and it was so successful that her mother asked to have her come home to stay.

But the sight of her mother enjoying the baby's antics soon brought back the old furious resentment. She would jump up from the table and leave the room indignantly if Allan took the slice of bread she had her eye on. She let drop a word now and then that showed she resented the devotion showered on him, a devotion that never was mixed with fault-finding, as it was still, at times, with her.

Mrs. Boyce was far from well and she brooded over her inability to cope with the child. She insisted that she was a failure as a mother, in spite of the thought and love she had expended. She was under such tension that she could not speak of Elizabeth at this time without breaking down. She still kept her voice calm the more excited Elizabeth became, but Elizabeth evidently sensed the tension and disapproval underneath, for she did not respond to her mother's mildness.

Suddenly one day the mother noticed a bald spot a couple of inches wide near Elizabeth's temple. The girl had always twisted her hair. Now she was plucking it out. Elizabeth was unaware of what she had been doing and was keenly distressed when she saw it.

"I do want to look nice, mother. I think if I had a bob it might help to keep my fingers down."

The hair-cut was forthcoming, but it only became a cause of anguish for Elizabeth. Her playmates seized upon the new bob as a fine subject for teasing, and Elizabeth was fearful of going outside the door, lest she meet their jeers. She could not be induced to go to school or to come home alone. She would not leave her seat at recess. Worst of all, her fingers were constantly clutching at her front hair.

The mother understood the motive behind the hair-pulling from the start.

"The baby's hair is inclined to curl, and you know how straight Elizabeth's is. Of course, hers is beautiful, so thick and shining, and his isn't really pretty at all, but people, myself included, have said in her hearing that it just had to be the boy who got the curls. I've seen her cringe when such a thing was said, and even give her hair a yank. Poor little thing! What a thoughtless remark can do!"

Mrs. Boyce was not yet well and felt she could not trust herself to handle the child as patiently as was needed. School again was the only solution. This time it was to be an excellent boarding-school in a city so far away that Elizabeth would come home only during the summer holidays.

This decision, pushed as it was by Mrs. Boyce's illness, was by no means a confession of failure. Indeed, our belief that the girl was now ready to risk the test of hold-

ing her own with strangers is a proof of her progress. Remember the child as I first saw her, tongue-tied, wretched with embarrassment, a failure at school, able to get along with no one, not even with herself, and almost totally lacking in self-control.

One may ask why, with her responsiveness, Elizabeth had so many relapses, and why her whole struggle was so long-drawn out.

Many things enter into the answer—an unstable, hair-trigger kind of make-up either inherited or imitated, all those subtle combinations of inheritance and influence that go to make an individual. The most obvious reason was the fact that the unkind little neighbors and the rival in the house were not to be argued away.

Whatever self-control Elizabeth may have acquired was only one year old, while her habit of screaming in the face of difficulty had a nine-year headstart. She had not only to learn qualities that take time to develop, but she had to unlearn what was to her the way of a life-time.

It is interesting to realize that the hair-pulling showed a new phase of her struggle. She was turning her punishment away from her parents to herself. The next few years at school would show how Elizabeth would meet the test of her powers in a fresh field.

The reports and letters from school justified our hope. Elizabeth met her schoolmates well, grew to love them dearly, and to be liked by them. She made satisfactory progress in school activities. The hair-pulling gradually ceased as no one paid attention to it.

I was intensely interested when the mother told me that in the manual training class the first object made of her own choice was a pair of stilts, and that she was running about on them continually. "How remarkable!" I exclaimed, trying to imagine that abnormally tall child striding about, several feet above her schoolmates. Did she want literally to be above even the seniors, or was she unconsciously symbolizing a new freedom, a longer, freer stride, a seeing of the world from a more comprehensive point of view?

A letter from her mother telling of her first visit home the following summer carries the story a little further:—

"Last summer had its ups and downs. Elizabeth came home with so much more poise *and hair!* But her attitude toward us was little changed. She was jealous of everything new that Allan had acquired during the year. I tried to show her that in reality she had had much more and that she *should have*, being older, which helped some. It wasn't long until she was blaming me for everything that went wrong even if I had had nothing to do with it. My nervous control, based on almost nothing, evaporated.

"Elizabeth bossed Allan and Allan teased her. The little neighbors played one child against the other all summer in the cleverest fashion you ever saw. As to Elizabeth's hair, she started pulling before she was home a week, around the crown this time. I wouldn't notice her. She even stood up close and pulled so I should hear it crack, but you would have been surprised to see me so deaf and blind. I tried to cultivate the attitude that it was *her* hair

and it was her business what she did with it. Many a weep I had in private, but finally I became actually indifferent. Eventually she had broken it off all round the crown. It had gotten rather stubborn from swimming and this short, stiff ruff stuck straight up in the middle of her head. It really was funny. One day, after about a month, she came into my room after a swim to brush it. She brushed and brushed and I didn't see her. Finally she said,

“It just stands straight up!”

“Then I looked at her and you never would believe I could be so nonchalant. I merely remarked,

“You've been pulling it again, haven't you?” and went on with my dressing. Then she came forward.

“I'm going to *try* to quit. Will you help me?”

“Quite unconcerned I told her I couldn't do anything about it, that when she said she was *going* to quit, she would and could, and then I began to talk about something else. From that day she scarcely touched her hair and we never mentioned it again. If she got terribly upset she would give it one pull or maybe two and then she would remember and jerk the hand down, but I never gave evidence of noticing anything.

“When we went to visit her at school this fall it was all grown out and quite beautiful. I hardly think she will start pulling again, her adolescent's pride is becoming so strong now. She was very affectionate to me while we were there, and although she never said a word, she acted as if she wanted to express repentance. She was so much improved and her whole attitude toward me was changed.

All summer she had felt I was against her, and I didn't blame her much. I was so perfectly miserable that I couldn't be friendly to anyone and so beside myself that her environment was too unstable for any existence, much less for a nervous child.

"I am much better now and will be able to spend a much more pleasant summer with her this coming year."

Mrs. Boyce did not apparently realize that when she visited the school, it was the first time Elizabeth had had her mother all to herself since Allan was born. There was no reason, now, to punish her mother for inattention or to fight for her place. Spoiled people are usually charming when they are getting what they want. It would be the next visit home that would tell whether a real change of attitude had taken place.

It now seems clear that it has, though the second summer had its downs as well as its ups. The cook had departed and had not been replaced, when Elizabeth came home. She proudly helped her mother and was much pleased at her success. With this as a balance there were no outbreaks against Allan. The obnoxious young neighbors were away. Unfortunately, or fortunately, one of them returned in time to pity Elizabeth for "being a slave to her mother." This reduced Elizabeth to tears of indignation and she struck. But she saw reason when her mother's impersonal logic bit into her really rational adolescent mind.

"The most I pay a maid," said her mother, "is fifty

dollars a month. What we pay for you during the year amounts to considerably over a hundred dollars a month. You know what your tuition is, the train fare and your monthly allowance. Add that up, divide by twelve. You see it's over a hundred a month, and that does not include clothes. Now, are you giving me twice as much service as the best maid I've ever had?"

After that the self-pity disappeared.

Two years later. Elizabeth is at the same school. She is satisfying parents and teachers. The two long vacations were planned to give her as few occasions for jealousy as possible. One summer she went home with a schoolmate for several weeks. The next summer she brought one of the girls home with her. Thus there was small chance for competition with the little brother.

Allan himself has never been a problem. He is a serene little scientist, absorbed in exploring his ever-widening world. When his sister is around he has discovered that he can tease her and get results. Naturally he continues. His parents are watchful and do not let him use his smallness as a weapon against her.

Elizabeth is now preparing herself for the work she wants to do, work that was foreshadowed in her nine-year-old passion for making dresses for her dolls. She plans to become a designer of children's clothing. Of course she may change her mind many times before she is grown. She has matured rapidly the past year. Her outlook is almost that of an adult. As for her goal, it is not one that

will shut her within herself. It shows an interest in others. Thus the nearly fifteen-year-old Elizabeth stands in strong contrast to the nine-year-old who, socially and emotionally, was still a baby, with a baby's egotistic goals.

Some children change their points of view and their behavior much more rapidly than Elizabeth. In a few cases the change comes like a miracle. But even when control of temper and of jealousy is slow in establishing itself, there is no cause for discouragement. Mark, to be sure, changed quickly even after the seven years of jealousy that had been built up in him, but he had had a healthy, normal babyhood. He had never learned to dominate his home and school by tantrums. His was a fairly uncomplicated situation.

INTOLERABLE SITUATION II.

When There's a Favorite

MARGARET AND PAUL

“WON’T! WON’T!”

Words were lost in the shrieks and kicks. Three-year-old Margaret lay on the floor of the testing room, clutching her mother's skirt as she screamed defiance and beat her heels against the floor.

Her mother's look at me veered between a "What did I tell you?", humiliation at her daughter's behavior, and a curious pride in the child's resolution.

"It is quite safe to leave her with me," I said. "I'll just sit here quietly and read this magazine until she finds her tantrum is of no use. Then we'll play the games I have on the table, and have a good time."

I spoke to the mother, but the tone, even more than the words, was meant to reach Margaret. Did I imagine it, or did the racket let up for an instant?

Seeing that the mother made no attempt to extricate herself from the child's grasp, I bent, and opened the fist. Regardless of the new outburst from the floor, I went on quietly, "Margaret and I will be through in half an hour, perhaps less. You'll find books and magazines to read in the playroom while you wait." And I ushered her out.

In a flash Margaret was up from the floor, tugging at the knob. There was no key. Seizing my magazine, I stood barricading the door, while the child tugged and yelled.

I spoke as if nothing were happening. "Your mother will wait for you. As soon as you're ready there are some games for you on the table."

For answer more shrieks and battering at the door with fists and feet.

I opened the magazine and pretended to read, my foot firmly braced against the door.

For several minutes the tantrum continued. Suddenly it stopped. A small voice spoke, furious.

"I'm crying."

"And I'm reading."

"I want you to stop reading and listen to me cry!"

"Oh, no," I answered cheerfully. "I don't like crying. I'd rather read. When you stop crying, tell me and we'll play."

Infuriated, she continued her yelling, but eying me closely the while. As I continued to read, unmoved, she suddenly stopped, walked to the table, climbed into a chair, and said in honey tones,

"I'm ready now! Let's play."

The first "games" were simple block puzzles that needed no spoken word. She enjoyed them and did them well. Then I changed to a casual question, trying to bridge the gap that exists for a young child between a motion and a spoken answer.

"And where are your eyes? Show me your eyes."

She drew back, glared as if she were thinking to herself, "How did I come to be here? I must show her I haven't given in after all!" and sent forth a tearless shriek. I picked up the magazine and withdrew miles away from her, though with one eye on the door. She made no move to rush to it, but burst out,

"Here's my hair! Here's my nose! Here's my mouth!
Here're my eyes! Now can I go out?"

"We've got lots of things we haven't played with yet.
Come on!"

Before she knew it, she was deep in the various tests. Then the realization that she was being beaten returned.

She stiffened, gave two short, piercing yips, fixed me with her eyes and ripped out,

"See! I'm a bad, bad girl! Aren't you going to send me out?"

When this did not work she capitulated entirely and spent the rest of the time in unbroken enjoyment.

"Now you've played all my games, let's go and tell mother about them," I said at the end. She seized my hand and danced with me through the door. At the sight of her mother she dropped my hand, puckered her face to force tears, and sent up a shriek.

Paying no attention, I asked the mother to come into my office for a talk. "Margaret will find plenty to play with here, and Miss Clark will take care of everything."

The mother hesitated.

"You came here for help," I said. "When you consult a doctor, you follow his prescription. It is the same here. We *can* help you, but only if you cooperate with us."

We went back to the office.

"I didn't ask you much about Margaret and her tantrums before," I said, "because, with a small child, I like to watch first and see what comes out in the test and chat, and then to have the talk with the parent. In that way I can get results more quickly. Now tell me first about Margaret; then about the other members of your household and how they get on with each other."

"Margaret was the brightest, happiest baby," began the mother. "There was no difficulty about her birth or wean-

ing. She began talking at six months and walked at eight months. Truly she did. And that reminds me--she's stopped crying. I don't hear a thing in the other room."

"That means she's happy. Take a peep if you like, but don't let her hear you open the door, or she may start again at the sight of you. There--now you see you can rest easy about her. Please go on."

"She's been sick only once in her life. She had a bad case of measles when she was a year old. Her ears ran and her eyes were closed the first day, and that frightened us terribly. The ear hurt her for a long time. We've watched her carefully ever since, but there has been no return. She was the same happy baby until six months ago. Then overnight she became the worst of all the children."

"And how old is your baby? Six or seven months?"

"Why yes! But how did you know we had a baby? I'm sure I hadn't mentioned him."

"Because often children become naughty suddenly and in many of the cases we found that the naughtiness began just after the next younger baby is born."

"You mean they are jealous? Margaret shows plainly that she is. She always tries to hit the baby when her father comes in and picks him up."

"Has her father stopped playing with her since the baby came?" I asked.

"He's really been forced to, she's so naughty. Besides, he's like a lot of men:—he adores a baby and has made a pet of each one of ours as it came along. He's never paid much attention to them as they grew, and Margaret's

crying and tempers make him nervous. He's tried to spank it out of her. And he's told her he doesn't love her any more, she's so bad. And he's shown her how good the baby is, and how he loves him. But nothing has any effect."

Pity rushed through me for the child whose parents did not understand what she was suffering. I would wait for the mother to realize this as she told her story.

"You have older children, then?"

"Yes, a girl, ten, and a boy, seven. Ruth has always gotten on well and has never caused us a moment's anxiety. She has never been sick. She brings home good school reports, she is nice with the younger children and is a great little pal and help to me. Paul is different from all the others. He is slower and still talks baby talk and sucks his thumb. He is very timid too."

"Perhaps you'd like to bring him here to see me?"

I welcomed the chance to help Paul because the suffering of quiet children is so often overlooked, although everyone recognizes the problem of the adult who withdraws in fear from life and people.

"I'll be glad to bring him," answered the mother.

"Has he started school?"

"Yes, but he didn't pass and he hasn't gotten much out of the first grade this time either. He's good, though. Never gives any trouble, except that he needs a lot of help getting dressed and undressed, putting away his toys and so on. We've felt so sorry for him. We nearly lost him with convulsions when he started to teethe. But he's

always good. Margaret is the only trouble. I nearly lose my mind over her with her crying and selfishness and her everlasting 'No, I won'ts' or 'I wills.' We've spanked and scolded, as I said, but it doesn't do any good."

"Does she generally get her way?"

"Yes, after she has worn us out."

"Tell me what she likes to do. Is she a follower or a leader?"

"She always wants to be boss, whether it's at home or out playing with other children. Even if they are older than she, she fights them if they won't do what she wants. She even fights her sister, who is so good to her and gives in to her all the time. Ruth, of course, is seven years older. Margaret has always said she wants to be big and she insists on brushing her own teeth, like Ruth, and she puts on her own shoes and stockings. I do the rest, though she usually fights me off.

"She has a crying spell every afternoon. I realize now it began when the baby came. There'll be some trifle she wants and instead of asking for it, she starts to yell. When she stops long enough to tell us what she wants and we give it to her, she throws it away furiously. Then Ruth and I do everything we can to appease her, but nothing satisfies, and it's always 'No' or 'I won't' or just shrieks till we are nearly frantic."

"Let me reassure you on that point. This contrariness is a stage most children go through at Margaret's age. It is usually over by the time the child is five. It is really a sign of expanding personality. It's fun to find out that

they can say 'no' and then it's exciting to see what will happen.

"There is one other cause for contrariness and that you will have to check to see if it applies. You may be giving too many commands. That would make any child rebel. What a child is doing is serious business to him. All parents want concentration in their children, and yet they're constantly breaking into the natural concentration which all children have when they're really interested."

"But how is one to live through this period? After all, the household has other people in it who have their rights too," asked the mother.

"There is a very simple trick that usually works when a child says 'I won't.' Just give her time. Say nothing, do nothing. Merely watch. After a few seconds, or even much longer, you will see her starting to obey. She may even be repeating, 'I won't!' while she is actually doing what she has been told. Overlook the remark. She is only trying to keep up her own self-respect. That you must let her keep. This lapse of time between your command and her movement of obedience is only the time it takes to let the new idea reach beyond her ears and brain to her muscles.

"Another thing. You say Margaret generally wins after she has worn you out. Each time she wins makes her stronger and more hopeful of winning the next contest. Even one single victory makes a child ready forever after to take a chance that he may win. I heard a five-year-old say once to his four-year-old sister, who was crying for

something, 'Keep it up! Keep it up! She always gives in if you keep it up long enough!'"

"A child actually said that?"

"I heard it myself. You will have to arm yourself with patience and determination. Let her cry and kick and steel yourself to pay no attention. Then, when she 'comes around,' as I promise you she will if you hold out, make no reference to the past, but greet her pleasantly and try to have something interesting to do. She'll soon discover what kind of behavior brings her the petting she longs for."

"Won't she think she's petted for behaving badly?"

"I'm quite sure she won't. You'll be convinced if you give it a fair trial. You said her crying made her father nervous. Is he a nervous man?" I asked.

"I'd hardly say so. He's big and hearty and loves his home. He's always good to us. Everything has gone smoothly except when Margaret and Paul were so sick. My husband's been wonderful about encouraging me when I worry about Paul's slowness."

"We can talk more about Paul when I've seen him," I said. "Now about Margaret. From what you've said and from watching her, I have a fairly clear idea of the general situation. I didn't talk much with the child today, because of the long time it took to get started."

"Before you begin," interrupted the mother, "I want to say that just being here has been an object lesson. Seeing how Margaret liked you after you had made her behave shows me that she can be handled, and not by violence,

either. Isn't that one thing you're going to tell me? And our other big mistake was in letting her feel neglected, for that's increased her jealousy, hasn't it?"

"Yes, those are the two important things. In the light of your discovery, you'll enjoy this story the more," and I related Margaret's "I want you to listen to me cry" episode.

After we had laughed over it, I went on: "Here is the situation. Margaret is struggling through a most difficult and tragic period. She has felt the safe, solid ground slide out from under her feet. Do you see what I mean? She had always been the baby. She knew nothing else. She had no reason to suppose there could be anything else. She had been very sick, too, and you had all been solicitous about her. She took all that for granted as the normal course of life. Then there was her father, coming in all attention for her. Put yourself in her place when suddenly she had none of this, and all attention was focused on a newcomer. How would you feel?"

"Fearfully upset, of course. The middle of the afternoon when she's been crying—that's when the baby is through his nap and we play with him. And that accounts, too, for her behavior with her father! It's the rage of disappointment and disillusionment, isn't it?"

"Let me try to put you inside her mind," I said. "Her father tells her he doesn't love her because she is bad. He loves the baby because he is good. 'Bad' means to her the way she's acting, and she can't act any other way because she feels so miserable. Since she'll always be miserable because he doesn't love her, she'll always have to

be bad, and then he'll never love her. He loves the baby because he is good. 'Good' means to her deadly dull like the baby, who can't play and do things. So she'll never want to be good. So again she can never be loved. So her emotions go round and round and her despair is endless."

The mother sat rigid. Then she cried, "Why didn't I think of that!"

"This is the protest of a vigorous child," I went on. "It doesn't mean, however, that your oldest daughter is weak because she didn't protest when Paul was born. She may be of a more placid make-up. In any case, she had quite a different environment in her own babyhood. For instance, she had not been ill."

"But Paul never showed any jealousy of Margaret either."

"I wonder. I don't know enough yet to say. But you may like to think over this:—Where an active type of child like Margaret refuses to suffer in silence and vigorously punishes those who have hurt her, the quieter child may take his hurts into a corner with him and brood over them, sucking his thumb or handkerchief or the bedclothes for comfort. When he tries to regain his lost place in the family attention, he does it by baby behavior, baby talk and helplessness. These children build a high wall of helplessness around themselves and in that way they force those around them to take care of them and thus to pay attention to them. Paul and Margaret may be saying the same thing in their different behavior. Just as Margaret

was hurt by the present baby, so Paul was probably hurt by Margaret."

"I see. You mean, too, that we've spoiled Paul and that we should insist on his dressing himself and so on? But he'll never get to school on time. Why, he won't eat properly unless I force food down him!" she exclaimed.

"I imagine if you go to the school and explain what you're trying to do, that you'll get cooperation from both the principal and teacher. It probably won't take many days before he is more independent. Think what that will mean for him, not only at home and at school, but in his whole life! We want our children to be courageous. Neither the helpless way nor the violent way is a good way to live. But of the two, Margaret's is the better solution. That's because she is willing to fight for what she believes hers."

"You don't mean to say that she's better than Paul!" exclaimed the mother, amazed.

"She may be a much more disagreeable person to have around, and you certainly don't want her to grow up a bitter, fighting woman, but she is definitely showing more spirit and ability to meet life by fighting obstacles than she would be by meekly accepting."

The mother was silent a moment, then spoke slowly:
"I see what you mean. We should rejoice if Paul plucked up enough spirit to be saucy occasionally, or defiant. My husband will be interested in that idea."

"Don't go away thinking that all gentleness must be

bad. Children often show a tenderness that is very lovely. Gentleness and tenderness are excellent qualities.

"Before you go I want to assure you that you have excellent material in Margaret, with all her energy and ambition and her fine mind. It is now only a question of getting it all properly directed."

"You've made me feel so encouraged about her. And I'll remember what you told me about Paul. When shall I come again?"

"In two weeks, and bring Paul, too."

Ten days later the telephone rang.

"I rang up to tell you how well things are going!" The mother's voice sounded exultant. "Margaret's responded delightfully to her father's playing with her and to our ignoring of her crying. She's almost another child already. We're sending Paul off to camp next week for the entire summer as soon as school closes. So we won't be in unless Margaret needs you. You should have seen her face when Ruth and I ignored her tantrum the first time! She was so amazed. And Ruth's reaction when I told her our plan was another revelation to me. She said, 'You mean I won't have to give in to her all the time? And I don't have to let her spoil my things any more! Oh, goody!' I hadn't realized how I'd been imposing on her good-nature."

"I'm so glad," I answered. "I'd been saving the effect on Ruth for your next visit, but here you've found it out

yourself! I'll be anxious to hear what camp does for Paul."

"I'll let you know," she promised.

In the fall she telephoned again that the camp had done wonders for the little boy. Many of his baby habits were gone—he was dressing himself and taking care of his belongings with pride, and was quicker in his movements and in his thinking.

"He doesn't seem a bit slow or stupid now," she finished happily.

"And how is Margaret?" I asked.

"No tantrums at all, and she and her father are great chums. She still says 'I won't' at times, but I'm not worrying about it, and everything runs quite peacefully. I really think there's no need of bringing either of them in, at least at present."

So things were left as they were, and I did not see any of them again. The mother telephoned from time to time. Paul went back to school and was making real progress. This proved to me that he was not so handicapped as I had thought might be possible, and that the failure in school was not due to inability but to his desire to hold the attention of parents and teacher and to punish them for their interest in other children.

He did not necessarily say this to himself in words, or even in direct thought. Some children actually do put their feeling into words. One little boy once showed that with him it was conscious when he exclaimed, "Nobody

ever pays attention to me when I do my work, but when I don't, oh Gee!"

At home Paul also behaved more like a seven-year-old boy. On his return from camp he found a different family from the one he had left. No one rushed to help him off with his jacket. Everyone took his newly acquired independence for granted and encouraged him to further resourcefulness. So he was forging ahead.

The problem of an aggressive and a yielding child in the same family is an interesting one, particularly when they seem to have had similar experiences. This difference in character already existed before each child met the test of the new baby. It seems to have started in the illness which each experienced in infancy.

But why should they react so differently to illness? Were they born different?

Perhaps. But the psychologist sifts the environment of each child for causes of difference before he turns to in-born difference.

Let us scrutinize the illnesses of Paul and Margaret.

Convulsions bring attention through passivity. Paul did not have to yell for help, while Margaret's earache taught her that screams brought her family running. The divergence in the characters of the two children may have been started in just that one difference:—the type of illness in infancy.

The parents had not been able to help treating the two children differently during their two different illnesses,

yet if at once, during convalescence, they had thrown Paul back into independence and forced Margaret to unlearn her habit of shrieking for what she wanted, these great differences between the children might never have appeared. The chapter "Refuge in Illness—From Growing Up" gives methods for meeting the problems of convalescence.

I thought at first that this might be a long problem of family re-education. As it turned out, the mother spent no time blaming or excusing herself for the mistakes she herself recognized as we talked. She faced the two problems:—the aftermath of illness, and the adjustment to the new baby. Although she had to learn two opposite techniques in handling the children, *because* she understood, she succeeded. She needed no further help.

DORIS

Doris's mother brought her three-months-old son to the baby clinic which was held once a week in one of the rooms of the Children's House. Hearing children's voices, she stopped at another door and discovered the playroom of the Guidance Clinic where several children and their mothers were waiting to see me. She asked Miss Clark, the assistant and home-visitor, what this was. As soon as she grasped its purpose she asked if she might send over her oldest daughter, almost nine, who was impudent and who bit her nails.

Shortly thereafter three pretty little girls appeared, looking like graduated editions of each other, except that the

tallest had a peevish droop to her mouth. This was Doris.

In a few moments there was uproar in the playroom, with Doris its dramatic center. Her arms were flung wide in aggressive gestures and her voice rang out in loud, determined tones. The more the other children in the room seemed to rebel against her, the more bossy she became. At length Miss Clark felt it necessary to interfere.

"Only polite children can play here," she told Doris. "Anyone who is rude and spoils the other children's play is asked to go home and not come back unless her mother is with her. But we like having the children who play well together come early and have a good time."

At once Doris's tactics changed. With an astonishing amount of self-control she shifted her manner to a gentle leadership that soon won the children into accepting it.

She was a leader. She expected to dominate, but she was quite ready to do it sociably when ejection was the alternative. We soon saw that she possessed many of the qualities of good leadership. For one thing, she was responsible. When she was asked to go into the testing room she looked distressed.

"I can't go away from my little sisters," she explained. "My mother says I must always stay with them."

"They won't go out of the playroom, Doris, and there's always someone grown-up there to keep an eye on them. Your mother will understand when you explain to her how it is here. We will take good care of them."

In the tests the child showed good intelligence and ability except in reading. She was almost nine and had just

entered the fourth grade of a parochial school, but she knew no more about reading than a first-grader. She had "gotten by" because of her cleverness at guessing. A picture on the page would give her a clue or she would have heard the context from the reading aloud of the other children and she would go on from there with what she thought ought to happen.

A little nonplussed at having to face the fact that she could not read, she began voluble explanations and waxed dramatic.

"I didn't pass when I was in the first grade, 'cause the teacher didn't like me. My mother wouldn't stand for that, so she took me to the Sisters' school and put me in the second grade. They put me in the third grade and I got promoted to the fourth. I was sick when I was a little baby, and that made me nervous, and so the teacher didn't like me. And then she wouldn't teach me good. That's why I don't know so much about reading. She was a mean teacher."

"What do you want to be when you are grown up, Doris?"

"I might be a Sister. I might be a teacher. I might be a nurse, if I live. You might be dead tomorrow."

Her talk was accompanied by a wealth of gesture and play of eyes and expression. The words, dramatic, eager, alert, responsive, determined, aggressive, responsible, describe one side of her, while careless, hasty, superficial, self-excusing, describe another. Never in the playroom did any of the qualities her mother complained of at

home, the jealousy, domineering, selfishness, destructiveness, and cruelty appear after the first attempt to dominate the children by force.

Her nail-biting, we noticed, was an index to her mood. Her fingers were never in her mouth when she was actively playing. The moment she was ignored, defied or embarrassed, she chewed at them violently. Every nail was bitten to the quick.

Doris's story, as we gathered it from the mother's remarks to Miss Clark at the home visit, and to me at the next clinic visit, showed what the after-effects of a severe illness can be when the alarmed parents have yielded to every whim of the sick child and have not had the strength, afterwards, to break that habit.

Doris was the oldest of the four children and had always been well until she suddenly developed pneumonia at three. She was desperately ill. Her father lost twenty-five pounds in his anxiety, and her mother became wakeful to such an extent that she never since had been able to sleep soundly. Doris had a recurrence of the pneumonia at four, with measles and "flu" in addition during the same year. She became so precious that neither parent ever thought of refusing her anything.

"She was so sick," said the mother, "that I had to give her everything she wanted. Now she is so nervous I have to keep on. Her father loses patience easily. He was very sick last year—hardening of the bones, the doctor said, and they are always hurting him.

"Doris won't eat anything but meat and potatoes and

milk. If I try to make her eat other things she screams and throws them out of the window. Then her father gives her pennies to go to the store to buy what she likes if only she'll stop screaming. When she's out playing on the sidewalk she doesn't like to stop and come in for meals, so I have to put her meat and potatoes in a box and let it down to her on a string because the other two girls say they won't wait on her.

"She's never still. Even when she's asleep she tosses about, but, thank goodness, she isn't crying in her sleep any more. In the morning she never wants to get up. When she doesn't have to go to school I let her sleep as long as she likes.

"If she doesn't like her clothes, or gets tired of them, she cuts them up or throws them into the incinerator. She flies into tempers at the other children and tries to hurt them. Once she grabbed a knife and threatened them with it. She even tries to hurt the baby. She pulls his hair and slaps him.

"She's fearfully saucy. I've tried to spank it out of her, but that only makes her worse, and besides, she'll bite her nails harder than ever. She's bitten her nails since she was so sick.

"As soon as she gets a thing, she doesn't like it and doesn't want it and begins to scold. But even if she doesn't want it she doesn't want the other girls to have it. She doesn't want them to have anything. She fights with them all the time."

And the mother rambled on and on, seeing the child's

selfishness and domineering, but feeling helpless before her.

The apartment was well kept. The mother worried about the children and how to stretch a meager income over all the family expenses. Her sleeplessness made her irritable at times. She remembered how unhappy she herself had been with teachers she didn't like, so she had changed Doris's school. She told about the first-grade teacher who had been "mean" to Doris and would not promote her, yet here was the child in the fourth grade after a double promotion. She was very proud of Doris's educational achievements.

I told her how well-behaved Doris was with us, how she had stopped bossing when she was asked to treat all the children politely, and how conscientious she was about taking care of her little sisters.

"You have been such a splendid nurse, Mrs. Temple, that she's a big, strong girl now, and it is perfectly safe to let her cry if she doesn't get what she wants. You tell your husband that we are sure of it. Meanwhile we'll try to help her learn that she is too big now to carry on like that. We'll try, too, to help her learn to eat what is good for growing children, and to stop biting her nails and quarreling at home. She's so good to the little girls here that I know she can be good to them at home too. Come over next week and let me know how things are going. Don't expect too much. It takes time and patience."

Meanwhile we attacked the nail-biting. If one symptom of a child's difficulty is treated successfully, the parents

and the child himself feel a growing confidence in the ability of the clinic and are less likely to drop out before the underlying difficulty has been overcome. Nail-biting, like thumb-sucking, or other peculiar actions, tells us that a child does not feel sure of himself and of his place at home and with others. In Doris's case my careful examination of each nail at each weekly visit and the offer of a manicure for each finger that showed enough white rim, turned the trick, together with the promise of a small manicure set to be her own as soon as she could go a whole month without a nibble. She showed the same self-control that she had shown in regard to bossing the other children, and earned the outfit at the end of the first month. She and her sisters, who had asked to show their nails also, responded at once to the suggestion that soap and water should be used on all hands before they went on exhibition. Not one of them forgot to come after that with clean hands, even though they came straight from school.

One day they brought a bevy of little girls with them. "We want a nail-biting club," Doris explained. "They bite their nails too, and they saw how nice our nails were growing."

Doris and her sisters all showed prompt response to any social suggestion. Doris's habit of domineering can not be so very deep when she can take on new attitudes so readily and retain them without a relapse during entire playroom afternoons. There was some improvement at home too, her mother reported. If the father's irritability

can be kept in check and the mother can get more sleep, they both may have courage enough to resist offering Doris more privileges than the other children, and to insist that she live up to the family standards.

We dropped seeds of suggestion about what it means to be a big sister and how much big sisters can be loved. She had seen for herself the immediate disadvantages of a leadership based on noisiness and rudeness. Therefore she was more ready to consider our point of view in regard to other relationships. At first she seemed to be one of those privileged beings who, having much, want more, and consider more as their due. Now it may well be that none of her ugly traits are deeply ingrained after all, and, like weeds, they can be rather easily uprooted.

The nail-biting was Doris's secret language, telling those who had the key, that Doris, like all tyrants, lived in dread of rebellion against her terrorizing. Doris is exactly in the position of the tyrants of history and of today, who, realizing the shallow foundations that underlie their power, feel compelled to make a greater and greater show of power. She, too, felt, unconsciously, the tottering of the pinnacle of favoritism on which she had been perched, and had to keep piling proof upon proof of her power in order to convince herself that she really had it. Yet she never was convinced. To her the unbearable situation had been that her right of rule might be contested. She was uncertain and she was indignant because she was uncertain.

Now she is beginning to understand that power gained through sharing and kindly service is more trustworthy

than that gained through quarreling. Once she is fully convinced of this, her fine qualities of leadership can be turned to good account. She will find joy in more and more responsibility and in recognizing others instead of trampling upon them.

Both Doris's mother and Margaret's spoke of spanking the children. The reason that I did not suggest at once that they stop spanking was that, in both cases, they recognized its futility, and, besides, I knew that as each child felt more secure in her home, her behavior would improve, and the need for spanking stop of itself.

LAURA

"I'm making a picture for my father, I'm making a picture for my father," crooned Laura as she carefully finished a crayon drawing of a blue kitten underneath a pink tree. She was waiting in the Guidance Clinic playroom for her turn. "Maybe he'll like it. Maybe he'll say, 'My, that's fine! Maybe he'll kiss me!'"

Notice from father, his kiss, praise from him, were clearly the goals toward which this little girl was striving. Evidently these delights did not come to her often.

Laura was nearly six. Well-built, clear-eyed, she was an energetic and attractive little girl. She came from a cultured home in the suburb of a large city. Her father was an architect. Her mother had insisted on continuing her teaching in a progressive school after her marriage. The

house was run by a good-natured housekeeper and a cook. Books and music abounded. The house was large with garden and plenty of play space. There were three other children, healthy and friendly: a boy of eight, another two and a six-months-old baby girl. On the surface all was well.

Yet Mrs. Weston had come for help. She was in great anxiety. She was having one nervous breakdown after another; her work was imperiled; and all because of Laura. She poured forth her story in torrents, without a pause, without waiting for answers to her questions.

She had resented having children, as her heart was bound up in her work. Her husband had promised before they were married that she should always go on teaching. As she spoke of him her voice took on a tinge of scorn, as if she thought him weak and despised him for it. He was delighted with the first baby because he was a boy, but was disgruntled when the second was a girl. He'd never paid much attention to this second child, and if he ever noticed her, the poor little thing would go almost mad with excitement, and then he would punish her.

"I didn't want her myself—I didn't want any of the children, but she was a girl, and so bright! She's not quite six and almost through the first grade! I've always petted and spoiled her to make up for her father's neglect. The petting's gone to her head and now she's unbearable. She thinks that no rules apply to her. She behaves particularly badly before guests. She has so many nervous habits I've gone nearly frantic. The doctor says I shouldn't have any

worry or responsibility. My health has always been delicate, but I've never allowed it to interfere with my work.

"Laura sucks her thumb continuously. She claims it keeps her from being thirsty. She wets her bed almost every night and sometimes even her clothes. The doctor says there's nothing wrong and that she'll outgrow it, but whippings and shamings don't do a bit of good. She has nightmares and grinds her teeth in her sleep. She fusses about her food and won't eat what's put before her. She breaks up her toys. She gets her way by tantrums. I know I shouldn't give in, but I come home tired and nervous myself. She quarrels with her brothers and she's jealous of the baby.

"She's lazy, for she says 'No' to whatever is asked of her. Then twice recently she's taken nickels and pennies out of my purse and the housekeeper's.

"But the worst is this—this is what's frightening me so and why I've come to you—yesterday I found her in a vacant lot with some boys and she was emptying her bowels in front of them. She wasn't embarrassed at all when I came upon her—just defiant. Of course I was upset and whipped her, but that made her more defiant.

"A year ago she came home and said some boys had taken down her clothes, but I'm sure from what she said that they didn't touch her otherwise. Oh, *can* she grow up to normal womanhood with all this? When she was only two we found her in the street without any clothes, and last summer she ran away and went swimming with a little boy in her underwear—at least that was what she

said. She came home in it because she'd forgotten where she'd left her dress and shoes, and didn't know the little boy's name nor where he took her. Her father whipped her severely but see what she's doing now! Can she overcome these terrible tendencies? What can I do?"

But without waiting for an answer, she hurried on. She really saw her own worst faults coming out in Laura. She was impatient and nervous herself. She was tired when she came home and it was very hard to have the children bothering her, yet of course she couldn't leave them all day with servants. The housekeeper had been with her six months. She was kind to the children but didn't have good judgment in settling their quarrels and in telling them what to do. However she was thankful to have her, as help was hard to keep with Laura so naughty.

There was nothing to be done for Mrs. Weston at this visit but to let her talk out her troubles, listen and gather impressions as best we could of the Mrs. Weston whom her children knew, of the Mrs. Weston her husband knew, of the excellent teacher whom her pupils and fellow-teachers knew, and, lastly, of the Mrs. Weston who was talking then and there in the office.

These impressions, later corroborated by the home and school visits, were that in her school she was an enthusiastic teacher, controlling her pupils by the eagerness she aroused in them. But the strain was great and at home she "let down the brakes." To her children she was impatient, changeable, petting them one minute and scolding or nagging them the next, according to her own surges of mood.

To her husband she acted like a spoiled child, expecting much and giving little. To us she seemed a dominating woman, although she got her way not so much by clamor and insistence as by displaying her weakness and helplessness.

She seemed both tense and intense. Her intellectual equipment was excellent, but she used it poorly when it came to solving her home problems. It was clear that she wanted the best for her children, but her emotions stood in her way and prevented her from controlling Laura. Whenever she spoke of her collisions with the child her expression and her voice became tense, and we could see that she used impatience and violence instead of tact.

She kept asking for help, yet refused to stop long enough to listen to any suggestion. As she talked on and on it was as if she were feverishly warding off any word of ours that might hint that she had been wrong in her handling of the child. She might almost have been commanding us to praise and wonder at her for having been such a martyr to her terrible child, and telling us that of course we must change Laura into the type of child she liked, so that she would not be annoyed any longer. Yet we dared not speak our minds bluntly.

We could not say outright, at that first interview, "Mrs. Weston, your daughter is a thermometer that reacts to your own moods and temper. You try changing yourself and then watch the change in your daughter." She would have been outraged and have left, convinced that we did not know our business. *She* the one to change! But that

would have meant that she had been to blame somehow. Impossible and ridiculous!

If we had said more tactfully, "Laura is undoubtedly upset at her father's attitude toward her. From your story she seems to be an unusually sensitive child, and particularly sensitive to *your* moods. She gets upset, too, when you come home tired and with frayed nerves. Have you ever noticed that she is worse when you are more tired than usual?" she might have received that as a compliment to herself and to her child, and so the first edge of the wedge toward better understanding of herself might have been inserted, but she gave us no opportunity.

At the end, we managed to get permission to visit the home, get the servants' feeling about Laura, see Laura herself in action and then visit Laura's teacher. Likewise Miss Clark might try to see Mr. Weston, though his wife doubted that he would be willing to make an appointment.

So Miss Clark visited the home next morning. The housekeeper and cook frankly disliked the child, calling her impudent, dishonest, disobedient and "high-tighty-tighty." Mrs. Weston, they said, generally came home tired and nervous and scolded considerably. Mr. Weston liked to romp with the little boys but Laura always tried to mix up with them and got on his nerves and she'd end up crying and in a nasty temper, with him scolding at her. Edward, the seven-year-old, played mostly on the street or in his chum's yard. He gave no trouble. Neither did the two babies. But Laura—no one liked her. None of the

girls would play with her, she was so bossy. She was always hanging around the boys in the street, trying to get them to let her play with them. Edward wouldn't play with her at all.

At school the first grade teacher considered her a very bright child, doing outstanding work although she was the youngest in the class. Not that she studied hard. Things came easily to her. She behaved well in school, but at recess she generally wandered about alone on the girls' side of the playground. The report from the kindergarten teacher was much the same. Both teachers spoke of the thumb-sucking.

The following Saturday morning Miss Clark telephoned to the father, asking to see him during the next few days, to help make a plan for Laura. He refused point-blank, saying, "I don't want to be bothered about the children. That is my wife's affair."

The same Saturday Miss Clark had lunch with Mrs. Weston and the children. This was her first glimpse of Laura, who came in pleasantly enough, greeted the guest and started to sit down when her mother stopped her, dramatically and with a martyr-note,

"Touch no food, I beg of you, until you have washed your hands."

Laura glared, started to speak, glanced at the guest, and marched silently upstairs.

"Who wouldn't have wanted to respond violently to such a red rag?" commented Miss Clark as she described the visit. The child returned sullenly to the table, but

gradually thawed as she listened to the guest's fascinating story of a visit to the Indians in New Mexico.

On the following Monday Laura danced into the office playroom, chatting volubly with Miss Clark, who had called for her at school.

"You may play with anything you see on the shelves, Laura, until it's your turn to go into the other room and play the games in there," said Miss Clark.

The child was just settling down with crayons and paper when she noticed a tiny child playing with a big doll. Her crayons dropped. She eyed the doll. Then she marched over to Miss Clark.

"That's what I want, that big doll. Get it for me."

"When the little girl is through playing with it, you may have it."

"But I want it now."

"It's hers now. When she is through, then you may play with it."

At this Laura fell back on the home tactics that had never failed. She threw herself on the floor kicking and screaming, but no one came near. No one spoke to her. After some minutes she picked herself up and settled down again with the crayons. It was while she was bending over her nearly finished picture that she crooned her wistful little chant about her father, "Maybe he'll like my picture. Maybe he'll say, 'My, that's fine!' Maybe he'll kiss me!"

She went in to the tests in great spirits, and made a high score. Her reasoning power was keen. At times, however,

her remarks were more like a four-year-old than the seven-and-a-half the tests showed her to be in mental development. Emotionally she was far less mature than she was mentally. She had already shown that in the doll episode. When I asked, "What's the thing to do if you broke something that belonged to someone else?" she answered promptly, "Cry," then added, "and tell them I was sorry." Although this question comes in the eight-year-old group, her answer, that is, the first part, was emotionally on a level with her behavior about the doll.

"Do you like to play?" I asked her.

She nodded.

"Whom do you like to play with?"

"The boys on the street, but sometimes they won't let me. My brother, he never lets me."

"Don't you like to play with girls?"

"Yes. They come and we play in my back yard."

"Do you fight much?"

"Well, once Mary went home 'cause I wouldn't let her be the aunt, but she came back and we didn't fight. I like to wheel my baby sister."

"Do you take care of her sometimes?"

"Sometimes I take her out all alone, and sometimes my mother comes too. My mother doesn't like her. She doesn't like me either. She told the ladies who stop to look at my baby. She said she didn't want us. She said she never wanted any babies, anyway."

"I'm sure you didn't understand just what your mother meant, Laura," I said. "She didn't mean she didn't love

you. She loves you all. She was telling us so. And she said she liked to teach, so of course, each time a tiny baby came, she had to stop teaching for a while, to take care of it. But each baby was so cunning and sweet that she loved it right away."

"Oh!" Laura considered a second. "My father doesn't love me much of the time. He loves the boys all the time. He whipped me. He said I was running away and I was only taking a walk."

"When I was a little girl," I answered, "I took a walk too, but they thought I was running away because I didn't tell anyone I was going. They made me sit on a chair tied to the bed-post for a long time. You see, big people get frightened when they do not know where their children are, and they think they are lost or hurt. Then they punish the children so they'll remember never, never to go off like that again. Don't you think your father felt like that?"

This time the eyes brightened. Here was a new and heartening point of view. She nodded.

"Now I'm going to ask you something and I want you to think hard when you answer it," I went on. "Was that the *only* reason he whipped you?"

"He said I was naughty 'cause I fought with Ed and the baby. He said I was rude. But I wanted him to play with me too."

Not a word about the incident in the empty lot. We found later the mother had not told the father. She had

been afraid to. But since Laura did not bring it up, neither did we.

"Of course you wanted him to play with you," I said. "But you didn't use a very good way to make him want to. He doesn't like you when you fight with your brothers, does he, or when you cry or get angry?"

She shook her head.

"No, you can't make anyone like you *that* way. Can you think of a better way?"

"Be nice—not fight 'n cry."

"Yes, that's a good way, and making a picture for him, that's another good way. I think he'll like that picture. But even if he's too tired to pay much attention to it when he comes home, never mind. Keep on doing the kind of thing he likes, and you'll be growing into the kind of girl he likes.

"You said, a moment ago, that you wanted your father to love you *all* the time. Nobody can play with you all the time, but people do love you all the time, even if they don't show it. You mustn't expect them to make a fuss over you every minute. That was a mistake you made. Only very little children expect that. And you are big."

As the interview went on the child brightened more and more. She puffed with pride when she was praised for being such a kind big sister to the baby, and for being the head of her class in school.

"That certainly means you are a big girl. You can be such a help to your mother, especially when she comes

home tired from work. You can play with the babies so that she can rest, and then you can play you're the mother and she's your little girl for you to take care of. Try being very quiet and good to her and see how happy she'll be. Then come back here next week and tell us about everything."

Mrs. Weston came in after the test and interview were over, and, having talked herself out at the first visit, was more ready to listen. She was much pleased at being told of the excellent impression Laura had made, of her keen intelligence, of her devotion to the baby, even though she might have moments of jealousy, and of her control of the tantrum over the doll. Then we told her of the child's longing for affection from both her parents.

"Children do not have nightmares and grind their teeth in their sleep unless they are uneasy," we told her. "Thumb-sucking and nail-biting show that a child needs comforting and gets it as best he can. Children are often very sensitive to the moods of their parents and your little girl is as sensitive as any child we've seen."

I explained how, from the interview, I had realized that Laura felt that neither her father nor her mother loved her, and that we considered that the source of all her difficulties. I described the way the child brightened as I explained things to her.

"She has been too wretched to be good," I said. "What we have to do now, all of us, both here and at home, is to encourage her and get her to feel that she is always loved, even if she is found fault with sometimes. So, as I

talked with her, I made no reference to any of her other difficulties. I'm sure that most, if not all, of those will drop out by themselves as she begins to feel that you and her father consider her a big, responsible person and enjoy having her around."

As I saw the mother's troubled face, I explained more fully.

"She is an extremely feminine little person, with a normal little girl's adoration of her father. She thinks, with her baby-logic, that the way to win him is to behave like a tomboy, since it seems to her that that is why he enjoys the little brothers. When tomboy behavior brought grief, she naturally tried to get the longed-for masculine admiration from others. So she played boys' games with the boys in the street, and perhaps she remembered that once they had been interested in taking down her clothes, so *there* might be another way to focus their attention. There is another explanation, too. Mothers are always concerned with the baby's bowel-movements. She sees you watchful of those, and so again her baby-logic might have come into action. There is really no grounds for your fear that she may have a wild streak.

"Now when a baby, entirely unconscious, runs around naked, and goes to the toilet openly, no one thinks it naughty. Every mother finds it difficult to draw the dividing line, as the baby grows older, between what is natural and innocent, and what is socially undesirable. If the mother is overanxious in training the child, she may make the whole matter too important to him."

Mrs. Weston's account of her toilet training of the child showed she had done just this. So Laura, a baby in her emotions, although ahead of her years in intelligence, still tried to get attention and to be important in the old baby way, meaning that she was acting like a two-year-old.

We emphasized to the mother that to call too strong attention to anything fixes its importance in one's mind. Laura had already had more than enough of this. Therefore we must not impress it further. Our task, ours and the parents', was to help her emotions grow up to her years. We must help her learn to stand on her own feet, not to be so dependent on approval or disapproval. She must learn to face difficulties squarely and with courage. She must learn to give as well as take.

How to do this? By assuring her that she has a real place in her home; by giving her opportunities for wider interests; by approving all that could be reasonably approved in effort and behavior; by ignoring babyish actions, so that she could see that they were no longer useful; and finally, by developing her gift of being attractive to boys, but showing it in more socially approved and grown-up fashion. "I foresee you as the proud mother of a popular young high-schooler, Mrs. Weston," I added, as the mother left us in a much calmer state of mind, that in itself would be a help to Laura.

It seemed to us, though we did not say so to the mother, that Laura needed friends to divert her mind from the father who might always disappoint her.

Laura was like her mother. She had the same lack of emotional control. One need not attribute this to heredity. It is as easy to explain as part imitation and part similar reaction to similar causes.

For Laura's mother had remarked, in talking of her own childhood, that she had been torn between loyalty to her mother and to her father. And Laura had inherited her mother's beauty. This double resemblance was at present a misfortune, for it seemed the only plausible explanation of her father's dislike of her. If he had felt as most fathers do about a bright, attractive little daughter, she would not have offended him either by her over-eagerness or by her anger.

When we thought over the depth of the wife's contempt, revealed as she spoke of her husband, it seemed impossible that he could be unaware of her attitude, consciously or unconsciously. He might be taking out the resentment which he managed to control in regard to his wife, on the little girl who was so like her. Only some such reason, beyond the father's control or even understanding, would explain his unnatural attitude. It was this realization which made us prepare the child for disappointment if her best efforts could not change his attitude toward her.

When parents are at odds with each other, whether they try to hide the fact from the children or not, the sensitive children of the family are affected. Food and sleep difficulties, temper, irritability, and even more flagrant misbehavior, appearing mysteriously, disappear when

parents have straightened out their own difficulties.

On Mrs. Weston's next visit I tried to find an opening to ask about this attitude of hers toward her husband, and whether she thought he was aware of it. The opening did not come, and I could not press the matter. She was ready to accept the fact that Laura had misunderstood her and therefore was rebellious. She was ready to accept the fact that her own waves of conflicting emotions, petting Laura one moment and scolding her the next, had interfered with her management of the child. She was ready to listen to the suggestion that her own frequent "breakdowns" might be a bodily expression of her consciousness of her failure as a disciplinarian. But she was not yet ready to look at herself in relation to her husband.

After this third visit, Mrs. Weston did not come again herself, but she continued to send Laura and to communicate with us by telephone and through Miss Clark until we all felt that enough improvement had taken place to warrant stopping the visits. This took many weeks.

The first two months Laura seemed to improve by leaps and bounds. The third month she suddenly began sucking her thumb more than ever, doing so with deliberation and defiance. At the same time the bed-wetting, that had almost ceased, became more frequent and her old anger and unreasonableness returned occasionally.

Mr. Weston had felt conscience-stricken at first, his wife reported, when she told him how the child had shown her longing for his affection. For a time he had

made some effort to be kind to her. He thanked her for the picture. This attitude, however, had not lasted long, and it is possible that Laura's relapse at the end of the first two months was caused by her father's relapse into indifference. If she had encroached too far in her new assurance of his affection and had been rebuffed, and then if his wife had reproached him, it would have been a return to the old family pattern and he might have dropped back into the old dislike.

Mrs. Weston herself was sure that her own attitude had been much changed by what she had learned and that she was managing all of the children better.

School closed at this time, and Laura, following a suggestion that a vacation from each other would be good for both mother and daughter, spent the summer with her aunt in the country. When she returned she came proudly to announce that she hardly ever sucked her thumb any more, and that she had wet herself only once, during a long drive. Her mother said that all this was true, and that she was also more obedient.

We noticed, however, that Laura fingered her mouth and chin nervously, as if she had to have an outlet and had substituted this for the thumb-sucking.

We could not wonder at this proof that Laura was not yet content in her home. We could not take her goal away from her. A father's love is a normal desire for a child. Not to want it, not to try to win it, would be abnormal. The only thing out of the normal in Laura's desire was its intensity. And there again, we could not

wonder, for the value of anything is apt to grow in our eyes when we are deprived of it, or have to struggle to get it.

What would become of Laura? What would have become of her if we had not been able to help, even though not as much as we would have liked? So we began to speculate.

The effect of any obstacle on ambitious people is to increase the value of the goal beyond and to cause them to increase their efforts. This effort and exercise increase their strength. All this is good, and is the stuff of which progress is made. But when a child struggles to lift a man-sized load, the strain may injure him. So with the struggle to overcome a too-great obstacle, or to push toward a too-difficult goal.

Laura was over-ambitious, with her heart set on the apparently unattainable goal of winning her father. The very strength she gained in the struggle she was wasting in ill-judged effort. To her, as to all extremely ambitious people, nothing but an impossible or difficult goal will ever satisfy, since nothing less would prove to her that she was really worthwhile. Laura must have felt, even if she did not put it into words, that there must be something wrong about her if she could not win her father's love. Nothing else would give her self-respect. So she had striven desperately with the only methods she knew.

This would lead into danger. Excessive feeling for either parent makes it hard to love other people. Too great give or take of affection and too little may have

similar results. Daughters bitterly disappointed in their fathers may distrust all men, may not dare to marry. They may be able to care only for other girls, thus lingering in a school-child stage, for all boys and girls go through a time when they scorn the opposite sex. Or these girls may turn from one man to another, never able to care deeply for any of them. Or they may marry a man with the expectation which no husband can fulfil, that he will give them all that they missed in a father.

The emotions develop slowly through successive stages, just as do the body and the mind. At each stage the emotional life needs its own kind of food and exercise in wholesome amounts. There are such things as anemia of the emotions and a kind of rickets of the feelings, misshapen because they are starved, as there is also indigestion of the emotions from over-feeding.

Laura already showed a lopsidedness from starvation. Her emotions needed to grow up to her mind through the exercise of the daily give-and-take of a group ruled by mutual affection. Nothing can take the place of the family in the opportunity it gives for growth and self-discipline. The home is the child's first pattern and lesson in love. So the home should widen with the years and become part of the child's relation to other people. Alfred Adler says that the mother, the child's first love, should be the spreader of that love, first to the father, then to others.

How much more happy a home Mrs. Weston might have built had she been given the help when she was

Laura's age that was given Laura, no one can tell. Nor will we ever know what Laura might have been like if her father had loved her from babyhood. There are so many more possibilities in every human being than are ever developed. Every favorable circumstance opens new channels.

Help for Laura must come without the father's co-operation, through her mother and through herself, and through the hope that the attitudes which we helped to change will continue to mold them both. Most important for the mother was the removal of her dread that the child was abnormally sexed and might become an outcast. As the child blossomed with the mother's increased sympathy, so would the mother become more attractive as she restored calm to her household. We might hope that in consequence, the father would feel happier with both mother and daughter.

Laura's greatest chance for this will be when she becomes an attractive young woman. Even if she fails of this, her own ambitious self-development and her compensation in other relationships may help her to avoid the emotional pitfalls of the disappointed daughter and to build herself a happy useful life.

But no matter how well she develops, no one would wish such a stimulus to effort for any child. Children suffer too much when they are not loved.

Even one parent's devotion is not enough.

INTOLERABLE SITUATION III.

Identical Twins Treated Differently

ARDIS AND ALICE

"You're going to have something exciting tomorrow," said Miss Clark, the home visitor at the Guidance Clinic, to me. "Identical twins! At least they look enough alike to be. Yet the mother says they're entirely different. She

was bringing only Alice, the one she says is backward, but I persuaded her to have both children tested. I called, too, on the grandmother who lives next door, and— However, I'd like to hold my report till you get your impression."

So next day a pleasant looking young woman appeared, with a blond twin on either hand.

"Yes, they're twins and hardly anybody can tell them apart, but they don't look alike to me. Alice always has a scowl so thick it weighs her face down, but Ardis is always smiling," said the mother in tones perfectly audible to the nearly three-year-old twins.

Indeed, there was a troubled look in the blue eyes of one of the two pretty curlyheads, while the other was beaming and eager. As this difference might have been caused by the mother's thoughtless words alone, the first move was to invite her into my office while the twins stayed in the playroom with Miss Clark.

The mother quickly objected, "Oh, I can't leave Alice or she'll start to cry. She will anyway. She always does."

"But we never let children hear themselves discussed. Please come into the office with me," I urged.

"Why, children never pay attention to what's being said around them," she answered, surprised. "And besides, mine are too little to understand."

Nevertheless she rose and followed me into the office, beginning to pour out her story even before the door was closed.

"Alice is so terribly backward, that's why I brought

her. She's been sulking around in corners lately so much that I thought she must be sick and took her to the doctor. He said she's well enough, but that you people might do something for her. She's so different from Ardis you'd never know they were sisters, let alone twins."

Now it was evident at first glance that these sisters were not only twins, but probably identical twins. That is, they were not the product of two separate cells, born at the same time, as some twins are, but had developed from one single cell which had divided into halves. When this happens each half-cell contains its complete share of the common human material with all its latent characteristics. Therefore identical twins are always of the same sex, always look alike and are basically alike. As identical twins are of exceptional interest to students of human problems, many studies have been made of them. So when this mother had announced to Miss Clark that her young twins, brought up together, were utterly different in behavior and in character, Miss Clark knew that we would be eager to test them both.

The mother went on with her story. She had been a stenographer and lived at home until she married at twenty-seven. Her husband was a large, good-natured man who was always kind to her. The twins were her first and only children. She had been so ill and weak after their birth that her husband's relatives had taken care of them during their first year, while she and her husband lived with her mother.

Thus the inexperienced mother was relieved of her

new responsibilities. Ill, with an indulgent husband, she had returned to the status of daughter in a home where she had already lingered longer than most young women. This return to her mother proved to be of immense significance to the future of her own children.

The young mother, then, knew little about the first babyhood of the twins. What she did know was that Alice was behind her sister from the start, although she was half an hour older. Alice weighed only four and a half pounds when she was born, while Ardis weighed a pound more. Ardis was the more active baby, and throughout the first year she developed two to three months sooner than Alice. Alice was never sick, just quiet.

The twins were returned to their mother's care and their grandmother's home just at the time when their teething, their learning to walk and talk were all-important. As we came to know the characteristic ways of all the family, we realized that Ardis, with her two months' head start, got the applause for each achievement, while there must have been considerable disappointment and worry about Alice.

This difference between the physical weight and strength of even identical twins often means that before birth one had a more favorable position for receiving nourishment and for growth than the other. There could be no more striking example of the fact that no two human beings ever have exactly the same environment than this favoritism of chance, from the moment of concep-

tion, in the most protected environment that human beings ever experience. It is possible, however, for the weaker of the twins, after a slow start, to go ahead faster than the more favorably born, until it catches up.

Precisely this seems to have happened to Alice, whose twin Ardis had the head start. For, though Alice did not creep at all during the time when Ardis was learning first to creep and then to walk, suddenly at twenty months Alice stood up and walked. Again, Alice did not talk until she was twenty-two months old, while Ardis had been chattering unintelligible syllables for a couple of months. But then Alice more than made up for the difference. When she spoke her first words they were clear. She continued to speak distinctly while Ardis continued her almost indistinguishable chatter.

All this information came from the mother and checked with what she had told Miss Clark, but she did not seem to realize in the least that Alice, considering her original handicap, had accomplished more in two years than Ardis. The reason that this had escaped her seemed to lie in a tiny incident which had occurred when the twins were about two. This was the incident that had so impressed Miss Clark. Clearly it had permanently warped the mother's attitude toward Alice, although she disclaimed it.

The little family had just moved from the grandmother's house to one next door, but the grandmother's influence remained equally strong. This grandmother was still mourning her first grandchild, her oldest son's little

daughter, Peggy, who had died before the twins were born. On her mantelpiece the grandmother kept enshrined a doll which had belonged to Peggy. One day, soon after the twins had begun to walk and talk, they were in the grandmother's house, and Ardis reached up for Peggy's doll, which she had never noticed before.

From that moment the grandmother devoted herself to Ardis and neglected Alice. She told Miss Clark how interested Ardis always was in the doll, how she called it "Peggy's doll" and asked questions about Peggy herself. The grandmother did not hesitate to draw strong contrast between the two children. Alice, she remarked caustically, was not interested in Peggy. She didn't have the heart that Ardis had, nor the brains.

When she saw the twins playing in front of the house she would call Ardis in and leave Alice on the doorstep. If both had dirty faces, she would wash Ardis and leave Alice dirty. She began boasting to the neighbors and even to the people in the shops when she went marketing of what a wonderful grandchild she had. These people, knowing that Ardis was one of twins, began to ask what was the matter with the other twin. These details we learned gradually, through later visits, but the main incident about the doll had been told at once on Miss Clark's first visit to the grandmother, and again by the mother at the clinic.

The mother was sure she herself had no favorite, nor would she admit that she had been influenced by her mother. She said that her mother's obvious partiality to

Ardis bothered her. But it was clear that she did not see any direct relationship between Alice's grouchiness and the grandmother's unkindness, or her own frequent scolding of the child. She had been too much impressed by the grandmother's belief in Ardis's inborn superiority to look for other reasons. She gave herself away as being really fonder of Ardis herself. It was late in the interview and with evident reluctance that she confessed for the first time that Ardis, too, was not faultless.

Ardis, indeed, had a list of faults, when they came tumbling out. "She is jealous of everything Alice has and tries to take it away from her. She's been made too much of and likes to be babied. She's too bold sometimes. And she is disobedient, even more than Alice. Sometimes they listen when I speak but usually I have to spank them into minding. I always try to treat them alike, but with my mother near, it isn't easy, and I suppose Alice does get jacked up quite a lot oftener than Ardis."

When asked about the father's attitude toward the twins, she said he spoiled them both. But then he said she did too. She'd say "No" to the children, he would say she was right, but next minute he was helping them to what she had forbidden.

With his information Alice and Ardis were each invited separately into the office to play "games."

The result of the tests would have startled anyone impressed by the mother's account of the difference between the children. The two tests were practical duplicates. Not only were the final scores the same, showing that both

children at two years and eight months had developed to exactly the same point of maturity, but often their very words were the same. It was not only that their intelligences were equal, but that they were the same. The children knew the same things, had the same opinions, did the same things under the same test, failed and succeeded alike. To anyone unfamiliar with the ways of identical twins, there would have been something eerie about such similarity.

But in the manner of approach, always an important part of the test, Ardis and Alice were different. Ardis was ready to plunge in with complete confidence, while Alice had to overcome her shyness first. In one quality Alice was definitely ahead—*independence*, shown both in the tests and in the playroom. One of the older children there had tried to help her put pegs into the holes of the peg-board, and she had become extremely resentful, pushing the girl's hands away. Most of the time she played alone, or trundled a doll-carriage by herself. In the meantime Ardis, spoiled and dependent on the attention of others, played with the older children who babied her until she saw Alice with the doll-carriage. Then she ran over and both struggled for it. First one would have it, then the other. The one who lost it would cry, but it was Alice who pouted for the longest time afterward. Although Alice was interested in everything in this strange playroom, she did not jump from one toy to another, as did Ardis. She tried to keep hold of each toy that was given her, or that she took, never relinquishing anything of her

own accord. She tried to pile everything into the doll-carriage, as if she had never had quite enough of anything.

So Alice showed a persistence, independence and ability to amuse herself superior to that of Ardis. These traits were certainly an asset, and Alice had probably wrested them from her struggles to attain what had come easily to Ardis. They were exhibitions of courage and initiative which gave strong hope for the child. But they were tied up with a frightened retreat and a graspingness that were distinctly liabilities.

She did not make friends easily. She shrank from strangers. She had evidently given up any effort to win approval, and had learned to shrink still further until she seemed to her mother to be sulking in corners. This did not help her with strangers or with those who judged her without pity or understanding of her discouragement. Yet at clinic when we tried to win her, even during the first visit she began to forget her fear and to smile and show herself as charming as Ardis.

After they had gone, we began to analyze results, plus the information we had gathered. One little girl had reached for Peggy's doll and the other had not. That seemed to be the crux of the matter for Alice. This may have been the merest chance. We knew that Ardis had been the more active. We did not know how far Alice's independence had been developed at that time. Which-ever child reached for the doll would do so for the simple motives of any child.

The grandmother's interpretation of sympathy for a

ghostly cousin was an impossibility for a two-year-old, and was part of the myth the mourning grandmother had built for herself as a comfort for her loss. Her joyful response to Ardis's gesture taught the child a way to win attention and approval. Therefore she repeated it. Besides, she liked dolls. The grandmother's mistake in believing the child capable of realizing that the doll was sacred was an overestimation, just as the mother's belief that the children were not affected by what was said about them in their hearing was an underestimation. Both mistakes came from the absorption of a grown-up in her own grown-up wishes. Alice's passive unhappiness and not her jealousy is the first record of her reaction to her grandmother's treatment and it stands in strong contrast with her sturdy ability to go ahead developing on her own during the following months.

Alice's mother was evidently too unimaginative and too much under her own mother's influence to go beneath the surface, and link the grandmother's attitude and Alice's unhappiness. For she was not indifferent. The fact that she took the child to the doctor proves that. Hope for Alice lay in opening her eyes.

We assured her that Alice was not backward in ability, but was quite the equal of her twin. We explained as tactfully and yet firmly as possible that her backwardness with people came from her experience of their unkind treatment and neglect. We tried to show her that it was unjust to punish or dislike the child for being unhappy and that it could only make her worse; that every effort

must be made to enlist the grandmother's sympathy, so that she would treat both children more fairly, since her favoritism was bad for Ardis too. Finally we urged that the rest of the family should do everything possible to encourage Alice.

The mother listened attentively and made us feel that she was determined to change the environment for Alice. As the year went on, however, we found that both she and her mother were always ready to agree with any advice or suggestion, but that they never got further than that. At no time did they modify their treatment of the twins. Neither would they keep appointments with the clinic.

During Miss Clark's follow-up visits at the home she found that the nagging and criticizing continued. Even the father, big and jovial, who insisted that he adored both children, had a special twinkle in his eye and a special tone in his voice for Ardis, who knew just how to cajole him. Alice was generally in a corner or under a bed. There was a young uncle living with the grandmother next door, who was the only member of the family who preferred Alice. "She takes to me more," he said, "and she's much more sensitive. She cries when she's neglected for Ardis. They both quarrel a lot with each other."

The grandmother, alone with Miss Clark, confided to her darkly that the loss of Peggy was due to neglect by her scatter-brained mother.

"As I see the children," she said, "you could tell from the way Ardis looked up at you and pushed Alice away

even when she was a baby that she was going to be boss. She's bright, remembers more things, and talks about them a long time afterwards. She's just like little Peggy."

So now, from appreciating Peggy, Ardis had become just like Peggy. Thus the myth grew.

The mother said Alice was less shy, but still had a long way to go. Both children were now seldom wet. The mother remarked that she would like to send the twins to kindergarten, but that they could not enter until they were past four. Miss Clark suggested that she send them to the nursery school not far away. And she also asked that the twins return to the Guidance Clinic before starting school, for a special test, although the usual space of a full year was not quite over.

They came. Ardis danced about the playroom and office, quite at home, and went through "the games" cheerily as before and with the same results as before, showing the expected nine months' maturing.

But Alice! The sulky expression had deepened. Nothing we could do lightened it. She stood with her fingers in her mouth and her mother's, "Take those fingers out and speak up so the lady can hear you," or "When the doctor speaks to you, you're going to speak up loud, aren't you?" did not help matters. Then the mother turned to me with, "She won't say a thing," while the child drooped beside her.

During the tests it was as if the mother's last remark had been a command. Alice remained passive. She would not make an attempt. She did not cry. She managed a

tiny smile for me; she occasionally answered in monosyllables. But on questions she certainly knew she kept silent. It was impossible to give her a reliable rating. She seemed to be taking refuge in inaction, a marked contrast to her independence, persistence and activity during her first clinic visit.

This pitiful change in the child had taken place despite all our efforts. The mother was talked to with unusual severity, but we all felt that the chief hope now was the nursery school.

When the mother took the twins the first morning to the nursery school she brought down our hopes of re-education by remarking, in the children's hearing, "These children look alike, but they aren't alike. Ardis here is bright and friendly, but you'll have trouble with Alice. She's slow and unfriendly and sulky."

The wise teachers, however, paid no attention to this, but welcomed both children with equal warmth, and from then on, while they remained at the nursery school, the reports about them were: "Indistinguishable. Two sunbeams."

This capacity for equal happiness and equal ability in response to equal treatment was the more impressive as we considered Alice's earlier experience and the continuing neglect at home. That is the joy of working with children. They want to be happy. They want to succeed. They respond so eagerly to any opportunity. But a short three months of this school-time equality was all Alice was to have.

The day the twins were four and a half they failed to appear at nursery school. The family income had suffered a loss shortly after the children had started, and the nursery school, unwilling to give up the children, had given them scholarships. But their mother could not bear to "receive charity," so at the first legal moment she had entered them in the public kindergarten.

When we discovered what had happened, the mother was apologetic but firm. We felt anxious about the effect of less expert handling on Alice. For Ardis we had little fear. She could be counted on to smile her way anywhere.

Miss Clark visited the kindergarten. It was a particularly poor sample, unfortunately. Alice was sitting tied to her chair.

"She's always in mischief," said the teacher, "and has to be kept tied. We don't dare allow her out at recess. Her mother warned us when she brought the children that we'd have trouble with her. Ardis is much brighter. She follows directions quickly and joins in the games at once, while Alice has to be shown several times. Even then she seldom does the work at all, and she never joins in the group games."

It was time to get ready to go home, and the teacher told the children to go for their rubbers. She untied Alice, but the child sat still and Ardis brought both pairs. Ardis started to put hers on alone, then came over to her old friend Miss Clark for help. Alice sat for some time without even picking up the rubbers or seeming to notice that the other children were preparing to go home. She looked

numb with misery. Finally the teacher helped her on with the rubbers while she sat like a little wooden doll.

Miss Clark told the teacher, after the children had gone, of the way the two children behaved in nursery school; both eager and active, both bright and lovable. When she said, "Alice never had to be punished. It was always Ardis who got into mischief," the teacher shook her head.

"You have them mixed," she said. "And as for brightness, Alice is unusually dull. I'm having her transferred to a slow group in another room. Excuse me, I must go," as Miss Clark started to speak.

At the next attempted visit to the home, shortly after, we found that the family, including the grandmother, had moved. They had gone west and all trace of them was lost, as they did not answer letters. We could do nothing more to save the day for little Alice.

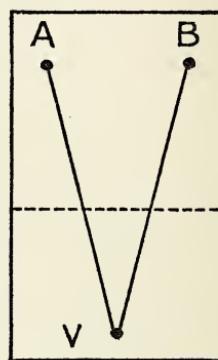
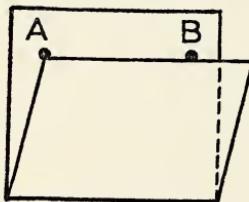
There was no doubt in our minds, both in the clinic and in the nursery school, that the children were equally intelligent and equally lovable, but the one had met with loving response and the other had been forced to close in upon herself in defense against the constant rebuffs of home and school. Probably throughout her life she would never recover the elasticity and intellectual power that had been crushed out of her by misunderstanding and harshness.

To anyone meeting the children in later years, seeing them so different, it would be a surprise to learn that they had been exactly alike in disposition and ability at the beginning, and that only circumstances had forced this dif-

ference upon them. A drawing will illustrate this. Draw a V and cover all but the two upper points. Those two points will seem completely separate.

With the paper folded, A and B seem two separate points.

Open the paper and you see that A and B have a common beginning at V.



Notice that just above V there is very little difference between the two individuals.

INTOLERABLE SITUATION IV.

The Only Boy and His Sister

RAYMOND AND LOUISE

"EVERY night between nine and ten o'clock he has these terrors. He wakes up shrieking, comes into the living room where his father and I are reading, crying and muttering about bears chasing him, and his eyes are closed all the

time. He clings to us and goes from one to the other and we try to comfort him and waken him, but we never can. He stops crying and shaking after a while and in the morning he doesn't remember anything about it. It's pitiful to see him, but he's so frantic with terror."

Mrs. Coleman's voice shook. She looked weary and unnerved.

"Tell me about your other children and your family life," I said. "If I understand about that I'll be able to help you better. Something must be worrying Raymond. We'll work together to unearth it and then remove it."

So Mrs. Coleman told of the three children, Louise, ten and a half, Raymond just eight and a new baby girl, only four months old.

Mr. Coleman was a business man, quick-tempered, irritable, interested only in his son. He would roar for quiet and was not cooperative in the handling of the children. He thought he provided a comfortable home and there ended his responsibilities.

It had been a great disappointment to him to have his first child a girl and the boy was overwhelmingly welcomed. Mrs. Coleman herself was just as delighted with a daughter, but she felt badly to have disappointed her husband. Yes, Louise knew all about this. She had heard it often enough, that she ought to have been a boy. Then she was tall, very tall for her age, and very mature, both physically and mentally, so that everyone thought she was thirteen, while Raymond was unusually small for eight. People were always saying what a pity it was that the girl had

the height and physique instead of the boy. Both children had heard this often.

Louise had been a healthy baby, and in school she always did fine work. She was the youngest in her class, but was the president and had the highest grades. She had the leading part in the school play, and stood high in her scout troop. But at home she was different. She became indignant if she were asked to stop reading to help with some household task. Indeed, she thought she ought never to be asked to do anything about the house. She flew into violent rages if crossed, because she wanted to be treated like a princess in one of her fairy tales.

"Outsiders think she is charming. You would find her so, I'm sure, but at home we only see her selfish, lazy, and so impudent I can't stand it. I'm not strong since the baby came and between her language to me and her quarrels with Raymond and Raymond's terrors, I'm nearly at the end of my rope. If you can't help me—" her voice broke.

"I'm sure we can. Go on and tell me about her and Raymond."

"Well, she seems to have a special spite against him. The minute the two of them are in the house she starts teasing him. And she's always complaining that he doesn't do his share and that I never ask him to do anything to help. She says I keep picking on her, and it's complaint and temper until I lose mine and yell at her. Then she rushes to her room, saying that she hates us all, especially her little brother."

The little brother—how the mother's voice softened! No

question of who was the favorite in this house! Raymond was smart. Everyone remarked on how smart he was. He was handsome. He was very loving to his mother. He had had one serious illness as an infant.

Poor boy, his life was made a misery by his sister. She was always yelling at him for something or other and of course he had to stand up for himself. So the house was in constant tumult and mother and father had to yell louder than the children to be heard at all.

When did the night-terrors start? She couldn't remember exactly. About three months ago, she guessed. The time was interesting for she had just said the baby was four months old. Did Raymond show any other nervous habits? Yes, indeed. He was very nervous, jumpy and fussy. If things weren't arranged the way he liked them he would fuss until they were put right. He was a crank about food; wouldn't touch anything but meat, and his mother or father had to sit with him, especially to get milk in any form down. As for vegetables, they'd given up! His sleeping had always been restless, but he had never had night-terrors until the last three or four months.

Mr. Coleman was a high-strung person, too. He'd come home tired from business and the children's fighting would drive him crazy. You'd think Louise would pay attention to him when he spoke but she just yelled back at him and both got madder and madder. No, he didn't scold Raymond, because it was Louise who was the bigger and always started the trouble, and, of course, Raymond was the apple of his eye.

I asked about the new baby girl and discovered that she had come as a somewhat unwelcome surprise. She was not a strong baby and took a great deal of the mother's time. The two older children were not interested in her.

"I'd like to talk with both children and will make appointments with you for them to come in separately. Meanwhile you might try a little experiment with Raymond. If you decide to do it, let me know how it comes out," I suggested.

"What do you mean?"

"It's this. I'd like to have you and your husband out of the house at the time Raymond usually has his night-terror. Can you get someone to stay with the children? Your cook will stay up? Good. Be sure to get home well past the time he might be getting up. I want to know how he will act when you are not there, since you say you have never dared to leave him. Will you do this?"

"If you say so, but will the cook be able to manage him? Still we'll do it, and I'll phone you tomorrow."

Next morning early the telephone rang. Mrs. Coleman's voice, excited and somewhat abashed, blurted out the results of the experiment.

"We went off after Raymond was in bed and without saying anything to him. The cook said that about ten he came into the sitting room where she was, with his usual frightened crying. Then he stopped, before she could say a word, opened his eyes and stared at her. Then he turned around and went quickly back to bed! Imagine! Does that mean he has been playing tricks on us all this time?"

"It is certainly interesting and will help us. No, I do not believe it was a planned trick, but only a half-conscious attempt to get more of your attention and affection. He has been resenting, perhaps, your giving so much time to the baby. But we'll go into that when you come. Meanwhile I'll talk with each child. After that we will have a basis for our plans. As for yourself, it might be well if you and your husband could plan to do a lot of visiting the next few evenings, and see what happens to the night-terrors."

Raymond walked in that afternoon, a tiny figure with immense dark eyes and a face and body so small that instead of eight, he looked like a precocious six-year-old. Hearing him talk, however, he seemed ten, and well read at that, so large and mature was his vocabulary. It was not hard to win his confidence and then came his story, much like his mother's.

Life at home was bitter because of Louise's meanness and selfishness, her tormenting of him chiefly by gibes and sarcasms, and her fury when he tried to tease her back. Underneath his words was evident a passionate resentment that she was there at all. It was as if he said, "It is unfair for her to be the oldest, ordering me about. I am a boy. The boy should be the oldest and the master here. Besides, she is tall and strong while I am small and weak. I, the boy, should be the big, strong, oldest one." And so, humiliated in his masculine dignity, infuriated, jealous, he fought her with all his power. Although he would not admit ever starting the quarrels, he was so careful to throw

all the blame on her that we suspected that he was not so innocent as he tried to make out.

Of the new baby he said only that she was too little to be interesting and that she took all his mother's time. Again, what he did not say told more than what he did say.

Both at school and at play, his small size rankled deeply. He was made to feel it constantly. No, he never remembered anything about his sleep-walking, but he did have the same kind of dream almost every night. There were two bears, one big and one little, who always chased him. He would run till his breath gave out, and they would catch him at the bank of the river when he fell breathless. Then he would wake up.

It might be that the bears represented his two sisters, the big one and the baby, both threatening his importance in the family. A little later this could be explained to him. Even his mother had not yet grasped the significance of the fact that the night-terrors had begun only after the arrival of the new baby, when Raymond was suddenly bereft of her constant and almost eight-year-long solicitude.

"How do you feel about this walking in your sleep, Raymond? Do you like it or do you want to stop?" I asked.

"Sure I want to stop, but how can I when I don't remember doing it? It isn't as if I did it on purpose."

"I'm going to tell you something that is rather strange, but it is true just the same. Sometimes we really do something on purpose that we don't know anything about. It

is as if there were two selves inside us, the one that we know about, that eats and sleeps and gets excited and all that, and another self that stays underneath, that never sleeps, and that remembers things the self we know has forgotten. That self that never sleeps and never forgets we will call your unconscious self, and it likes to stay a baby and be waited on and taken care of the way you were when you were tiny.

"Now what I think is this: that unconscious self of yours misses being the baby. It thinks your mother pays too much attention to the new baby and not enough to *it*. It knows *you* are a big boy and wouldn't think of being jealous of a tiny sick baby, so it has to try some other way to get your mother's attention, and it hit on this scheme of waking up at night crying and running out to her and your father."

"Gee, that's queer. Why, that's a baby trick!"

"Yes, isn't it? You'd never stand for such a thing, of course. I know of a lot of other boys and girls who have had just such tricks played on them by their unconscious selves. Did your parents tell you what happened last night, when they went to the theater? No? Well, you got up as usual and when you did not find them in the living room, you turned around and went quietly back to bed."

"I did, did I? I should think I'd have yelled harder."

"It seemed as if your unconscious self had said, 'No use, so long as mother and dad aren't here.' So that made me think of a way that might help spoil that silly's game. Most babies don't like cold water. Suppose you say to your

parents, 'Tonight, if I get up, will you stick my hands into a basin of cold water? If that doesn't wake me up and make me stop crying, drop me into the bathtub filled with cold water. That will surely do it.'

"Oh, no, no! I hate cold water! I never could do that!"

"That's just the point, Raymond. This unconscious self hates cold water, too, and it hears every word we are saying. If it *knows* you have made up your mind to take even a plunge into cold water in order to stop that baby trick, it will give up and let you sleep straight through."

By this time Raymond had caught the idea. His eyes danced.

"I see! We'll fool that baby! I'll run right home and tell them, and I'll telephone you tomorrow."

"Fine. I know you'll have a grand sleep tonight."

And he did. The suggestion did its work.

The next afternoon a rather reluctant Louise appeared, tall, mature for her ten years. It seemed ridiculous that there were only two and a half years between her and her tiny brother. Poised, courteous, a bit ultra-dignified and stiff until the friendly atmosphere thawed her out, she seemed quite a woman of the world. Once she began talking, however, deep and violent emotions showed. Her story differed from her mother's and Raymond's, though it, too, was bitter.

She had missed none of the innuendoes about the bad luck of having a girl the oldest, and how much more important and satisfying it was to have a son than a daughter. She felt that she was merely tolerated, not loved. Her

parents had only enough love for Raymond because he was the precious boy. She was full of hatred and revenge toward father and mother as well as brother. All of them had played her false. She felt like a stranger in the house, and that was why she wouldn't do her share.

As to the quarreling with Raymond, the little imp egged her on. He'd slip up and jog her elbow if she were writing. He'd switch off the lights if she were reading, or yell in her ear. Naturally she hit back, and then it was always her fault. The cry-baby went whining to mama and got petted and it was Louise who was scolded and punished. Raymond was never asked to do a thing around the house. He was a boy. Everyone had to wait on him. She was sick of it all. At school she was happy. They liked her there, treated her as if she were worthwhile. She hated going home.

Such an unhappy child! She was right, too, in much that she believed about her parents' feelings. But of course, she was not forwarding her own cause by the methods she was pursuing. In order to help her we tried to get her to see something of her brother's difficulties.

His anguish over his small size was described to her. This was a new idea, and she was somewhat softened at first; then frankly rejoiced to know that he had something that wasn't just the way he wanted it. Rather doubtfully she agreed to try the receipt against teasing that nearly always wins a victory: a calm ignoring of the teasing or an apparent enjoyment of it. To safeguard her precious

reading, she decided to try it out for one week and then report.

On the steps going out she met her mother coming in. Instantly her face hardened. Her lips tightened. The mother merely said,

"Hurry home and help set the table for dinner."

Louise's tight lips opened into harsh tones that had not been heard as she talked with us. Insulting, defiant, she hurled refusals at her mother as she sped to the gate.

Mrs. Coleman sank into a chair.

"There, what did I tell you!" she exclaimed. "Now you see I didn't exaggerate. I'm glad you got that side of her. What makes her so hateful? But about Raymond. He slept straight through last night."

"I'm so glad. And I'm glad you came in, because now that I have come to know both children and their points of view, I'm in a position to be of real help in getting the household peaceful and cooperative."

Then I told her, as tactfully as possible, of the suffering of each child, and the misunderstandings under which each was laboring. I did not say that her favoritism for the boy stood out so plainly that it was no wonder that the girl's nose was out of joint. That would have been too painful for her just then. It was enough for her to know that her daughter was unhappy thinking she wasn't loved or wanted, and that it was unhappiness that was making her irritable. I pointed out to her that Raymond's night-terrors started when the new baby came and explained

that it meant that he felt lost and bewildered and was trying to force her back to him. This was something she could understand without blaming herself too bitterly. Too great self-blame is not a wholesome thing. She would be better able to change her attitude if she could think she had only been somewhat mistaken.

"It will be very difficult to make my husband see this, though," she said. "He thinks all this sort of thing is nonsense although I must admit he is impressed at the way Raymond's night-terrors have yielded to the treatment you suggested. I wish he could talk with you himself, but he'd never come, I know. He might if you asked him. I wouldn't dare suggest it. Could you ring up at dinner tonight, and speak to him yourself?"

So that night I rang the Coleman number. Mrs. Coleman answered. The telephone was apparently in the dining room for as she called her husband, the entire conversation between them was audible. Gruffly he roared that people ought to know better than to ring up at meal times; that the children were well and that he couldn't be bothered giving up his time to go and talk to a lot of old women. He could deal with his own children and didn't want any advice from an outsider. He refused flatly to go to the telephone.

We never saw any of them again. Mrs. Coleman did not keep appointments she had made for herself or the children. Perhaps she had been forbidden them by her husband. She telephoned occasionally that the night-terrors were lessened; then that they were gone. But the quarreling con-

tinued and Louise was as hateful as ever. I never had another opportunity to help with Raymond's eating difficulties. Louise's school work went well, however, and that, no doubt, together with her reading, would compensate her for her unhappiness at home.

A fighting child, Louise is fairly sure to work out a useful life. Whether she will make a happy and successful marriage is another question. She has seen nothing in her own home that will influence her toward marriage. Her parents' attitude toward each other would be apt to warn her against marrying. On the other hand, she may eagerly accept the attentions of the first man who notices her, in order to reassure herself that she is lovable, after all. She may start a home of her own, as different as possible from the unhappy pattern of her childhood, and try to make up to her own children for what she had suffered. She may spoil them, as a reaction from her own mother. One thing is certain. She will never be fond of Raymond.

Raymond, pampered, demanding and receiving, never giving, is in much more danger of meeting difficulties that will thwart him. Life is hard for a child who has been catered to, for he can never understand why the world does not accept him at the valuation that his parents set upon him. He feels abused when anything is demanded of him and may either give up and become a failure, or become suspicious and resentful. He is not likely to marry, at least so long as his mother is alive. She makes life easy for him while others want to load him with responsibili-

ties. If he does establish a family of his own, he is likely to relax upon its bosom and allow himself to be cared for and waited on, again the beloved, protected child, or, indignant at finding that his wife expects responsibility of him, he may turn to the divorce court.

JIMMIE AND SALLY ANN

"I don't know what's got into Jimmie, he's so bad," his mother said to me one late spring day. "Do you think it could be the weather?"

"Just what does he do?" I asked.

"He's taken to breaking or spoiling Sally Ann's things, and he flies into tempers and is disobedient and defiant," she answered.

"Does he attack Sally Ann?"

"No, only her things, or else he spoils what she is doing," replied his mother. "Of course that starts trouble, but he never goes for her directly."

"And since when has he been acting this way?"

"We've only noticed it since after Easter vacation."

I began putting two and two together. At Easter Sally Ann had gone off with her grandmother for a week in the country. They had always gone off together since she was three. Jimmie had never seemed to notice it before. This time, however, now that he was five, we had realized that he might feel left out, so we had made it our business, his parents and I, to fill that Easter vacation with all sorts of delightful excursions. We took him to the aquarium, we

watched all kinds of boats on the Battery, we went on a ferry-boat, and, above all, we crossed to the Jersey shore and walked back across the marvelous George Washington Bridge that Jimmie had talked and chanted about since the day, two years before, that he had seen the central section high in the sky in the clutch of a giant crane, then dropped into place.

Jimmie had thrown himself into everything with joyous abandon, and we had flattered ourselves that he had seen and done so many things his sister had not that he would have even more to tell her than she to tell him. That way, we reasoned, he would feel that this time he and not she was the privileged one.

Our expectations, we decided, had been fulfilled. We had overheard the children capping each other's stories of the marvels they had seen. As usual, Jimmie's ability to multiply wonders outdistanced Sally Ann's. We smiled at one another and felt that we had done well.

But had we? That was the moment when the naughtiness had broken out. It was so unlike Jimmie to be bad-tempered and destructive. Something must be making him act that way.

Exaggeration usually means insecurity. Bragging always does. Hadn't we been confusing Jimmie's ability to cap stories with real satisfaction? It flashed upon me that Jimmie might not have had such a good time after all.

From our grown-up standpoint he was a fortunate little boy, whose relatives took a lot of trouble to please him. But his point of view was completely different. The desir-

able thing, the enviable thing, was the trip, the long-prepared-for, much-talked-about trip to the farm with its chickens and pigs, with grandma always taking Sally Ann and never Jimmie. A ferry-boat and a bridge were all right. But they didn't alter the fact that he'd never, never taken the trip with grandma to the farm.

I explained this.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the grandmother. "Sally Ann and I didn't do anything exciting, and from what you've told me, you all turned yourselves inside out to entertain the young gentleman. It's only the spring weather that's making him irritable, or he may be sickening with something."

"There's something else I want to ask," I went on, ignoring the grandmother's remark. "Haven't you been talking about summer plans recently?"

"Only the usual ones," answered the mother. "Mother will take Sally Ann with her to the springs for a couple of weeks as soon as school closes, and they'll come back when we've moved to the country for the summer."

"The children have heard you talking, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, I'm sure they have. I see what you're driving at: Jimmie is eaten up with jealousy. I'd wanted mother to go away alone and get a real rest those two weeks, but she insisted she'd be too lonesome. Having Sally Ann alone with her, she says, is just the kind of rest she needs. And all this talk of Sally Ann's going off again, coming on top of the Easter trip, must have been too much for

poor Jim. Still, why hasn't he quarreled with Sally Ann? She's the chief offender. She got what *he* wanted."

"He *is* hurting her, it seems to me," I answered, "only, since he loves and admires her so much, he doesn't attack her directly."

"Oh!" exclaimed the mother. "Now I see! He's revenging himself on her through destroying things she values, and on us he's being direct in his attack because we've neglected him for her, because we've treated him as unimportant. I see it now from his point of view. He's never been on a train. He's never gone off on a big trip with any of us. Well, the next question is, what to do about it? We can't afford extra excursions just now. I can't ask mother to take him instead of Sally Ann, because he *is* noisier and harder to manage, and she needs the rest. Do you think a Sunday trip alone with either his father or me would satisfy him?"

"It would help, no doubt," said I, "and here's another suggestion. As soon as school closes, let me take him with me on a week's visit to my old college chum up on her farm above Albany. Her little Cherry is just Jimmie's age. Cherry and Lenore have been anxious for me to bring the children up there, and I was going to ask if I might take them both, but now let it be only Jim. We'll go on the night-boat, so that he'll have a traveling experience that Sally Ann has never had, and we'll come back on the train. I'll write and ask Lenore if we may come during the early vacation, and then we'll tell Jimmie and Sally Ann so the idea may be sinking in."

"Splendid!" exclaimed their mother.

"It will be terribly hard on Sally Ann to be left behind," objected the grandmother. "She's always been so interested in what you've told her about your friend's little girl."

"Hard or not, it will be good for her," interposed her daughter. "Sally Ann needs to know how it feels to be left behind. She's never had a chance to learn that. She'll get as much out of the experience as Jimmie."

"I'll write Lenore tonight," I promised.

Lenore answered at once and we let it be known that during the summer vacation Jimmie and auntie were going to the farm where Cherry lived, and Cherry was "five 'n a half" just like Jimmie. Sally Ann asked if she weren't to go too.

"No," I told her, "not this time. This is Jimmie's turn, and besides, he's the one my friend Lenore invited because he's just as old as Cherry."

Sally Ann accepted this cheerfully. Her good cheer lasted until we actually stood on the dock at 125th Street, waiting for the Albany boat to come up the river from Barclay Street, one evening in July. We all ate a picnic supper together sitting on boxes on the pier and watching the boats pass by. Jimmie had his own suitcase which he would allow no one to touch, and I had my bag and a typewriter and special kind of cake I knew Cherry liked. The children had helped me buy it.

Suddenly a big whistle boomed and the boat came swinging in. The next moment Sally Ann had pulled me into a

corner and was whispering, her arms around my neck,
“Oh, auntie, I’d *like* to go too!”

“And I’d like to have you,” I answered. “Maybe there’ll be another chance to go again before long.”

Then the gangplank was down and with a whirlwind of hugs Jimmie shouldered his suitcase and lugged it proudly up the sloping bridge to the ship’s gaping side. He took one hasty look around the big saloon upstairs with its hundreds of doors and then he hurried out to the rail to wave goodbye, his cap like a windmill. Everything interested him; the cabin door which he opened himself, with the big key the officer had smilingly handed to him instead of to me; the two white bunks, one on top of the other; the great glass window where one could linger and see the machinery pumping up and down; the decks, the lights along the darkening shores; going *under* the very George Washington Bridge we had walked across, and finally getting into the lower bunk and watching his auntie climb into the upper, listening to the tooting of the whistles, until, suddenly, silence and the early sun of a summer morning.

The visit began at once, with the two children adopting each other as cousins after the first half hour. Jimmie had a tiny room off mine. In the morning when I woke he was standing beside me fully dressed, hair even brushed.

“Auntie,” he said, “I’ve made my bed, so the maid won’t have extra work to do. I’m going to make it every morning.”

He did, too. He never forgot. Later, when we were home again, I asked his mother what she had told him to be sure to do on the visit.

"Just one thing," she said, "not to let you have to remind him to brush his teeth."

"You didn't tell him to make his bed, or to thank his hostess when he left, or to be a good boy?"

"No, all I spoke of was the tooth brushing."

"We were amazed, even though we thought you surely must have told him to do all these things, for he was so steady and responsible and so appreciative. He enjoyed everything, and spoke his appreciation so heartily that he'll be welcome there as soon and as often as he can come. He did another thing during the week that touched me. Several times he came running up to me, threw his arms around my waist and said, 'You're the nicest auntie and the sweetest auntie and the prettiest auntie and the smartest auntie in all the world!' At first I thought it was to cover a touch of homesickness. Then I realized it was something more. It was as if he were trying to say thank you to me for having given him back his self-respect."

"That's really wonderful," exclaimed his mother. "But weren't there any squabbles between him and Cherry?"

"Outside of capping number stories there was really only one. The two children were upstairs playing. Lenore was in town. Suddenly I heard screams of anger and a crash, and the two came tearing down to me, pouring out indignant, confused accusations, one against the other, of taking more than his half of the blocks.

"Of course you know I never take sides in a children's quarrel. The real beginnings are so veiled and one so often goes wrong. So I said, 'As long as you aren't happy playing together, why don't you each play alone? There are lots of other rooms, and acres and acres outdoors,' and I returned to my book. The two went back upstairs and I could hear the sounds of friendly play.

"Then there was the train trip home. Can you imagine what are the two important things about going on a train in Jimmie's mind?"

"The bigness and rush of it, I suppose," said his mother.

"No. One was the porter's stool, to climb aboard on, and the other was having tomato bouillon as Sally Ann did at the little table the porter set up between the seats of the Pullman.

"At Albany the train pulls in and out from platforms level with the train platform, and Jimmie had only seen trains at the country station where Sally Ann got on and off. I saw his mouth droop and quiver and then his eyes brightened and he gave a shout as he spied the stool back in the corner of the train platform."

"I feel ashamed of myself," said the mother ruefully, "for not realizing how he must have felt."

But this I would not let stand.

"No one can get so completely inside another person's mind as to always know the right thing to do or say. After all, we haven't found out yet whether we were right or wrong about the cause of it. We'll have to see whether the naughtinesses lessen now that he's home again."

As week after week went by we decided that our theory had been right. Sally Ann's things were no longer destroyed. The bursts of temper and defiance did not come again except at rare intervals when something would happen that offended his budding dignity and sense of fairness. We could not cavil at those outbursts. We could trace them, generally, to our own mistakes in handling, or to some queer childish twist of logic on his part.

It was only after it was all over that I realized how literally his mind had worked and how literal were his needs and satisfactions.

Sally Ann went to a farm.

He went to a farm.

Sally Ann rode on a train.

He rode on a train.

Sally Ann was chosen to go on a trip with one of the grown-ups of the family.

He was chosen to go on a trip with one of the grown-ups of the family.

Thus he was definitely and literally on a level with her, not below her. This trip succeeded where all our sightseeing at Easter had failed. Our grown-up point of view of relative values was too complicated for the five-year-old. He wanted to go to a farm too.

There were no Easter trips the following year. Just before the summer vacation Jimmie's mother telephoned to me.

"Jimmie's been impossible these last two days," she said.
"I can't imagine what's the matter with him."

"Haven't you and his grandmother been talking about her going to the farm again for a couple of weeks with Sally Ann?"

"Why, of course! We've been planning that, and while Sally Ann is gone, Jimmie is to go out with the club, that little play group he's visited and enjoyed. And now he feels discriminated against again! How stupid of me not to have thought of that! Can't you come out this afternoon? Maybe you can talk with him and find out if that's what it really is?"

Up at Jimmie's house he took me to his room to see a drawing he'd just finished. I took the opportunity to ask, "Who is the luckiest, you or Sally Ann—she going to the farm and you going out with the club?"

Jimmie hesitated. "You guess first," he said finally.

"Well, I guess you, because you're going to do all the things I like, hiking and swimming and cooking outdoors. Now you guess."

"I guess Sally Ann 'cause she's going to milk the cows and feed the chickens and pick the peas. I'm mad at my grandma!"

There it was—out at last—the hurt that had been festering in Jimmie's heart. He'd said it himself. Now I could help him directly.

"Jimmie, I believe you think your grandma doesn't love you as much as she does Sally Ann. Is that it?"

He nodded.

"She does love you, only she loves you in a different way, because you and Sally Ann are different kinds of people. I love you this much (measuring off a space with my hands to my right) on this side, and I love Sally Ann just this much (measuring off the same space to my left) on *this* side. Do you see?"

"Now, here's another thing. Did you know grandma wanted to take both of you to the farm with her?"

Jimmie shook his head.

"But you know she's been sick and mommie said two children would make her too tired, and she shouldn't take anybody, but just have a good rest. But grandma said she had to have one child for company. So mommie said, 'Then you must take the quieter one,' and, Jimmie, who would that be?"

"Sally Ann," he admitted, then began talking joyously about his drawing.

The naughtiness stopped then and there.

INTOLERABLE SITUATION V.

When They Couldn't Get What They Wanted

JIMMIE AND HIS FATHER

JIMMIE's father was proud of having worked out a problem of discipline by himself.

The screen door of the kitchen showed a large, jagged hole. The hole had not been there the night before. It was

too hot to shut the wooden door and the flies were thick.

Katy, the cook, was furious.

"It's Jimmie, ma'am," she sputtered to Jimmie's mother, who had just appeared for breakfast. "Didn't I catch him scampering off the back porch? You know how crazy he is after anything that'll cut, and that hole's cut with a knife and not torn. And my best paring knife's turned up missing."

"Very well, Katy, I'll look into it and we'll have the screen mended at once. If Jimmie comes around, act as if nothing had happened. If he calls your attention to the cut screen, just say, 'Yes, your mother is going to have it fixed.' Which way did he go?"

Katy looked her scorn as she pointed.

Jimmie's mother followed the trail into the shrubbery. It had rained during the night and there were the prints of small feet. In the thickest part, where his mother had to stoop, lay something faintly shining. It was the paring knife. Knives were among the "shall not's" for five-year-old Jimmie. Yet this episode was only the latest of a series of cuts and nicks on furniture, knees and tablecloths, and even Sally Ann's dresses.

With evidence thus complete, his mother returned and waited.

This incident occurred during that unhappy summer before Jimmie went to Albany with me, while he still felt discriminated against because his grandmother had taken Sally Ann on trips with her. Every little while he felt he had to revenge himself on the family.

No one would have called Jimmie an unhappy child as he sauntered in to breakfast, hips swinging in a definite swagger. He seemed, rather, drunk with power. But wanting power when you feel you haven't got it, or haven't enough, is an unhappiness.

His eyes, turning a sidelong glance at his mother, betrayed him. His father had taken an early train to town, and only his mother, his grandmother, Sally Ann and himself were at the table. As he caught his mother's eye, he stopped short, thrust a finger into each ear and cried out, "I can't hear you! I can't hear you!"

His family knew this gesture. It meant guilt, discovered or undiscovered. As his mother rose from her chair, Jimmie started to run, fingers still in ears, but the door had closed behind him. He backed up against it. His mother put her hands over his and pulled the fingers out of the ears. Jimmie screwed his eyes tight shut.

"I won't listen. I don't hear you," he repeated over and over. She spoke against his words, quietly but firmly:

"Daddy gets home at noon today. When he comes we shall talk about two things: first, about your taking a knife when you have been told not to touch one, and, second, about your cutting the kitchen screen. Now sit down and eat your breakfast."

Jimmie did, squirming. He played quietly all morning with Sally Ann. When his father returned the child greeted him with less than his usual exuberance, but father was jolly and full of jokes that made everybody laugh.

After lunch mother took Jimmie and his father for a

walk in the garden, and as they walked she told the story of the cut screen, how Jimmie had run when Katy appeared, and had dropped the paring knife in the shrubbery. She did not turn on Jimmie and ask, "Did you cut that screen?" for she knew she must not force him into a position where fear might make him deny that he had done the cutting. She showed Jimmie as she talked that she knew he had.

"Of course the screen has to be fixed," said his father. "Perhaps it is already."

"Yes, I telephoned and had a man come with a new piece at once. We couldn't let in the flies," answered his mother.

"How much did it cost?" asked his father.

"Forty-five cents, to come way out here to do it," said the mother.

"But who is to pay that forty-five cents?" asked the father. "I didn't cut the screen. Ought I to pay for it?" He looked from his wife to Jimmie and back again.

Jimmie's eyes were wide. He slowly shook his head.

"Mommie didn't do it. Ought she to pay for it?" asked his father again.

Another shake.

"Grannie didn't do it," went on his father. "Ought she to pay for it? Sally Ann didn't do it. Ought she to pay for it? Katy didn't do it. Ought she to pay for it?"

At each name Jimmie shook his head.

"You did it, Jimmie. Oughtn't you to pay for it?"

"But how can I? I've only got seven pennies. And I get

two pennies a week. It'll take too very, very long to get forty-five cents!"

Forty cents to Jimmie was an immeasurable sum. Fifty was his limit of credible bigness. He talked glibly of thousands and millions, but those, of course, were merely dream words. Fifty was tangible and awesome.

"How about this?" proposed his father. "We can't keep the man waiting for his money all that long time. I'll pay the man and you pay me all you can each week. Would you like to earn some money to help pay for it?"

Jimmie nodded.

"We don't pay for helping around the house," went on the father, "because we all do everything we can to make our home comfortable and pretty and happy, but sometimes there may be extra jobs to pay for, and besides, there is another way I've just thought of. Doesn't mommie let you and Sally Ann have a cool drink or an icecream cone in the village on hot days?"

"Yes."

"Well, every one of those drinks and cones cost money."

"Five cents," murmured Jimmie.

"Suppose you don't take one. That means five cents mommie doesn't have to pay out, and there it is, still in her purse, and she'll give it to me and that pays me back five cents each time toward the screen bill."

"Daddy, I won't take a single icecream cone, not even a strawberry one, not ever, ever," Jimmie promised earnestly.

"I didn't say you mustn't take any, you know. But every

time you don't take one, you put down a mark in that little book I gave you to keep in your pocket, and mommie will put down a mark in her book, so she can tell me, too, and that way I'll know when I'm all paid back. See, I'll write down your name, and *screen* here in my note book."

"But, daddy, I said not *ever*, till I pay it all, and I mean not ever."

"Just the way you like, son. Here, mother, is the forty-five cents to pay the man when you go to the village."

"I'll get my seven cents, daddy, and you mark it down," and Jimmie scampered toward the house.

He returned with the pennies tight in his fist, handed them to his father, watched the process of opening the new account in the two notebooks, then shifted uneasily from foot to foot.

"What is it, son?"

"Hurry up, daddy, I'm waiting."

"Waiting for what?"

"'Bout my taking the knife."

"Well, what do you think about it yourself?"

Jimmie grew even more solemn. "I been thinking," he said. "I been thinking *and* thinking, all this very morning. Daddy, when I get to be seven can I have a knife? I'll be awf'lly big then."

"That's a pretty good idea, it seems to me. Mother, what do you think?"

"Seven *is* big. I think yes," she said smiling.

Jimmie bounced up and down in excitement. The fact

that the knife was still two years away from his pocket made no difference. He would have a knife and he was out from under the heavy cloud of disapproval. He danced off to tell Sally Ann that when he was old and as big as she was he'd have a knife. Sally Ann, in his eyes, was as grown-up as his parents and grandmother. A different kind of grown-upness, of course, but quite as important.

The weather turned particularly warm within the next few days, and Sally Ann had an almost daily cone or soda. But Jimmie valiantly refused. Instead, he would pull out his notebook with a business-like air and make his wavery figures up to ten. Marks he scorned. He was a big boy who could write figures. Numbers had always interested him. Each time he reached ten he began over. He kept track, in some mysterious way of his own, of just where he stood in the payment of his debt.

Shortly before the summer was over, he announced to his father, "Here's the last three numbers. Gee, I hope it's hot tomorrow! Boy, won't I get a big icecream cone!"

In telling me of this experience his father said proudly, "It wasn't only what he learned in the way of money value and how long it takes to earn and save, and how relentless with oneself one has to be, but he taught us a lot, too. We didn't say a word about taking or misusing knives. We meant to, but luckily, we forgot it in talking about the screen. When he brought up the matter himself, it did seem as if the long discipline of paying for the damage he'd done might be enough, and it really seems to have been. All those weeks since the beginning of summer

when it happened, the knives no longer disappear, and there are no more mysterious nicks or cuts on window-sills, oilcloths or small boy. So we've apparently solved the knife problem. And the visit to Albany you took him on helped too, for all destructiveness stopped after that. You know how stubborn he is, and direct opposition or punishment only hardens him. This indirect way seems to accomplish so much more and with so much less wear and tear on everyone concerned."

"Even Katy is impressed," remarked the mother, "though first, when I forbade her to accuse him of cutting the screen, she clearly thought us softies, and when she realized he was not going to be punished according to her idea of punishment, she snorted. But afterwards she said, 'I see you know your business after all, ma'am.'"

There was another reason for the success of that kind of punishment. Jimmie himself had admitted its justice. Jimmie had collaborated in carrying it out, by a voluntary enlargement of his father's plan. So, instead of feeling crushed or rebellious under disgrace, he had not only retained but increased his self-respect. He was like a grown-up business man. He kept accounts. He could show self-control. He could carry through a plan. He could pay.

NORMA

Norma was a charming, dignified child, of nearly seven. She was responsive, had a remarkable grace of carriage

and movement, and she had, furthermore, an intelligence that soared high above the average run of children. Indeed, it soared above the average run of bright children. Norma was in the "genius class" and yet her brains did not prevent her from clinging to one of the weapons of babyhood. When anything displeased her, when she was forced to eat anything except meat and chicken, and even when she had nothing interesting to do, she vomited.

She held tightly to another infantile tyranny also. She required her mother to sit in the room with her or lie beside her until she fell asleep.

Although she was not yet seven she had entered the third grade. This was not as high a grade as her mental development warranted, but her mother felt that to put her in a higher grade would have been unwise, since she would have as playmates children so much older and more mature than she.

I agreed with this, although as I watched the child and listened to her during the tests, I found her amazingly mature in her thinking and in everything that had to do with words. Her vocabulary, as measured by the test, was almost that of an adult. She saw the point of the fables as well as the average sixteen-year-old. Although her actual number development was no further than third grade, or eight-years-old, she liked to think things through instead of jumping at conclusions.

She was a sensitive child. Anything sad affected her. She always worried lest there be something sad in any book she was reading. When she heard that the parents of

the children next door had died, she was much upset and clung more closely than ever to her mother.

She was unusually generous with her toys and belongings. Her mother said that Norma had never been jealous of the baby sister, nearly two years old. The mother unconsciously contradicted herself as she talked about Norma and the baby, for she remarked that when she told Norma that a baby was coming and showed her the baby clothes, the child grabbed at them and tried to tear them up. After all, Norma had been the only child for five years. Since the baby came she seemed fond of her and most generous toward her.

Norma's own remark to me, however, indicated that jealousy of the baby was there, in spite of all her devotion.

"Letty has curls," she said wistfully. "It's much nicer to have curls than straight hair. Mine is straight and it isn't pretty."

It was difficult to be with Mrs. Lessing more than a few moments and not wonder, "How could the child help having some nervous habits living with a mother like that!"

Mrs. Lessing had a goiter and she seemed to get satisfaction out of talking about it and other illnesses and troubles that seemed, in the light of the comfortable home situation she described, to be probably imaginary. Any child with a sensitive mind could hardly fail to absorb from her the idea that illnesses were important and that they could be used to get what one wanted.

Financially Mrs. Lessing had few real anxieties. She had

a comfortable home. Her husband was intelligent, considerate, and easy-going. She considered him over-indulgent with both children, but he made more of a pet of the baby than he ever had of Norma. He insisted that his wife was over-indulgent too, and told her that that was why she allowed Norma's vomiting to continue. In this, of course, Mrs. Lessing felt he was utterly mistaken.

She had held a responsible business position before her marriage, but never since had made any attempt to return to business life, although she liked to think she wanted to.

"How could I," she exclaimed, "shot to pieces as I am? I've never gotten over the wretched, criminal neglect I suffered when I was at the sanatorium for Norma's birth. It's that that makes me so nervous about the children. You see, Norma began vomiting when she was five months old and has never stopped. She was healthy when she was born and it was not a difficult confinement. I nursed her for two months and then had to give her supplementary feedings. I have always blamed the nurse for my poor supply of milk.

"The poor baby was only seven months old when she caught whooping-cough. She was talking at six months. I have always been so afraid that if I started making an issue of her vomiting she might get upset and not sleep and become ill. So I have to give her everything she wants to keep her from vomiting. Otherwise I'm pretty severe. I spank her if she is naughty. She gets saucy and if I spank her, she is good for several days.

"She gave me a bad fright once, falling against a corner

of the table and cutting a gash over her eye. She's had two operations, one for tonsils and adenoids and one for neck glands. The tonsil operation didn't do any good, though, for she often has nasal trouble now. She talks in her sleep too, and that always bothers me. She's dreadfully afraid of the dark and I always have to sit with her till she goes to sleep.

"No, she hasn't many playmates. I don't approve of the children in the neighborhood—so rough and ill-mannered. They run right over Norma, too. She is shy and gives in to them. She can play with her little sister, I always say. The baby is so active I have to watch her every minute to keep her from climbing and handling things. It's just 'don't' with me from morning till night with that youngster.

"School? Norma started kindergarten when she was four and went two weeks but she vomited every afternoon after she got home, so I took her out. I let her start first grade the next year. They took her though she was only five. The teacher was fond of her and she seemed happy. No, she didn't vomit at school; at least, not at that school. We moved that summer and she vomited every morning before she started for school but she only began it *at* school when she was saucy one day and the teacher slapped her. After that she vomited before starting every day, and at school and again every afternoon when she got home. She's always vomited at home whenever anything comes up that she doesn't want to do."

"Does she vomit in front of people, or wherever she happens to be?" I asked.

"No, she's proud, and sensitive about having anyone see her. She says she feels she is going to and clutches her mouth and turns her back or runs into another room.

"What does she like to do? She'd rather read than anything else. She hates to walk or play running games, or do the exercises they have in school. I've been astonished at the way she's taken to you, she is so dreadfully afraid of doctors and nurses. But of course you're not that kind of a doctor. I told her so before I brought her."

After the mother had finished her story, came the task of trying to shift her point of view. What she had been saying, in effect, was, "You see what a careful, splendid mother I am. You'll understand and help me to make my husband see how cruel it would be to that poor child to upset her about her vomiting, and show him that I'm doing all that any human being could. You'll make him understand that he must admire and uphold me, instead of criticizing me and saying it's all my fault that the child vomits and needs me at night." My job was to try to help her get past this way of thinking to a realization of the probable causes of the vomiting and why the child had continued it.

First I explained to her that vomiting in a child is not necessarily caused by a weak stomach. Some children use it as a trick to frighten those around them into giving them what they want. They have discovered, somehow,

how to press the button, as it were. When there is no spoiled stomach, there is no unpleasant taste, so there is nothing disagreeable to the child in the action. All infants throw up undigested milk in this easy way.

In Norma's case there had been a physical cause to start in with. It had been hard to find food to agree with her as an infant, and I reminded Mrs. Lessing that she had said the vomiting had started at five months. Not long after, at seven months, Norma had whooping-cough, which often causes vomiting. Its long course, coupled with the alarmed attention of the mother, probably fixed the habit until it had become automatic and painless. The child was old enough to appreciate the alarmed attention, for she had already begun to talk a month before.

Next I showed the mother, again from her own story, how successfully Norma employed her trick to get and keep attention and to avoid growing up. She kept her mother with her when she slept; her mother had to urge her to eat and must cater to her narrow tastes in foods, and she was afraid she would lose her mother as the little neighbors had, and so threatened vomiting if her mother would get out of her sight.

Instead of losing the baby-trick as she grew older, she used it to meet a series of disagreeable situations. The first was when she went to kindergarten and found herself lost in the crowd of other children. Her little sister was not yet born, and she did not know what it was to share attention. After two weeks of vomiting, teacher and mother gave in and she stayed at home for the rest of the year.

The next year was a happy one at school with a teacher who made much of her as the youngest and brightest. She did not need to vomit at school. But the following year when she faced a teacher who dared to disapprove of her, the habit returned with redoubled violence.

At home, meanwhile, a new baby had arrived. Her parents' attention had not only to be shared, but actually given up in large part. Her father played much more with the baby than he ever had with her. Her mother seemed to have no time for her. Even though she did love her baby sister, she believed that she was forgotten in the new order of things. Such a belief usually makes one feel queer inside, with a heavy or dropping feeling around one's stomach. Any kind of upset affects appetite and digestion, so it was natural that Norma, with her habit ready to hand, should vomit at home more and more.

This was really a secret language. It meant that underneath her devotion to the baby lurked a hidden jealousy. I convinced the mother of this by quoting Norma's remark about the curls and straight hair, and also by recalling to the mother the incident she had told me of Norma's reaction to the baby-clothes.

Then I told Mrs. Lessing stories of other children whose mothers had cured them by paying no attention to their threats of vomiting, or to the vomiting itself, except to tell them hard-heartedly to clean up the mess. I suggested she do the same, note Norma's response, and tell me about it at the next visit.

Norma herself was so intelligent and responsive that

matters were explained to her in much the same way. I planned to explain to her, besides, how she was using vomiting to avoid taking responsibility and growing up. I wanted, too, to help her out of her unhappiness of believing that she was nothing in her parents' eyes, compared to the baby, as she had clearly shown me she felt. But both these subjects must wait until the next visit. This time it was enough for her to lay stress upon the fact that the weapons she thought most effective in making people pay attention to her, were baby tricks that babies outgrow unless they had some special reason for wanting to stay babies.

That interested her and she wondered why anyone should want to remain a baby. She agreed that the answer given was probably right, though insisting,

"But *I'm* not vomiting to get my own way. I take after one of my cousins. He's always vomited and he can't help it, so of course I can't either."

The child was offering a new alibi. Her mother had already told me that Norma did not like people to see her vomiting. Here was another way of convincing herself and her mother that she could not help herself.

"Perhaps you can help it more than you think," I said to her. "It all began so far back, when you were the tiniest baby. All babies spit up the milk they don't digest. When you did that, it must have alarmed your mother, as you were her first baby and she was extra careful of you. So she let you do anything you wanted, and though you cannot remember it, the impression was made on your

brain that the way to get what you want is to vomit. Brains never forget anything, once the impression of it is there. Do you know what a habit is? Something that you have done so often that you do it without thinking about it. You got into the habit of vomiting. Anyone can break habits too. You have to think about them and *want* to stop them or change them and if you want to hard enough, you succeed."

"But sometimes it is nice to be a baby," objected Norma. "They play with you so much more. Don't *you* ever want to be a baby instead of big?"

"Yes. I feel lazy sometimes and wish I could keep on reading or sleeping or whatever it is, and not do the grown-up job that is waiting for me, but then I think how much more I can do, now that I am big, how much more I can do for myself and for other people, and how good it makes me feel to do things all by myself. By that time I'm always sure that I wouldn't go back and be a baby again for anything."

Norma looked doubtful.

"Think about it sometimes," I went on, "and come back next week and tell me how it seems to you then."

Norma had dropped one remark which, slight as it was, I had tucked away for future use. "I throw up when there's nothing interesting to do," she had said. I had never heard a child say just that before. It fitted into the picture of her mature mind and her baby emotions.

The regular school curriculum, geared to the average child, is hard on both the slow child and the quick. Even

third grade must have been so easy for Norma that most of it would seem dull. Also she would get through all her work so quickly that over and over, all through the day, she would have to sit waiting with nothing to do. This daily check to an eager young mind must at times seem intolerable. It would be disgusting. One can imagine the child saying, "I'm sick of it!" and feeling sick so decidedly that it would not be strange, with her history of inability to keep down food, for her to feel physical nausea.

When a child gets bored, all sorts of mischief may result. When a child's abilities are never challenged by something that takes real effort to accomplish, he is apt to fall into slovenly habits of working and thinking. It is easy to be spoiled when one is the youngest and the brightest in the class, and that makes it harder to realize the needs and rights of others. When an important problem in life presents itself the bored child may resent it because it demands effort and time.

There could be no question of putting Norma three grades ahead where intellectually she belonged. At her age, not yet seven, she was neither physically nor socially ready to be thrown with sixth grade children of eleven or twelve.

Still the solution for Norma would be to place her where work would be challenging. The first step would be to talk things over with the principal and teachers and find out whether they thought it advisable to let her skip one more half-grade. It had seemed to me that she was in

every way the equal of average eight-and-a-half-year-olds. If they did not want to skip her, they might have some suggestion of giving her extra books to read or work to do when she finished ahead of the others.

There are public schools here and there which offer an enriched curriculum. Some of these, too, have taken over from the experimental progressive private schools the idea of the fluid group, formed by children interested in the same phase of a subject. Experience has proved that this, far from adding to the burden of the teacher, saves her time.

If there is no such public school available, Norma might do better in one of these experimental private schools. Progress fitted to the needs of the individual child is the solution for unusual children of every type.

Norma presents the problem of the brilliant child. She shows, to begin with, that brilliance has its own problems and penalties, and besides is not exempt from the emotional problems of any other child. Compare her for instance with Elizabeth. Like Elizabeth, Norma had to endure displacement by a younger child, armed only with a method of meeting obstacles that was wrong and long-fixed. Like Elizabeth, Norma applied the same faulty technique to her other problems, particularly to those of school, though the school problem of genius-Norma was different from the school problem of merely intelligent Elizabeth.

Norma felt herself helpless against her vomiting as Elizabeth did against her tantrums. Yet Norma's symp-

tom had more of the character of an alibi than of a rebellion. Where Dicky and John, two small vomiters whose stories are told later, used their weapon as threatening or punishing of people who did not obey them, Norma was unconscious of the fact that she was using hers as an alibi.

Because of this unconsciousness she was more of a victim of her own method than were Dicky and John, and with her mother's example and her mother's anxiety she was farther than they along the road toward self-made invalidism.

I had made an appointment for mother and daughter to come again the following week. They did not keep the appointment or send any word. I found that the family had suddenly moved to another town and no letters forwarded to Mrs. Lessing ever received answers. It was likely that the family moved for business reasons. It is far-fetched to believe that Norma's mother had moved to get away from that second visit. But . . . one wonders.

It was a great disappointment to us. Norma would have been a delight to work with. And it was a disappointment to leave undone so much that was needed.

If the mother gets no further aid than the preliminary hint given her on her first and only visit, there is small hope of her helping the child. It is doubtful that what had been said to Mrs. Lessing was enough. It takes a strong person to face himself so quickly and she had weakened herself by years of self-induced invalidism. That is why I had gone no further with her than to show how Norma's

brand of behavior had started and to suggest to her one technique: no attention to the vomiting itself. For her to admit that she had not been the self-sacrificing, perfect mother she liked to picture herself, would probably be too damaging to her self-esteem. It would take long preparation and gradually broadening insight for her to come to this admission, where a more courageous woman would have needed a much shorter time.

So if attractive Norma, with all her assets and possibilities, is to escape her mother's fate, it must be through herself. And that is not impossible. Her superior intelligence may create some emotional problems, but it is, of course, a tremendous asset. While intelligence alone can not solve emotional problems, which go so much further into the very depths of human beings, I have known a number of keenly intelligent children who have solved their own problems with no help from their parents. Norma may be one of the children who can do this. It seems probable, for she has not only her brilliant mind, with its ability to think things through, but she has generosity and ability to put herself into the place of others. Norma may be able to use the key to understanding her own behavior now, in the present, or she may forget all about it and have to learn it anew some day. Or perhaps it may pop into her mind at a critical moment and help her over a difficult place.

INTOLERABLE SITUATION VI.

In the Grip of the Ancestors

BRYCE AND WIN

BRYCE and Winship Alden were two of the fortunate children of this world, as judged by the three standards of fine old American family, education and wealth. They were handsome, keenly intelligent, with wide and eager

interests. Their mother was known throughout the community as wise and kind, public-spirited and uncompromisingly upright. Especially was she admired for the calm that seemed to cover reserves of strength and for the beautifully modulated voice that drew people to her. Lucky children! Yet their mother was asking for help.

I had known Hester Alden, her husband and her sons for some time, and I was not astonished when she came to me in distress. Win, the younger boy, a little past five, was wounding her in her most fundamental trait, that uncompromising uprightness of hers.

Wiry little Win, freckled to match his curly red hair, and with his friendly, elfin grin, had been caught in underhandedness, in what to her meant nothing less than dishonesty. She had other worries about him too, but part of these, she said, were purely medical; his susceptibility to colds, his nervousness, shown in twitching and in grinding his teeth in sleep and the hyperactivity that was always getting him into hot water with the neighbors. The boy's father was annoyed by his uncouthness of manner and his loud voice. But this, she was sure, would naturally right itself as the child grew older and more reasonable. "And he was such a placid baby," she ended. "I cannot understand it!"

"And how about Bryce?" I asked.

"Oh, Bryce always seems able to take care of himself," she answered.

I agreed with her. I had seen Bryce in action. He was a tall, handsome boy of seven, but his blue eyes were cold.

And his voice—I remembered my first visit to the home, when the two boys came bursting into the quiet library where we sat before the fire, yelling, Bryce in a harsh and strangely mature bellow, Win in equally harsh but piercing shrieks. Soon I realized that these were their everyday voices, in startling contrast to the rich and quiet voice of their mother.

The children on the block were a lively crew, I knew, but these tones were different from the ordinary shouting of children. The boys' school was a well-run progressive private school in the neighborhood. They would not be likely to learn such tones there.

Shortly afterward their father had come in. Then I began to understand. Robert Alden was lean and wiry, with a boyish and interesting face, much like his younger son's. I should have thought him extremely attractive had it not been for a querulous droop to his mouth and for his voice, a still harsher version of the boys'.

Then one day Bryce pouted out his chest and ordered everybody about, forcing his voice into a still more raucous bellow. Hester, laughing in spite of herself, admitted that his portrait of Grandmother Alden was devastatingly accurate.

This harsh bellow of the three generations was much more likely to be imitated than inherited, for indeed it was not a natural voice at all, but in all three cases betrayed strain and belligerence, so I took note that this family voice might be a clue to the family situation.

When Hester began consulting me it was her anxiety about Win which pressed her. I could not help seeing that she was fonder of him than of his older brother. Indeed he was more likable. And his troubles were more easily seen. But I felt sure that we could not understand one boy without understanding the other, and that the physical over-activity and the strained voices, common to otherwise very different children, must have some common origin. Bryce, I knew from my casual acquaintance with him, needed special attention, although I had gathered that he got on better with his father than did Win.

It was true, Hester admitted, that Bryce's manners embarrassed her painfully. He had once greeted one of her guests with, "Hullo, you damn old skunk!" But she felt that a breach of manners would right itself later, and in any case was much less serious than a breach of morals. Bryce did not get into trouble at home and at school as Win did.

I had an early opportunity to let her see how Bryce took care of himself. She and I were talking in the living room with the boys playing in the library beyond. An urgent tone in Bryce's voice caught my attention,—something like a sharp command. Then there was a thud. We leaned forward so that we could see. Before the fireplace stooped Win, struggling to pull out a blazing log, scattering ashes on the rug and almost burning his hands.

"Win, drop that log! Where is your mind! Don't you know you are forbidden to play with fire?" exclaimed his

mother. "It's too dangerous for small boys. Now you'll have to go sit in your room for half an hour to teach your mind to help you keep out of mischief."

Win burst out sobbing and buried his head in the sofa. I was watching Bryce, who stood out of his mother's sight, but full in mine. He was grinning complacently. Quietly I drew Hester's attention to him.

"Why, he's actually enjoying it!" she whispered back.

"Why don't you go into this a little further?" I went on in a low voice. "I wasn't paying much attention to the children but I remember hearing Bryce order Win to do something just before this happened. I've caught glimpses like it before—Bryce getting Win into trouble and then standing back to enjoy seeing him punished."

"But Bryce has never lied to me."

"He hasn't had to lie. He just hasn't come forward to say that it was his suggestion and Win is too loyal to give him away."

Hester went into the library and stooped over Win.

"Why didn't you tell Bryce you knew I didn't want you to play with fire?"

"'Cause he wanted that funny log," Win answered, not realizing how much he was admitting of Bryce's tactics and of his relation to his brother.

Then Hester turned to Bryce. Cornered, he did not try to lie his way out. A direct lie was not his method. Later Hester talked with the teachers at school. They had noticed the same tendency. Bryce was seldom caught in mischief, but when other children were caught they always in-

sisted that Bryce had done the planning and he seldom denied it. His brother would never tell on him. But Bryce would virtuously tell on Win.

When Hester realized that Win's lies were always told either in self-defense or, less frequently, to express his vivid fancies, but never maliciously, to get someone else into trouble, while Bryce's dishonesty was cruel and calculating and often directed against Win, she was willing to believe that Bryce also needed help.

I suggested that we follow the clue of the harsh voices. This unlocked Hester's reticence concerning her husband and his mother. She described a complicated struggle of wills of which the two boys were the center and cause, and in which she fought against their spoiled-child father and tyrannical grandmother who was actually trying to get her sons away from her.

As the struggle was coming rapidly to a dramatic climax, I suggested that Hester consult the local Guidance Clinic, with which I was connected, in order to have the advice and moral support of its psychiatrist, Dr. Martin. In the meantime Hester and I had been working on better ways of handling the children.

We found that we could not go far in understanding the situation among these living members of the family without involving the members long dead, who looked down from the family portraits on the wall. For those dead people were stretching their hands down into the destinies of the living.

We went so far as to make a diagram of the last five

generations in what we called the family character-tree. It spread out an interlacing pattern. But it was not a happy one. It was clear that the most respectable ancestors may not be altogether an asset. Little Bryce and Win, bucking the lot of them, living and dead, were certainly at a disadvantage.

There had been mistakes in the training of the two children. That was certain. But Hester and I were also able to see that the way, for instance, that an embittered great-grandmother brings up her own child and her continuing influence may do much to mold the lives of the great-grandchildren she does not live to influence directly.

For convenience we may begin the story of Bryce and Winship at the point where their great-grandfather Alden, still fairly young, was celebrating his financial inheritance from *his* successful ancestors by retiring. He had grown up on his grandfather's farm and he bought a large estate near a city where he could live the life of a country gentleman. Two things are outstanding in his story. He was completely absorbed in his outdoor interests, his pure-blooded animals and his famous garden. And he was a domestic tyrant.

All the energies which his forebears had turned upon the outside world in exacting and maintaining a fortune, now turned in upon the small world in which he ruled, expecting his wife to be as docile as the dogs and at the service of all the barnyard sick.

One thing is certain about the young wife, orphaned from early childhood. She hated animals. She hated house-

PATERNAL

MATERNAL

Revolutionary stock
lawyers
farmers
Gt. Gt.
G. G. PARENTS

GREAT GRANDFATHER tyrant, cared only for his prize live stock and garden.
loved outdoors

GREAT GRANDMOTHER submissive, secretive, her only love her embroidery, parlor to duty.
hated son's wife

GREAT GRANDFATHER, dominating, stern to all but Juliana.
loved outdoors

strict church people
Puritan stock
clergyman father
— Puritan stock —

JAMES scientist, resentful of mother's indifference; devoted father, gentle, afraid of wife.
loved outdoors

JULIANA spoiled child, domestic tyrant, tormenting; spoilt her son and is trying to hold reins over grandsons.
loved outdoors; hated son's wife

GREAT WINSHIP scientist, too absorbed in research to know much of his children. Devoted to wife. Died before Hester's marriage.
an exacting invalid

ROBERT like his mother, another adult infant and tyrant. Wants wife to be another mother. Jealous of his children. Irritated by Win, who is like him.
loves outdoors

HESTER rebel against mother's and mother-in-law's ideas. Trying to give her boys the self-expression she lacked. Wants husband to "respect her mind". Upright; not afraid to face her mistakes.
loves outdoors

CYNTHIA spoiled beauty, turned Puritan, found later to have felt inferior to her husband. Had 3 children each 6 years apart.
brother

BRYCE capable, fine-looking, responsible about pets and toys; many interests.
crafty, cold, calculating, selfish, malicious, hyper-active, loudvoiced, disobedient, will always look after himself.

WINSHIP impulsive, generous, gifted, friendly.
tense to point of twitching, disobedient, loudvoiced, hyper-active, lies to evade trouble. Life will probably always be hard for him.

Size of rectangle indicates degree of influence.

keeping. And she hated the country. Yet these three were now her life. She was enough of her period, however, to act the part of a submissive and dutiful helpmeet. Whatever her hidden desires may have been, all that appeared on the surface were an air of secrecy and a passion for fine embroidery for which she had scant leisure.

The hatred of housekeeping took a curious turn. She insisted on doing it all alone. And on doing it to perfection. With a large house to maintain and with more than ample means, she refused to have a single servant. No one knew whether this parsimony was a way of indirectly reproaching her husband or a disciplining of herself because she felt guilty about her hatred of house-keeping. She had no friends and never wanted company.

Perhaps it was a kind of revenge. Certainly the precision of that house to which his wife was always sacrificing herself did nothing to draw her husband indoors, away from the undemanding companionship of his flowers and his horses.

They had one child, a son, James. The mother would have liked more children but the father thought one enough of a care. The child grew up equally lonely in his busy mother's house and in his pre-occupied father's barn-yard. But the boy took a fancy to the fields and the garden. The mother was as dutiful to him as to her furniture and the father saw to it that proper education was provided. But what the child longed for was affection.

He never got over his resentment at the lack of it. When his mother learned this years later, she was sure

that he was mistaken and that she had given him all that any mother could give.

This gentle and sensitive boy, growing up into a brilliant young graduate student in science, fell violently in love with a girl in almost every respect his mother's opposite.

She was a young music student named Juliana. But music was not a key to her character. She shared his passion for the outdoors and the excursions which he had always before taken alone.

After a few Sunday tramps and without waiting for his degree, he married and established the first real home he had ever known on the eight hundred dollars a year of his college allowance. This piece of imprudence won him the violent disapproval of Juliana's parents and of his own.

No one came near them for two months. Then Mr. Alden paid them his first visit. He came alone, and found them at work in the tiny garden of their tiny apartment. They took him inside and showed him the books they were reading together. He looked around at the friendliness of the simply furnished room, and became wistful as James had never seen him. His own home had never been like that. He had missed all companionship with his wife.

A week after this visit he died suddenly, leaving his entire property to his wife.

James' mother was now free to live the life she wanted. She showed unexpected independence and resourcefulness. She promptly sold the estate, moved into the city,

took an apartment in a new building and bought every modern convenience then available for housekeeping. *And*, now that she was a wealthy woman in her own right, she continued to do her own housework, even her washing. One morning she was run down by an automobile, but picked herself up, went home and did her housekeeping for several days with a broken rib. Finally she allowed herself to be bandaged, but refused all other help. Whatever motives she once may have had, parsimony now became the ruling passion of her life. To it she added hatred of her daughter-in-law.

What kind of wife had this brilliant and lonely son of hers taken?

James' wife was as fond of outdoor life as his mother had been afraid of it. He loved her for that. She cared as little for housekeeping as his mother did, but, unlike his mother, her distaste for it made her take it easily. Besides, she adored the importance of having her own home. Moreover, she had taste. This sense of ease in his home must have been a delight to young James. Then she was as determined as his mother had been negative. She seemed to James to hold out the hope that with her he would enjoy the companionship he had missed with his father, and the affection he had vainly looked for from his mother. Unconsciously he must have felt that he was getting in Juliana the mother he had always longed for. No wonder his own mother disliked this vigorous and attractive young woman. Aside from her jealousy, however,

Mrs. Alden had some justification for her distrust of her son's wife.

The fact is, Juliana had learned her decided manner from a lifetime of having her own way. She was the spoiled favorite child of a self-willed father. Her grandfather, of Revolutionary stock, had gone as a pioneer to the west and had become a power in his part of the country. Her father had developed that power and along with it had put on the manners of a dictator. He married a quiet little wife, begot nine children and for some reason, perhaps because she was never afraid of him, had picked out Juliana, the middle child, as a companion. He was as indulgent to her as he was tyrannical to his other children, his wife and the world. This gave Juliana a chance to dominate her mother and sisters. She ducked out of all duties at home. Her father took her with him on his business trips or when he was camping in the mountains, looking after his cattle. He called her his right-hand man.

Soon after her father had indulged her in her whim to go east to study music, she met young Jim Alden and forgot her purpose. His very difference from her father must have attracted her, the gentleness of his devotion. If she understood that it grew out of his need for her care and affection she sometimes seemed to forget this as marriage brought her troubles of her own. Nevertheless she did take care of him in her own passionate, possessive way.

She nearly died when her first child, Robert, was born. She was in bed for six months after his birth. The baby, too, barely survived. Then a second baby had to be sacrificed to save her. This was a real grief and shock. Of course James did everything he could to comfort her during this period of suffering. The result was that both of them became used to her having her way in everything. At first he gave in because he was afraid of making her unhappy. After a while he gave in because he was afraid of her.

James, put to it to provide for his wife and son, for his mother did not offer to share with him, had gone into a manufacturing business where his scientific bent and his gift for invention could be turned to practical account. It was a time of expanding industry when he could expect large rewards for his services, but it turned out to be a slow up-hill climb for many years. What devotion his wife could spare from herself she now gave to spoiling the frail little son in the hope of binding him to her.

It is true that Juliana and James did sensible things for Robert's health. They took him with them to the mountains where he climbed everywhere with them. They were among the first parents to send their boy to a summer camp. But it did not occur to Juliana that her habit of rewarding his lack of self-control by giving him what he demanded in his tantrums might have any effect on his health or character.

He was a bright child and he had plenty of chance to watch her getting what she wanted from his father. And

he did not fail to see that she had begun to despise his father for his very gentleness with her.

When he was twelve Robert had an attack of St. Vitus' Dance. To his mother this was a sign that he needed more physical pampering from her. She believed that he could not go to sleep without her arms around him. She boasted about this in later years to Hester. She was totally unaware that these tactics, instead of binding him to her, made him long to escape.

His grandmother Alden had early taught Robert the value of money, particularly its relation to independence. At a time when James and Juliana were having a hard financial struggle, she kept every cent of her husband's money and held on to it as long as she lived. Perhaps it helped her to live long. Occasionally she did give a gift, and then it was always a generous one. She took joy in her grandson even though she was disagreeable to his mother. Robert was very fond of her and was always ready to run her errands and stay to supper. These errands were lessons in finance. The point of view and the values Robert absorbed from his grandmother undoubtedly influenced his whole development.

He got his first taste of independence when his knowledge of trees, flowers and rocks earned him a counselorship at camp. He also earned whatever he could all through college, eager for the day when he could start out for himself.

While he was in college his father, who had risen to be manager of his company, made an important invention.

Money began to roll in. But Robert refused help and started out in business for himself.

He was exactly what his mother had made him, a demanding, unreasonable, uncontrolled child who had never grown up. In fact, he was startlingly like herself. If she had set out to create a being to thwart her she could not have done better. Indeed, he took pleasure in seeing her thwarted.

What kind of wife would this spoiled child get? If he followed the example of his mother and his two grandfathers, he would choose a mate who would give him his own way. Yet even such a wife would not satisfy him. He would expect her to be both playmate and the all-for-giving, all-providing mother of every unsatisfied baby's dreams.

He got—Hester! Hester who demanded maturity and responsibility in others as fully as she expected it of herself.

Hester's forebears can explain some of the reasons why Hester failed to establish the kind of home she wanted.

Her great-grandfather was a well-known Congregational minister at a time when the tradition of the Puritan divine made him a figure of power. The daughter who became Hester's grandmother was known all her life as a delightful person, full of good sense and affection and with ideas that were far in advance of her day. She married the son of another good old Puritan family and when the eldest of her three little daughters was only four, her husband deserted her.

This is about all the family remembers of him, doubtless because he could be associated in their minds only with pain and disgrace. One can make many wild guesses about his bringing up and the effect on him of his wife's natural goodness and the public goodness of his father-in-law. Whatever drove him must have driven him hard. He was never heard from again.

The minister-father and all the family rallied about the deserted wife and the three little girls and kept them from feeling want. But they all took a hand in the upbringing. It was not an ideal way to bring up children even in the best of families and with the wisest of mothers.

Cynthia was the pretty one of the three. She was spoiled by the relatives on all hands, and grew up in the belief they inculcated that she was to retrieve the family fortunes by making a brilliant marriage. She was so courted that no one outside her mother and sisters knew anything about the real Cynthia. It is always easy to be charming when everything goes your way.

It was not until after her marriage that glimpses of the real Cynthia appeared. She married George Winship, a brilliant young chemist. The first year of marriage she spent in bed with a heart attack, and was told that she could bear children only at the risk of death or of life-long invalidism.

At the end of the year she got up with the grim determination to have a child. She was not invalidated and at six-year intervals she had two more. But all joy had left her. She emerged from her bed a sour Puritan.

This seemed a dramatic change of character to those who had known her as a gay and courted belle. Her beauty had blinded her friends to her rigid mind and her insistence upon detail. It is possible that she had been training for this kind of character during her entire childhood, a childhood shadowed by the fact that her father had hurt her mother and had disgraced the children. But even her mother who knew her intolerance at home was astounded to see her turn suddenly into this grey, joyless woman.

Why did Cynthia go to bed in the first place? And why did she get up again?

Hester and I could only guess as we pieced bits of the story together.

With her mother's broken marriage before her eyes since babyhood, Cynthia might well have feared marriage for herself, at the same time that she realized that it was inevitable as a family duty. Duty was something she could never refuse. But when she found herself face to face with it, she broke, and in her dread, took to her bed. There her husband could make no demands of her. That whole first year seemed a protest, unconscious, no doubt, against marriage, its demands and its responsibilities, for hitherto she had never known responsibility, nor had to consider anyone except herself.

But her husband was devoted to her. And she had a New England conscience. There lay the explanation of her getting up. Furthermore, her martyr attitude from that day on kept reminding him that she was bearing his

children at the risk of her life, with the implication that he was inconsiderate and she a saint.

This need of showing herself superior to him was due, also, Hester believed, to the fact that her mother never felt herself intellectually her husband's equal and to an idea that preyed upon her that she was hampering him in his opportunities. Still, she never interested herself in his work, nor made it comfortable for him to have friends come to their home. It was true that she lived in fear, for there was always danger of an explosion at the factory, and once it actually occurred. During the hour before news came she was sure her husband had been killed.

George Winship came more and more to wrap himself up in his chemical experiments and in his business. For, like his contemporary, James Alden, Hester's father allied his science to business, though he seems to have prospered from the start. His devotion to his wife, so far as the children could see, never lessened. If there were ever any disagreement between the parents it must have been behind closed doors.

Mr. Winship was an impatient, high-strung man, with many mannerisms. He would swear freely when a door did not swing easily on its hinges. He was shy in his home and rather afraid of babies. When the children were old enough to appreciate them, he took some pleasure in showing them chemical tricks, but otherwise they hardly knew him.

He died while Hester was still at college. She thinks Win is very like him, only more sociable.

It was a cheerless home over which the martyred and still beautiful Cynthia reigned. The Puritan ideals which in her grandfather had meant pastoral service and in her mother personal service and warmth, in prim Cynthia turned to that sour and negative Puritanism which finds its virtue in keeping others from sin, or in punishing them when they did sin.

Everything happy and natural was sin to her. It is significant that she was for a time interested in a religious organization for young women, but when her pride was hurt at some incident which she would never explain, she resigned and never had any other interest outside her home where her opinionated and narrow ideas were not openly disputed. Her mother and her husband became ill at this time and gave her an excuse not to leave home.

She never spared herself, kept her household in a state of rigid perfection and took her children in the same spirit. She always wore the air of a martyr. She saw everything in black and white, with no possible shades of grey in between. She judged even her babies by this standard and was determined to have good babies according to that standard. It was fortunate for her children that her wholesome, modern-thinking mother came to live with her and took over the care of the children, showing them far more affection than Cynthia did.

Hester had a lonely childhood. She was the middle child with a sister six years older and a brother six years younger, so there was little companionship possible. She rarely saw her father, as he came in so late from work. So

Hester sought friends outside. She had two chums, but she always played with them separately. She developed considerable leadership and ingenuity in inventing games, but she recalled that the mothers of her two little friends never were pleased to see her coming to play, for there seemed to be something about her that excited children, and the mothers complained that after her visits their children were always unmanageable. This was in strong contrast to Hester's later reputation for extreme outward calmness.

The keynote to her character, and therefore the keynote to her training of her own children, was rebellion against her mother. Never in any way would she be like her mother, she vowed. So, where her mother had narrowed her interests to her home, Hester continually widened hers and became a power in community welfare. Where her mother was always irrationally dogmatic, certain of absolute right and absolute wrong, Hester always tried to get the opinion of several people before making up her own mind, and checked facts carefully. She felt that she did not take anyone's personal opinion but that the contact sharpened her vision. Her mother was impatient with this.

"My dear girl, use your own mind. I could tell you what to do without asking anyone!" which was just the trouble in Hester's eyes. It became a habit with Hester, in her passion to be scientific, to seek broader and broader bases for her opinions. In this she was no doubt influenced by her father whom she admired though he remained shadowy.

While her mother lived indoors, Hester became skilful at athletics. While her mother was a hundred years behind the present, Hester was progressive and modern. While her mother was frigid to everyone, Hester was an unusually warm and friendly person. But Hester's strongest rebellion was against her mother's repression. *She* would never be cold to her husband or repressive to her children!

She looked forward to her own marriage eagerly as a chance to get and to give the happiness she had never known.

And she married Robert! Ironically enough, she had been attracted to him first when she met him playing charmingly with a friend's babies. She did not know that to be an irresponsible child among children was quite another thing than being a good father. Meanwhile she attracted him by her own jolly joining in the children's games. Yet her strongest conviction and her deepest longing to give happiness were to lead her to continuing the spoiling his own mother had started and to spoil her own children as well.

Both being lonely and rebellious, they married in haste without letting anyone know until afterward. Housekeeping was not easy at first because Hester's mother, doing everything so perfectly herself, could never bear to see her children do anything imperfectly. Consequently her daughters had to learn the housekeeping arts by experience after marriage.

Hester's first baby came early. Robert was away on business a great deal during his infancy. He was working very

hard and Hester was deeply in love. So his brief weekends at home became a festival. Hester spared him everything and kept the baby out of his way lest he be annoyed if the child cried. So he got into the way of feeling that he came before the baby.

Robert was proud of his little son and did try at first to help take care of him. But Hester would not allow him to, partly to spare him trouble, but chiefly for the sake of the baby. She was carrying out to the letter the directions of a fussy baby-specialist, and she was fearful that the clumsy young father would do something wrong. Afterward she realized that she had made a big mistake.

For Robert too was in love. Then, if ever, she could have influenced him into more social ways of thinking. When she remembered that she had discouraged each effort he had made to help her with the baby, she blamed herself for his utter irresponsibility toward the children later on.

Yet Robert, like his own grandfather, thought that one child was such a nuisance that he was determined not to have another. When little Win came two years later Robert resented him and never forgave him for being born, although Win looked like him from the start. Robert's desire to avoid a third child now became such a preoccupation in his relations with Hester that they were both under constant strain.

The chief nuisance of the babies to him at that time was that they took Hester's time away from him. He became jealous of everything that Hester did for them. And he must have resented their expense for he was showing him-

self stingy. He and Hester had started out on a partnership basis, he to be the landlord and keep up the house, she to run it. But Robert did not keep to his agreement. He began expecting Hester to pay the repairs out of her allowance and he interfered in her management of the house, even to poking into the pantry and rebuking the maid. This parsimony Hester thought might have been taught him by his grandmother who did not die until the year of Win's birth and to the last had a strong influence on Robert.

Of course he would not have learned this unless it had fitted his general tendency. The story of the Aldens and the Winships shows as much rebellion against as imitation of the forerunners. But Robert showed even the same kind of stinginess as his grandmother. He had always plenty of money to spend on a new gun or fishing-rod, as she for her hobby, household gadgets.

It is an ironic touch that this old grandmother, undaunted by the fact that she had done almost nothing for her only child, always regretted that she had not had more children, took tremendous pride in her great-grandson Bryce and urged Hester, to whom she took a great liking, to have many children. Hester enjoyed the eccentric and independent old lady who did her own washing and continued making her fine embroidery to the end, and, dying, would not trust her money to her favorite Robert, but tied it up for the future of the great-grandchildren. "A vivid personality as I knew her," Hester said, "yet her son remembers her only as passive and drab." Perhaps the friend-

ship of these two Alden wives of the first and third generations was based on their defensive alliance against Juliana, of the generation in between.

Juliana had once vowed that she would never treat her daughter-in-law as she had been treated by her mother-in-law. Nevertheless, when the time came, her feeling for Robert's wife was still more bitter than that from which she had suffered. And as she was a far more aggressive person than her own mother-in-law, she made life extremely difficult for Hester. Her possessiveness would have been thwarted by any marriage Robert might have made. And Robert, like his father before him, had married a woman as different as possible from his mother.

Juliana's violence was partly baffled by Hester's self-control. Juliana could not understand self-control. To her it meant that the girl had no feeling. She considered that Hester had failed as a wife and as a mother because she had ventured to keep up a few of her outside interests and was not always in the house at any moment that Juliana might feel like descending upon her. It was Hester, she was certain, who was responsible for the change in Robert. "He was never like this to me until he married," she said bitterly.

She had gone into paroxysms of rage when, after his marriage, Robert had refused to come to see her every day before going home. She became more and more exaggerated in her demands and actions, until friend after friend had to slip away, outraged by her vituperation and even her insults. In the community at large she was thought

more than queer, and Robert and Hester were pitied for what they must have to put up with. Her home became to her more and more of a temple with herself the high-priestess, as Hester expressed it.

She lived near them on a fine estate whose garden was her hobby as well as her husband's. She was thus able constantly to interfere in Hester's plans for the children. When the grandchildren came, she transferred much of her possessiveness to them, and tried to find her satisfaction and happiness in them, since she could not get it from her son. Unfortunately, Hester said, she did not think of the children's happiness or development, but of her own. She wanted to do things for them that she, rather than they, enjoyed. She lavished costly clothes and toys upon them, and then expected that she had bought her way with them and with their parents. "She expects us all to dance as puppets to her will," said Hester. The results were that the children were afraid of her unexpectedness and her demands and were none too anxious to go to visit her. But go they must.

Cynthia, the children's other grandmother, exerted little direct influence upon them. Since her husband's and mother's death, she had taken a house near Hester and at once relapsed into her invalidism of thirty years before. The poor woman was almost stranded on an island of loneliness, indifferent to her daughters, resentful of her son's neglect of her for his young wife, and walled in with bitterness and lack of interests. She was unable to understand this modern world, so different from what her

two-hundred-year-old conscience told her was the only right kind of world.

Hester was always dutiful to her and went to see her every day. Cynthia, however, was always demanding more attention and carping at the way in which her grandsons were brought up. She had never been able to realize that her children had grown up and were able to make their own decisions.

She was a jarring element in the lives of Bryce and Win, but to no such extent as their other grandmother. They had to be so quiet when they visited her that they felt no enthusiasm about her.

Thus far Hester and I had traced some of the outside forces, in the shape of these various ancestors, that had been brought to bear on the two boys. Next we went over everything Hester could remember that had happened to each child himself.

Both babies had been husky at birth. Both had had to be weaned early and had had difficulty in finding food to agree with them. But the right food once found, they thrived. Both had delicate throats, had had laryngitis and bronchitis and were susceptible to damp. This made the mother guard the children carefully and brought on the resentment of Robert and Juliana who felt that the children should be hardened instead of being kept in cotton-wool.

Besides these likenesses, there were many points of difference. When Bryce was four-and-a-half a weak heart-valve showed itself and the child had to lie strapped to a

frame for six months. He was cured, so far as the heart was concerned, but it was only afterwards that Hester realized that the deepest importance of this event lay in its influence on the character of both of the boys.

Bryce had never shown either jealousy of or particular interest in his small brother. He had always demanded more than Win. But from the time he went on the frame he made Win his slave and the little fellow cheerfully ran his legs off for him. Bryce was jolly enough as long as he was the center of attention. He kicked his legs for exercise and often entertained himself. But when he got up and relearned to walk and the excitement of that had passed, he showed his displeasure at losing his commanding position by becoming unpleasant in his demands on everyone and particularly on his little brother.

Thus the relationship of cleverly concealed exploiter and tormentor on the one hand and victim on the other developed between the two children, with disastrous effects on the character of both. It even had its share in increasing Win's nervousness, as when Hester found that Bryce was so frightening the little fellow with tales of ghosts that Win nearly suffocated under the bedclothes. Bryce had kept on because "Win was so funny when he was scared." This is not an indictment of Bryce. Children often like to tease or hurt, just to see the reaction. They are unaware of the cruelty and even danger that can go with tormenting.

Two years later, during an attack of pneumonia, Win had his taste of being the center of the family attention.

After that he did not yield so easily to Bryce and it was only then that quarreling started between the brothers.

In disposition, Win had always been the happier baby and the more generous. Although he enjoyed getting presents, he had no desire for possessions and was always giving away his things. He used his pocket-money to get treats for his mother, brother or friends; never anything for himself. Bryce was exactly the opposite. Also where Bryce neither gave nor expected affection, Win overflowed with it and longed for it in return. However, Bryce demanded much more attention and praise than Win. Win had many friends who kept returning no matter how he had annoyed them. Bryce, on the contrary, had only one friend at a time. This was one trait where he was like his mother. But when the friend of the period played with other boys, Bryce was unhappy.

When Bryce was able to get up from the frame the two children entered nursery school. Before long, the teachers called Hester's attention to both children's tense, harsh voices and their feverish activity.

Hester, in her pre-occupation with the importance of physical care, consulted the doctor, who put both children on a rigid regime of long rest periods with bed at six o'clock. Two years later there had been no modification of this regime which the boys bitterly resented as they grew older and found themselves sneered at as "babies" among the other children.

This over-cautiousness redoubled the indignation of her husband and mother-in-law, and created so much added

tension in the already over-charged household that any good done the children by the relaxation and by the nursery-school training in self-control was nullified.

Juliana centered her attack on Hester's regime for the boys. The children were her grandchildren, therefore sturdy and in no need of pampering by doctors. She did not believe in doctors. Why follow their orders, even if there *were* orders, which she didn't believe! Hester was only making up this excuse to thwart her. So in revenge, when the children came to spend the night with her, she would break every rule of diet and hours. She gave the children a late, heavy dinner, always including potatoes, since potatoes had been expressly forbidden by the doctor. And she kept the boys up late so that she and her husband could thoroughly enjoy them. When Hester, in desperation, refused to let them spend the night with her again, her anger knew no bounds. But she had two weapons stronger than anger. One was money, which seemed to be always short in Robert's household, especially when it came to paying for the children's clothing or tuition. The other weapon was her own health.

It was not that she gained sympathy from Robert when her health became precarious. She had trained him from infancy to have no use for illness, yet she was heart-broken when he refused to hover over her. It was her husband to whom her weapon was effective, and he, in his gentleness and tenderness, was often able to win Hester over, even against her better judgment.

Hester, driven by the determination that her children

should not be repressed as she had been, was long blinded to every fault in them beyond those that seemed to her to be caused by over-activity. She adored their abounding energy and wanted it preserved, but of course she realized that it must not be allowed to weaken them. So along with the rest periods her great concern was that they should eat plenty of wholesome food. Manners they could learn later.

This caused another clash with their father. Robert could not stand their grabbing and gorging, even though he did the same thing himself. Bryce soon learned to control himself when his father was at home, but poor Win, excited and clumsy, invariably ended in disgrace. The child's voice, too, was a signal for irritation in his father.

Hester had tried in vain to get Win to be calm with Robert. "You want your father to respect you, don't you?" she would urge, never dreaming that the child's over-eagerness to please his father excited him and made him do the very thing that brought wrath instead. Nor did she understand that a four- or five-year-old doesn't know what "respect" means.

Next the nursery school director told her that Win was beginning to evade or lie in order to get out of trouble. Also, when he needed something to carry out his plans he would take it, regardless of his right to do so. He now realized that this was considered wrong, and was sly about it, whereas before he was quite open. This was the point at which Hester had sought help.

The psychiatrist never saw Bryce, as the child was ill the

day of the appointment. The testing and treatment I carried out at home.

Bryce was a capable child. There were many things about him to admire. His vocabulary was mature. He used his hands remarkably well as he printed, painted or designed. His ideas were varied and fluent. He planned and put on plays at home and at school, generally about Norse gods and Greek heroes.

He never had to be reminded to feed or clean his rabbits. And he would put his vast array of toys to rights with system and little pressure. He was on the alert to look out for his own interests, knew how to keep on the good side of father and grandmother, was shrewd in bargaining and had a streak of cold calculation and maliciousness which it did not seem wise to attack directly. This coldness and calculation may have developed as an armor against the jealousy of Win which he had reason to feel, for Win had not only supplanted him as the baby of the family, but Bryce must have sensed that his mother felt closer to Win than she did to him.

Help for Bryce seemed to lie first in changing Hester's point of view about repression, for children are quick to realize a change of attitude in those about them, whether in the direction of weakness or firmness, and then they are quick to change their own behavior accordingly. Next, Hester steered him into doing this and that to please people, and she would call his attention to their pleasure. Or she would help him identify himself with someone else, and try to see how he felt. Finally Hester firmly refused

to listen to any more of his tattling. At the same time she watched to keep him, unobtrusively, from imposing on Win.

Win, while awaiting his turn in the clinic playroom, showed himself excitable, rough and paying little heed to the requests of the playroom director. During the test he was constantly on the move, streaming with talk as each test called up some experience of his own. His attention was intense but short-lived because much of the time the contents of the room called to him louder than did the tests. Although he was eager to do whatever was asked of him, he would become impatient when things did not work out as quickly as he expected, and then he would call for help and sympathy. He was punctilious about each detail and became pettish when his technical ability was not equal to working things out as he had planned.

I was struck by his imagination as he made a series of lines across a sheet of paper, lines gradually diminishing in length. "This is an arrow flying further and further away," he said.

Cooperative as he was with me during the tests, he showed himself, with Dr. Martin, a different child, deaf to commands, tense and explosive. He was reacting to him exactly as he did to his father. Dr. Martin told Hester that when Win did such things as throw stones that he must be made to feel the disapproval of the group and must learn that something unpleasant would always happen to him when he behaved so. Later on he could be talked to on a more ideal level, but right now, at five years of age,

he must learn that certain things simply are not done, and that he must control his impulses to do them.

"And as a practical help," he said, "be sure, always, that you have his full attention before you give a command. Then let nothing interfere with your seeing that it is carried out."

He told Hester that she was making a mistake with both boys in laying too much stress on rest and quiet. "Don't deprive them of the good times other boys have," he said. "Take them to the circus. Let them have some real cause for excitement. Then they won't need to trump up so much. You're only facing the problem every mother of a normal boy has to face. Don't make them feel that they are different from other boys."

After all, he went on to explain, only part of the children's over-activity and tenseness was due to her mistaken emphasis on self-expression. A large part was due to the ever-growing tension in the home. While it was true that if the children behaved less wildly some of that tension would relax, she could not expect a complete about-face in them until she and her husband had come to a better understanding. He asked to have Robert come and talk with him about the children. But Robert refused flatly. Talk with a man already prejudiced against him by what his wife surely had said! No indeed! And he scolded Hester for not being able to manage her own children herself.

Hester and I would each say laughingly to the children, in playing with them, "You must think I'm a mile away! Really, I can hear you *better* if you speak low."

But it was not easy to make changes quickly or radically enough to offset the tension in the house.

Robert was suffering because he was not getting what he wanted in his home. His wife was neither as much the mother, the companion or the playfellow he had expected. She still could not leave the children at any moment he wanted her to go off on a fishing trip with him. Indeed, she was not always feeling strong enough these days for his strenuous kind of play. At home he wanted authority and no responsibility. He wanted the house and children perfect, but his wife must spend no time making them so. The children must have charming manners, but his wife must not train them, because that deprived him of his authority over them. He often lost his temper and swore roundly at both wife and children regardless of who was in the room. He began driving away his friends as his mother had driven away hers. He was not going to be a nonentity in his home as his father was, he cried. Curiously, the only influence his gentle, considerate father seemed to have upon him was to make him resent gentleness. He never faced the fact that he had become the image of his mother. Trained by her to consider himself the one precious object in life, he expected the same consideration from his wife that he had received from his mother. In browbeating Hester he probably felt, half-consciously, that he was triumphing over his mother.

I had a startling glimpse one day as I waited for Hester to come home into the power of imitation on little Win,

who, longing for his father's affection, took him as his model in manliness.

The maid was setting the table for dinner. Win came in, ran up and hugged me, then sauntered into the dining room and proceeded to disorder the table. The maid remonstrated. He flew at her and started to strike her. This was too much for me to bear in silence, so I ran in and stopped him.

"Why did you hit her?" I asked him.

"Oh, that is what daddy does to mother," he answered, wide-eyed. "I like to be like my daddy."

Hester's attitude regarding her husband's striking her was interesting. "That's a mere childish outburst. What I resent is his disrespect for my mind, and his repudiation of all responsibility."

A few months after Hester had been getting our professional help in handling her problems, Win did something at table that irritated his father, who angrily lifted the child and slammed him down so violently on his chair that the little boy's nervous twitching, somewhat improved, increased alarmingly.

Hester consulted Dr. Martin again. He repeated what he had said before, that the boys acted as they did, not because they were high-strung, but that they were high-strung because of the strain around them. Under the circumstances, he felt that it was wisest to get the boy away for a time from the possibility of such scenes.

We picked out a very small school not far away which had unusual teachers and where Win could come home

for occasional week-ends and holidays. Win wept at leaving his mother, but once at school, he was busy and happy. He began to improve in health and in behavior. He often spoke of his mother and Bryce, but never of his father. When he was asked about him he replied, "I don't like him. He beats me," and never another word.

But of course Juliana objected to the scheme from the first. She insisted that Hester was trying to get rid of Win, so *she* would adopt him, poor little unloved waif. She would get him, she declared to her husband, if she had to raise hell to do it. She went to the school and demanded the child. The teachers, forewarned, said that Win was upstairs resting, could not be disturbed, and that they had no authority to let anyone but his parents take him. Unable to move them with her bellowing, Juliana went home and raised such a scene for her husband's benefit that he could not calm her and finally came to Hester saying that he thought it would be dangerous to refuse to let her have Win, not only for her health, but for her sanity. The doctor had warned him. "I know it's bad for Win and that the new generation is more important than the old, but," he added pathetically, "you do not have to live with her. After she has kept me awake all night crying and going into paroxysms, I'm ready to do anything to stop her."

This time, however, Hester refused to think of anyone but her son. When it was a question between a half-mad old woman and six-year-old Win, she determined it should not be the child who was sacrificed. However, she

temporized for the moment for the sake of the distracted old gentleman.

What followed shows Juliana's mental state. James telephoned next morning that his wife had given up the idea of adopting Win, but that she was very ill. Just as he was telephoning she cried out that her left side had suddenly become paralyzed. For two days she could not move. Then came Hallowe'en. Bryce was giving a party, and she had planned to surprise him by dropping in as a witch. It was time to get well.

She got up, put on the costume she had prepared the week before, went to Robert's house, tapped at the window, went in and was gayest of the gay, later running up and down the streets with the children as if she had not been paralyzed that morning.

The new school was a success with Win, but what it and the separation accomplished for both children was undone by the week-ends when Win came home. Bryce would resent him, Robert would jump on him, Juliana would descend upon him. He never knew how to stay in the background when his father was around, and he was equally excitable and apprehensive with his grandmother, for he never knew whether she was going to be interested in what he was doing or going to whip him for doing it. So he would return to school, trembling and half-sick.

It was apparent that he needed a more drastic separation, and his mother suggested a more distant school. Robert was willing, but he could not afford to pay for it. The only hope of getting the money was from the grand-

parents. But if Juliana had exploded when Win was sent only a few blocks off, what would she do when she heard they wanted to send the child two hundred miles away?

I had never happened to meet the formidable Juliana, but here I rashly offered my services.

"You'd better see her first," said Hester. "I'll use the garden as a pretext. Her prize dahlias are just at their best."

So she asked permission to bring me, a newcomer to the city, to see the garden. At the last moment she telephoned me that she would be detained, but that she would join us later in the garden, and that Juliana was expecting me.

I was not really prepared to see a gorgon. I had taken it for granted that Hester's emotions had naturally distorted her picture of the older woman. It was a shock, then, to be ushered into the presence of a mountainous figure in brown overalls, ready for the garden, a shock of wiry, grizzled black hair wild above a broad, red face. Glittering black eyes, small, round; three chins and a booming voice further overwhelmed me, but, as I murmured polite nothings about gardens and grandsons, I found myself being led out into the garden, high in favor.

"Fine boys, my grandsons. Take after my side, both of them. Weak,—need toughening. Need stronger food—meat—lots of good red beef. Fool doctors—fool mothers—won't be a he-man left on this country in another generation. Look at those dahlias now. I see you're catching your breath at the sight of them. You're right, girl. They're wonders. And why? Food! I feed 'em. I give 'em what

they need. I know what they want. Food, lots of it, strengthening food that makes tough fibers, red blood, strong bones—Food's life, young woman, and I know the great secret! I know how to *make* life!"

Her voice boomed louder and more excited with every word. I tried to stop the tirade by exclaiming over the dahlias, and asking questions about them. She answered enthusiastically and was pleasant if somewhat overpowering until she caught sight of Hester coming down the path. Instantly she grew rigid. Her face darkened. All of a sudden I found myself ducking, ducking to avoid the knives that seemed to whiz through the air as she answered Hester's greeting. I have never been able to recall her words. We got away as quickly as possible.

"Now," said Hester, "am I wrong about her? Did I over-draw?"

"Over-draw!" I exclaimed. "Under-draw, you mean. I confess I did think you must have exaggerated unconsciously, but now I see you've remained your cool, clear-eyed self, trying to be fair and dispassionate, even with her. She's much more terrifying than you said, formidable as your descriptions were."

"The next question is, in the light of what you've seen, what do you think I can do when they come down tonight to discuss Win and his jerking? She'll roar me down when I tell her of the new plan, and father will get frightened for her, fearing she'll have a seizure or burst a blood-vessel or go off completely mentally. So I can't count on

him to support me, and you know that Robert will never take a stand against her in her presence."

"What will she say?" I asked.

"Oh, the same old story—that I haven't a mother's heart, don't know what affection is, that I neglect home, husband and children, running about for strangers."

"And how do you answer her?"

"I'm always so upset," answered Hester, "that I have to make my voice very low and cool to keep it from breaking."

"There's your line," I interrupted. "*Let* your voice break. She charges you with being cold. Show her you aren't. Choke and cry if you feel like it. Speak the language she understands. Let her see that you are emotional over your children too. Then she'll believe you."

"But they'll all be so astonished. They've never seen me lose control. Indeed, I've never let myself. It's a habit of years," protested Hester.

"Then they'll be the more impressed. Get hysterical. Jump up and shout, 'I can't stand any more!' Gesticulate to heaven. And call me up immediately after the encounter is over."

About ten o'clock that night the telephone rang.

"Congratulate me! I'm on the top of the mountain!" Hester's voice sang exultantly. "I wish you could have seen her face when I broke out! She was ready to do anything to quiet me. So it's all settled. They will pay the tuition and she was *sweet* to me about parting from him."

Juliana had actually helped put little Win out of her

own reach. Hester could not cease to marvel at this miracle.

But of course, in her distorted way, Juliana was sincere. She really had believed that Hester had no feeling for her children. She really believed that she was ruining them. Even though she herself exploited them and bullied them, she still had a real regard for their welfare. And Robert and Hester had asked her help, not merely her consent, in their plan. She was still playing a dominant role.

So Win went off to school, not to come home until the long vacation and not even then if he were not ready.

Meanwhile James and Hester accomplished what seemed to them another miracle. They persuaded Juliana to consult a psychiatrist, not for her own sake, but for her son's. And Robert had several hours with the same psychiatrist, ostensibly to talk with him about his mother. Partly because of this opportunity, partly because Win, the chief bone of contention, was gone, the atmosphere in both homes cleared considerably.

Bryce, with the field to himself, is becoming more agreeable. He has his mother's full-time interest, although she is firmer with him than she had ever been. But children like firmness. They like to know on what to count. To some extent Bryce's interest in people has grown but it seems unlikely that he will ever lose his self-centeredness.

Win, so much more sensitive, resented by his father from birth, so dependent, so open to influence and so generous, hurt until his fear led to evasion, is more likely to keep on being hurt by life. But he will not hurt other

people, as Bryce may. He is doing well at school at present, gaining steadily in independence and self-control both there and in his lengthening visits home.

As in all cases, whatever helps one member in the situation, helps all the rest. Where before there had been a snowballing of difficulties, where one strain caused others, now the process was reversed, as shown by Win's more and more satisfactory visits, to a home which greets him with a calmer atmosphere. Hester, freed from some of her anxiety, found, too, that treatment for a sluggish glandular condition is giving her more energy. This on the one hand enabled her to play more with her husband, making him less irritable and demanding, and on the other, the very energy gave her calm and patience.

So, in looking back over the influences surrounding the two boys, it would seem that their faults were partly brought about by the illnesses that had come upon them, partly by the tension Robert caused through the fact that he was not only the spoiled child his mother had made him and the stingy one his grandmother had developed, but also because he demanded complete authority and subservience in his own home in order to avoid being the weakling he considered his father. Then, too, Hester's revolt from her mother had its share in developing her children's difficulties in meeting life.

And we saw, Hester and I, enough to explain why Julian became the over-bearing tyrant she was, and why Cynthia became a moral prig. The stuff of which they were made, too, had been modified by circumstances into

something undreamed of. Social heredity is a network that extends far back into the past, and is already starting to form the future.

Fortunately for humanity, the network for the future is still thin and weak. It can be broken, as Hester broke certain strands when she saw that their influence was bad. Among other things, once she realized that her children did not have the same maturity of intelligence and reasoning that she did, and that children, left free to choose, without experience, are not free to choose wisely, but are at the mercy of their unconsidered, self-centered impulses, she knew what she should have done. If she had trained her boys from the start toward habits of meeting the world that would not have to be unlearned later, she could have prevented much of Robert's exasperation, and the children would have been on their way toward that very maturity she wanted for them.

But it was not too late. Hester had the invaluable asset of a willingness to face her own mistakes. She wasted no time offering excuses. She proceeded at once to make the necessary changes in herself.

"If I had only done this kind of thinking when the children were babies, or before!" she exclaimed. "I can see that if Robert had been trained to self-control and I had been given more freedom, our home would have been completely different."

Re-reading Hester's story in the light of what has happened to her and her children through the subsequent

dozen years is a heartening experience. Our fears were not realized.

Both boys are in college, with the old difficulties well behind them. There has been a complete change in the home. Hester found Robert increasingly unpleasant to live with, and for the children's sake, as well as her own, she finally divorced him. A year or two later she married a widower with several children, a man much like James Alden in his tenderness and consideration. His children and hers became *their* children. The best in both her boys flowered in the stable, affectionate atmosphere. Win is half-way through college, gay, lovable, self-controlled and reliable. Bryce, just graduating, seems to have lost entirely the old cool calculation, and finds he has a knack of getting on with youngsters that he wants to turn to account by devoting his life to Boy Scout work. He is a handsome, open-faced young fellow, devoted to his family.

How much of all this is due to our efforts, how much to the new family set-up, and how much to the inner qualities of the boys, developing as they grew older, we shall never know. Human nature is infinitely resilient. Because it is, most of us have become fairly decent, reliable adults, in spite of hampering childhood experiences. We need never feel discouraged.

INTOLERABLE SITUATION VII.

Living up to the Family Reputation

BOB

"OH, no, he isn't a bit interested in sex," said the mother. "He's only twelve, you know. He did ask me once last year how babies came, and I told him I didn't know exactly, but I'd send for a book. I really meant to, but kept

putting it off, and afterwards I was glad I hadn't, for he's forgotten all about it."

"What makes you think he's forgotten?" I asked.

"Why, he's never asked me another word about it."

"Sometimes children don't ask, but they go on wondering, or they ask someone else. If it comes up while I am talking with him, may I go on and tell him about the development of life? The reason it seems so specially important just now is that very often when youngsters are mixed up with a gang that steals, or gets into other mischief, as Bob's has, the root of the trouble lies in the fact that they are worried about some sex question, and, believing that such thoughts are wicked, they avoid them by jumping headlong into something else. Now your boy got into trouble through his gang, and you say he's started taking money from your purse and from his brother's bank, and besides, is falling down in his school work. I want to give him whatever information he seems to need. You've already given me several clues to his behavior, I'll talk more with you later, but now I want to see Bob."

The mother of the twelve-year-old who had been caught "lifting" at the "Five and Ten" raised a flushed, puzzled face.

"Please tell him. I never could myself. I'd die of shame."

"Thanks. Here are some stories of youngsters you may be interested in reading about while I am talking to Bob. As soon as he and I have finished, we'll come and all talk things over together."

Bob was a tall, sturdy lad with big, clear eyes. He met

strangers in a simple, friendly fashion, and chatted easily over the tests, in which he showed much interest and good ability. The conversation was led around to the beginnings of life, and I asked him casually if he knew all about it, or was there anything he'd like to ask.

"There isn't anything any more, thanks. I asked my mother once, about a year ago, and she said she'd get me a book, but she never did, and now I don't need one."

"Just what do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, the luckiest thing happened. A boy brought a doctor book to school and all us kids made a grab. Each got some pages, but I was the lucky one, for I got the important page that told all about babies."

"That was luck. What did it tell?"

And Bob described—a Caesarean operation!

Keeping a sober face with considerable effort, I responded,

"Yes, that's part of it, but that's only one way babies come, and the most unusual way. Would you like me to tell you the usual way babies grow and come into the world?"

The boy nodded. I drew diagrams as I explained, and brought out books and pictures. He listened attentively and pored over the pictures for a while. Finally he rose, threw wide his arms and exclaimed,

"You've taken a load *that big* off my shoulders! The boys said things, but they are such liars I knew I couldn't believe them, and they mixed everything with dirty words and got me so balled up I couldn't go to sleep for worry-

ing. I told you what happened when I asked my mother, and though I hated that gang because of how they talked, somehow I couldn't keep away from them after that. The words they'd say would come up in my mind and I'd do anything they told me. Getting hold of that page helped some, but it was kind of awful and scary and not like what you've told me. I want to go right to my mother and tell her all about it."

He hurried into the room where she was waiting and flung an arm around her neck.

"Mother, I've just had the most wonderful talk. I'll tell you all about it as we go home."

I had intended talking to the mother again before she left, and having the boy in for the final plans. There was something more fundamental than the actual stealing about which she should be thinking. It seemed unwise, however, to break into this new mood of friendship between mother and son.

They came back a week later. Bob had not seen the gang since.

"I don't know why I don't miss them, but I don't," he said. "I haven't wanted to be with them since that talk with you. I'm back with my old chum now and it feels good. Those ugly words don't bother me any more.

"And the other thing doesn't bother me any more, either. You never said it, but I guess you knew, all right,—about the 'Five'n Ten.' I don't feel as if I have to do it any more. It used to be, every time those words came up in my mind, I'd feel better about them,—I mean I could

get rid of them if I took something. And then I'd worry about that too."

"I'm so glad it's stopped bothering you. If you get puzzled about anything else, you can talk it over with your mother now, can't you, and you can always come here if you want me."

"Didn't you tell me everything?"

"Everything I knew about babies, Bob. But puzzles are always coming up in this queer world, you know."

That was all that ever was said between Bob and me about the stealing. He had brought up the subject himself, and it seemed ended so far as he was concerned, unless it should crop up again. With his mother, however, I talked more fully, because we needed her cooperation in changing Bob's whole background in order to make the cure permanent.

He had not been happy at home.

He had a model brother. This brother was four years older than himself. Bob could never hope to catch up with him. Bert fulfilled every demand of parents and teachers. He was quiet and bookish. He brought home superlative report cards from school. He was obedient.

Bob, on the other hand, was lively and athletic. He was intelligent, but not brilliant in his classes. It would seem unreasonable to demand of these two types of boy identical school marks and identical behavior. Adults, however, are often unreasonable, and that is exactly what they did. Bob had many of the same teachers who had taught his brother, and they were always talking "Bert" at him. Bob

was on all the athletic teams and Bert had never been on any. This kind of superiority, however, did not impress either his teachers or his family.

Bob's father was an irritable man, whose one requirement in home was quiet. He shouted at Bob to keep still like his brother and not disturb him with his noise. His mother nagged at him for not being orderly like Bert. Both parents had held up the perfection of Bert till Bob was completely discouraged. Bert himself was always dropping nasty little remarks that put Bob in the wrong.

Then along came this gang.

"Since I'm a good-for-nothing, I may as well join up with them," he must have thought, knowing full well the reputation of the group.

Probably, too, though largely unconsciously, he felt that in acting as he did, he was getting revenge on parents, teachers and the saintly Bert, by giving them something really to worry about. At the same time he was satisfying his need of appreciation and applause by doing what the gang considered daring. The ugly sex words they used started further complications. Probably they seemed to him, as they do to many children, more wicked than stealing, and so, by doing something openly punishable, like stealing, a child can get caught, receive his punishment, and will have satisfied his conscience and atoned for his secret sin in harboring sex thoughts or using sex words.

I explained this whole story carefully to the mother so that she followed, step by step, the emotional road over which Bob had been stumbling, until she realized how

alone and unhappy and disheartened he had felt. She saw suddenly that she and her husband had been playing favorites, although she never would have admitted it before. Because Bert had not cared for noisy games and never was eager to have the boys in to play was no reason to deprive Bob of them. By so doing, she now saw that she had thrust him out into the streets and into the arms of the first group that had given him uncritical approval.

Her own way was then clear to her.

"It's hopeless to try to change my husband's attitude right now," she said. "He cannot bear to be put in the wrong. The only way in which he'll ever change his mind about Bob is if he comes to see that Bob is no longer disturbing his peace. But I can give Bob his good times before his father gets home. We have a big attic and yard and I'll give Bob and his friends the run of those during the day. I'll fix him his own cooky-box in the pantry so that he can treat his friends. And I can plan surprises for them and always take time to be interested in his plans and ambitions.

"Then I'll tell Bert all about it, and show him what his criticisms have been doing to Bob. He'll be interested if I tell him it's psychology."

Now that the mother's attitude was so understanding and cooperative, it was the time to explain to her what the stealing really meant. Stealing always shows that a person feels deprived in some way, usually of affection. Those from whom he steals are the people he thinks have deprived him. In Bob's case it was first his mother and Bert, second, society.

I told the mother this as sympathetically as I could. It might seem strange that it was Bert's purse and not the father's that Bob rifled. But Bert probably was more like a father than a brother in Bob's eyes. Imagine what a difference of four years means to a young child! When Bob was four, Bert was eight. The effect of the difference still held. Bert loomed immensely adult.

Stealing is not merely a protest at being deprived. Like all misconduct, it is also a revenge. The particular combination of circumstances, past and present, determines the form the behavior will take.

"The boys never had any pocket money," the mother added. "We provided so well for them that we thought they did not need any. We've always discouraged spending and encouraged saving whenever the children got money gifts or earned any. Now I see that that was a mistake."

"Didn't your older boy ever rebel?"

"He did say a couple of years ago that he was big enough now to do what he pleased with the money he earned. He's always been so sensible that we agreed at once."

"There's another reason, then, for Bob to revenge himself on his brother," I said. "He must have thought, 'He's allowed to spend the money he's earned and I'm not.' That one thing could have created unfriendliness between the two if there had been nothing else. But I want to go back to the word 'deprive.' You thought it meant money. I mean much more. Bob felt deprived of your love and interest. He felt deprived of his place in his home."

I might have added, although it was no longer necessary to stress it to the mother, that he had also felt deprived of the sex information he had asked for in all good faith, and which was necessary to his growing up.

Bob responded to his mother's plans as she carried them out. He did not know that she went to the school and got the teachers' cooperation in not judging him by Bert's standard. He did notice a new friendliness among the teachers and also in Bert. He and his mother were great friends, and the "kids" told him he was a lucky guy to have a mother who knew so well what boys like.

He never returned to the gang nor to stealing.

It may seem a miracle that one short talk could straighten out what seemed so serious a difficulty. But miracles of this kind are common. Sometimes, as with Elizabeth, the roots of unrest lie too deep to be easily unearthed and tended. With most children, however, and with older people who have courage to face themselves and their mistakes, and who have the determination to rebuild their lives, these apparent miracles do happen. They mean that the behavior difficulties are only symptoms, as a high fever is a symptom, of an underlying trouble. When that trouble, the emotional unrest and hurt of misunderstanding, is cleared away, there is no need of direct attack. The symptoms usually disappear of themselves.

INTOLERABLE SITUATION VIII.

When Children Worry about Sex

HUGH

IN HAPPY contrast to Bob's experience I recall Hugh's. When he went to his mother, puzzled, he got just the help he needed.

"Mother," said eight-year-old Hugh one day coming in after school, "I don't think I want to belong to Alice's club."

"What club?" asked his mother.

"It's a club for her and Jonathan and Kitty and me. It's to stay on after school and go in the weeds behind the barn and take off our clothes and lie down together."

With great effort Mrs. Harding controlled her face and voice and asked, evenly, "Have you started the club yet?"

"No, because after I got half undressed I decided I didn't like it and came on home, so the others did too. Don't you think I was right, mother?"

"That sounds like a very stupid club, and you showed good sense in not liking it. Now run upstairs and get ready. I'll buy your new shoes this afternoon."

As soon as Hugh was out of earshot Mrs. Harding called up the school principal, made an appointment for the following day, giving him an idea of what was going on, so that he promised to see that no child lingered on the school-grounds after school hours. Then she made an appointment with me. She came that evening to consult me about the incident as she had come on several occasions with earlier problems.

"You handled the emergency admirably," I said. "I am really astonished at your self-control."

"I didn't want to frighten him from going on with his confidence. Besides I suppose I was playing for time to think. And I didn't want to make the thing monstrous in his mind."

"Exactly!" I answered. "Nor to make him feel guilty when he was only ignorant. His instinct not to go on with the club was so healthy."

"But now what to do?"

We both felt that things had been stirred up in Hugh which should not go unexplained. Mrs. Harding described to me later how our plan for a simple explanation had worked out.

The boy's father had not wanted to mix in the matter, so on her first opportunity to be uninterrupted, Mrs. Harding called Hugh in. She supposed, she began, that he'd wondered why he suddenly felt he didn't like that club. The boy admitted that he had. He added that there had been remarks among the children that puzzled him and which the boys had told him to keep mum about.

"About how babies come and how they get started in the mother's body, I suppose?"

"Yes, mother, but of course you told me long ago about being in the mother's body. It's how they get started the kids talk about."

"And they should know about it. It's part of nature's plan for us all.

"The start of almost every living thing is the joining together of two different kinds of tiny cells into one new cell. This new cell is the beginning of the baby,—baby ant or flower, or bird or puppy or human being. One of these two cells comes from the father. It is called the male cell or sperm. The other cell comes from the mother and is called the female cell or egg. The egg is much larger than

the sperm, for it holds food for the unborn baby to grow on.

"Each cell has material in it ready to become eyes, hair, brains and every part of the body. But neither male nor female cell can come to life alone. They have to meet and mix together. This meeting and mixing is called fertilization. Each cell needs something from the other. Nobody knows exactly what it is, although scientists keep learning new things about it.

"One thing is certain. The new cell is partly like its mother, partly like its father, partly like other relatives, but it is also different from any of them. It has something all its own. You have hair like your father's, and a mouth like mine, but you don't look exactly like either of us. You are you.

"Now I want to tell you how the male cell meets the female cell. In fishes the two cells meet outside the parents' bodies. The mother lays her eggs and the father spouts his sperm out over them. But in most animals the mother's eggs drop into a little sac inside her and the male cells get into this sac in order to reach the eggs. So this sac, called the uterus or womb, has an opening like a tube to let the sperm in. Later when the baby is ready to be born, it will let the baby out. That you know about.

"This tube, the vagina, is narrow, except when the baby stretches it on its way out. So part of the father's body must be narrow to slip into it to carry the sperms to the eggs. This long, narrow part is called the penis. Every boy and man has one. The male cells are kept in the two little

pouches called testicles just behind the penis, and the penis serves as a pipe to carry them through the narrow vagina to the mother's eggs."

The mother paused to ask if Hugh had any questions, and the boy asked one which troubles many children.

"I've wondered about it ever since you told me how babies were born. Isn't it kind of dirty to come where urine and bowel movements come?"

"I'm glad you asked that because that is a mistake I can clear up. Babies don't come down any passage but their own. They have a separate passageway in the mother's body that brings them out into the world. With fathers, the passageway is the same for the male cells as for the urine, but before the cells are ready to pass through, a most interesting thing happens. Nature cleans out the passageway by pouring a liquid through it that makes it like new, fit for the sperm to pass through. Does that answer your question?"

"Yes, that's just what I wanted to know. Gee, mother, I'm glad I know it."

"Now here comes something more that is very important. All animals have to wait until they are grown up before they have babies. The bodies of young animals and children are not ready. The eggs and sperms are not ready. Then for several years longer their bodies are not strong enough to be sure to have children sturdy enough to grow up well. You can see besides, that they have to be truly grown up men and women before they can take care of children, providing a home for them and sending

them to school. For a baby to come when its parents are not ready for it and cannot take care of it is sad for everybody.

"Boys and girls naturally want to know about these things long before they can be parents themselves. Children like to act big and they often try to do what they do not fully understand. That is what was the matter with the club. They know only a tiny bit about what they were planning to do, and that is why you felt you could not go on with it. You were exactly right."

"There is another reason for waiting. Many animals take any mate. But civilized human beings are happiest when they mate with the one they love. It may take a long time to find the right mate, but when she is found, the mating is beautiful, because the two feel that they belong to each other and are almost one person. It spoils that wonderful experience to use it too early and too often."

"We can talk more about this some other time if you want. Meanwhile think all this over. If anything is not clear or you want to know more, just come and ask. I don't know everything. But then nobody knows everything."

"Thanks, mother, I get you." And Hugh was off.

She had given him a direct answer to his eight-year-old puzzlement about how babies get started, by explaining the machinery of conception, just as she had explained to him the machinery of coining money and of mining salt when he had asked her about them. But she had done

more than this, and had done it deliberately. She had opened doors to the emotional value of mating so that later on as his needs grew she could help him further. Then things that she had merely hinted at would have to be clothed in definite words.

Most parents find that their greatest difficulty in giving their children sex information lies in explaining intercourse, or, as they say, "the father's part." I have tried to help with this difficulty by giving one mother's solution, her first talk on this phase of the subject with her eight-year-old boy.

She knew that he would be bound to have more questions, to hear more from the outside world, and that he must face certain facts. He would see that there were happy and unhappy marriages, that there were marriages without babies and babies born without marriage; that there were whispers of "having fun" without having to have babies, and she must be prepared to talk any or all of these things over with him as the opportunity arose. She must show him the responsibilities of young people toward each other. She must tell him, too, the frequent penalties for hurrying into sex experience prematurely:—social disapproval, disease, psychological suffering and guilt. And there was the big, constructive side of idealism.

All of these he should know about in their broad outlines before he becomes adolescent, roughly at least by the time he is twelve or thirteen. When he is fifteen or sixteen, with the idealism of youth and actual marriage coming closer, the idealistic side should be stressed, the reasons

for happy and unhappy marriages explained, the arguments for and against marriage in its various forms gone over. Then, too, is the time for a fuller discussion of penalties that lie in loss or destruction of the more delicate capacities for happiness as well as in actual disease and ostracism.

But this was all in the future. What she had actually done at the present moment was to remove from Hugh the feeling of secrecy and guilt that the club had aroused. The school helped in this. As a result of her interview with the principal he hastened the plans he had already made to introduce, alongside of chemistry and other science, courses in human biology, suited to both older and younger students, and using slides and moving pictures.

One of the most valuable things accomplished by the mother, more important than any specific warnings could possibly be, was a point of view. She had led Hugh with her, step by step, to share a grown-up sense of responsibility toward the use of the delicate sex machinery, with all its potentialities.

Mrs. Harding purposely did not bring up the subject of masturbation, because she had been warned against making the child feel conscious and guilty if he had discovered, as all children do in the childish exploration of their bodies, the sensitivity of those parts. The harm that comes from masturbation is not in the activity itself, but in the guilty feelings that go with it when there are vague memories of a horrified mother snatching at one's hand, or a menacing voice uttering all sorts of dire threats which we

know now are scientifically untrue. Wise parents merely provide plenty of interests and activities suited to the child's age and development. They know, too, that a child should never be sent to bed as a punishment, or to "think things over." A lonely, unhappy child may easily take this opportunity to comfort himself. Besides, bed should have only the pleasant associations of rest and sleep.

If the child comes to them with something he has heard among his playmates, they explain that people used to believe those things, but know now that they are not true.

INTOLERABLE SITUATION IX.

Running Away—from What?

EDGAR—FROM THE IDEA OF A STEPMOTHER

ONE day Edgar did not come home for lunch nor for supper. This had never happened before.

He was gone all night and was found only after two days and nights, hungry, tired, ragged and with his

mouth firmly shut. He kept it shut. His father gave him the conventional licking, and school also provided the punishment due young truants, but Edgar promptly ran away again and stayed three days. He was picked up by the police, ragged and dirty as before, went through the same ritual with father and school plus a bit added by the policeman, in spite of which he was off a couple of days later, a third time.

Instead of taking him home, the policeman who found him this time brought him to the Children's House. The thin white face, drawn with hunger and with eyes red-rimmed from lack of sleep and perhaps from crying, did not look sullen. It looked hopeless and set. The blue eyes were very blue under their down-cast blue-veined lids, when you got a fleeting glimpse of them. We saw a gentle, sensitive, finely drawn little boy of ten who looked starved for more than food.

His rocky silence was not proof against friendly sympathy and soon he was sobbing unrestrainedly and little gusts of words rushed forth:—

At school—the kids—all sorry for him 'cause he had a wicked stepmother. They were always wicked, stepmothers were, like Cinderella's. The boys said so, and they'd read lots of books. Not one of them had a stepmother. And when father'd come in, he'd pick up the babies and throw them clear to the ceiling, lots of times, even when he was tired. Or if the babies cried, they'd fuss over 'em and they'd talk about 'em and never about him. Never play with him. Only scold him if he cried. And he just couldn't go home

to them and hear them talk and talk about the two babies.

He'd slept in a garage one night and out in a field the next. It wasn't cold. And a lady'd given him some bread and told him to go home to his mother and he couldn't tell her he had no mother—only a wicked stepmother—He wasn't ever going to tell *that*.

But he did go home, and quite willingly, when he finally realized that his parents had been so distressed about his being away that they must love him after all.

The stepmother was, in fact, anything but wicked. She was a pleasant, friendly girl, who mothered Edgar. His own mother had deserted him and his father when he was a baby. He knew she had gone off with another man, and he felt pretty bad, he said, when he thought about her and how little she must have loved her baby. His grandmother had taken care of him until he was five and his father married again.

For several years Edgar seemed perfectly happy. Two half-brothers had come, cunning, jolly little fellows. Edgar had never seemed jealous of them. To the parents his running away was inexplicable.

But he had given the explanation to me. The suggestion of the boys at school that stepmothers are always wicked had done the mischief. It was after that that he began to notice how differently from himself the two babies were treated.

I explained to him that when people are tremendously worried, as his parents had been when he had run away,

and then get suddenly relieved, they often just *have* to vent the strain they have been under by flying violently at the person they have worried about. They scold or spank, or in some way make him pay for upsetting them so, no matter how glad they are to have him back. He seemed to understand this and to be pleased that there was so much concern for him. He also seemed struck with the explanation that after all he was too big and heavy for his father to toss to the ceiling, and that when he had been little and just beginning to walk and talk, there had been commotion over him, too.

Meanwhile his parents had been told about what was "eating him" and had been given some hints as to how to receive him on his return. The result was that they greeted him affectionately with no scolding, and they tried to even up the attention they paid the three children.

But in two weeks Edgar was gone again. He had been so happy that morning and so helpful that his mother said she had thought at breakfast what a different child he had become. But lunch time arrived and no Edgar. When he was discovered, several days later, he was in a worse plight than ever. There was no question but that he had undergone considerable physical suffering. Besides the hunger and cold, it had rained and he'd caught cold and just missed pneumonia.

He was not taken home, but stayed at the Children's House where I could see him every day. As soon as he was well enough he talked freely, though with sobs, about

what had driven him to run away again. It was the stepmother idea. Tom, his best friend, had walked home with him as they went to lunch, and on the way began to say how sorry he was for him, going home to only a stepmother, and how he wished he could bring him to his home, and share his dear, nice mama with him. And then somehow Edgar just couldn't go on home. A stepmother couldn't love you after all, and he felt something queer inside him that wouldn't let him go back into that house. So, though he was almost home, he turned and went as far away as he could. Yes, he was hungry, but it was worse to go home.

It was clear that at the moment he did not feel sure enough of his place in the family to go back home. He must learn to become more self-sufficient, more able to understand that the wicked stepmother of the fairy tale is usually only a fairy tale.

It was clear, too, that in the home there was a certain amount of strain not due to him, but which he sensed as it reacted on him. The stepmother was not well. Her two babies had come close together and she needed medical and surgical attention. The fact that she was dragged and tired made her temper short at times, and she was somewhat given to nagging. Edgar was not the only member of the family to bear the brunt of this, but he thought he was. He took each time she was over-wrought and impatient as a fresh proof of the belief the boys had inoculated that stepmothers were wicked and could not love a stepchild. It might be well for her and for the entire

household to give her time to build up her own health before Edgar should return.

It was further clear that along with the very real suffering from the belief that he was not loved by his parents, ran an equally real elation. His vanity was tickled by the boys' pity for him as the victim of a cruel stepmother. He was suddenly a young person of romantic distinction, standing on a sort of pedestal. This was very different from his position at home. And he could be sorry for himself too. He could think of himself as a noble, suffering hero. Something of this had helped him stand the hunger and cold and discomfort of his runaway episodes. The dirtiness he did not mind. Boys of that age don't. All in all it seemed wise to plan for him to stay with us for some time.

And that was the end of the running away for that period. With us he did not expect to be singled out for special attention. He took it for granted that he was one of the group, and so there was nothing to run away from. He thrived physically, mentally and socially. He was given messages from his parents for some time before being allowed to see them.

Finally he went to have Sunday dinner with them and all passed off well. Of course, he was the honored guest. It was several months before it seemed safe, however, to let him go home to live. He seemed a little too plaintive still to be strong enough to manage not to break under such a complicated situation. There was the stepmother notion, unfounded as it was; his jealousy of the other

children; his own babyish refusal to be a big brother; a father who enjoyed babies better than older boys; an invalid mother, with her consequent lack of patience, her gusts of scolding, nagging and complaints; and finally, the over-emphasized attention of the boy to himself, his habit of looking for slights and his enjoyment of the stimulating pity of his playmates.

It was this latter that again was the pivotal point after the boy had finally gone home to stay. For weeks everything had gone well. Then, without warning, it was all to do over again. It was winter, a late Saturday afternoon. The boys were sliding together when Edgar's chum asked him how his stepmother treated him now. Even though the teacher had been told the cause of Edgar's running off, and had warned the children to make no further reference to his stepmother, the impulse to tease was irresistible, or perhaps the little boy merely forgot. Children often do. However it was, the old wave of despair went over Edgar again. He could not bring himself to go home, and ran off into the snowy evening. Pneumonia followed, once he was found, shivering and yet burning with fever, in an old barn.

He will not go home for a long time now, if ever. His parents are unwilling to trust him. They had done their best. His demands may have been too great for any family to fulfil. The other children have their rights also. Edgar does not run away when he is one of a group in a rather impersonal atmosphere. That seems to be what he needs just now.

Mark, too, had taken the tossing of the little brothers into the air as a sign that he was no longer loved. It is a frequent misunderstanding. Proud as children are of their increasing height and weight, they do not realize all the consequences to themselves unless it is clearly explained to them that they are now too heavy for even fathers and uncles to toss about, and that, instead of such baby play, they are now entitled to privileges that belong only to more grown-up people.

ISABEL—FROM TOO MANY BOSSES

Isabel's parents were at their wits' end. For the past two months she had been running away and nothing could hold her, either at school or at home. Her school work had never been brilliant, but coincidently with her running away, it had fallen flat. Furthermore, at exactly the same time, her teacher recalled, she had begun chumming with a most undesirable little girl.

The parents' first step had been to take her to a child guidance clinic in the town where they lived. There she was sullen and silent. Her intelligence seemed to be average but slightly slow. However, she was too unresponsive during the tests for any judgment to be made. The parents were advised to send her away to the Children's House, where sympathetic interest was taken in all children. Thus she came to us.

She seemed happy to come and responded at once to the friendly atmosphere. She was a spindly nine-year-old,

plain for the moment, but with promise of future good looks. She had large, buckling front teeth, in need of braces, fine eyes that always looked anxious, towsly black hair and long, limp arms and legs.

I found, in checking the tests, that the child's three-and-a-half years in school had passed so lightly over her head as to leave hardly a trace. Her intelligence was normal, yet she read, not what was on the page, but what she thought ought to be there. Adding and subtracting were unsolved mysteries. Writing and spelling were quite divorced in her mind. How she had ever gotten as far as the fourth grade was a mystery. It would have been cruel to send the child to the second grade, where she could get the groundwork she needed. I decided to have her come daily to my office for an hour and do her school work with me. She was overjoyed and was ready to work her head off if only she could stay on alone with me.

She seized my hand one day and began covering it with kisses. I drew it away gently and smiled at her as I began chatting about the story I was reading to her. She was starved for affection and appreciation. In response to my quiet, unvarying kindness, she had given me the devotion of her passionate little heart. Still she said little about herself.

Her school work advanced rapidly, as she began to grasp the relationships of sound and number. Nevertheless within a couple of weeks an outcry ran through the house. Isabel was gone and with her little Nellie, the four-year-old daughter of one of the staff.

After a morning's vain search, the two children were seen coming up the walk. The frantic mother seized her own child, at the same time pouring upon Isabel the torrent of her wrath. Isabel looked bewildered and upset, but did not answer. She seemed stunned at the avalanche of words.

I interposed. "Suppose Isabel comes to my office and rests a little. Then she will tell me all about it."

Isabel seized my hand and we went into the quiet office.

"I didn't run away!" she exclaimed. "I wouldn't run away from here. Nellie had a nickel and she asked me to take her to the store to spend it. I didn't know where the store was, but she said she knew. But she didn't and we walked and walked and at last I thought we'd better go back and we walked and walked some more and we were really lost. So I asked someone and they told me. I was afraid Nellie'd be hungry, so I made her spend her nickel for some milk. She was mad at me. She wanted candy."

Nellie confessed to the same story and the episode was over. Isabel, her tongue once loosened, talked freely for the first time of what had happened that led to running away when she was at home.

There was the scolding of her mother, no matter how hard she tried to do things the way her mother liked them; the bossing and jeering of the two big sisters; the unbearable little brother who was always right, no matter what he did, and who made fun of her and teased her. Then there were the teachers who scolded her too, when

she made mistakes, and talked about her big sisters and how much better they did and how they paid attention. The girls at school never wanted to play the games she wanted, and when she got mad they'd run away from her and shout sneery things at her. Nobody liked her.

Then Emma came over and was nice to her. Emma asked her to come home with her and play. She couldn't resist, lonesome as she was, though she knew she was forbidden to go into the part of the town where Emma lived. Then Emma said she knew of a fine place for a picnic, instead of going to school. Emma was so good to her she couldn't bear to say no, especially as Emma said she wouldn't like her any more if she was a 'fraid-cat. Then, when she did go, Emma was awfully proud of her and planned more exciting things to do together. She wanted to be with Emma all the time and Emma just wouldn't go to school any more. "But now," added Isabel, "I like to go to school, 'cause I love coming in here. It's so quiet here," she ended, "and you're so nice."

Isabel was partly right in what she felt about her home. She had too many bosses, with the fourteen- and sixteen-year-old sisters and a high-strung, impatient mother. The sisters alternately bossed and ignored her. The seven-year-old brother, who could do no wrong in her parents' eyes, teased her and her mother scolded her for her dreamy, inefficient ways. Her father had always stood by her, in the face of the family criticism, but he was a traveling salesman, and rarely at home. Another difficulty facing

Isabel was that her sisters always had had excellent school reports, and parents and teachers held the girls up to her as examples.

All these difficulties had overwhelmed the child, and, afraid to face them, she had evaded them by running away from them. My hope was to help her get the courage to face them and solve them as well as she could.

In the dormitory of the Children's House she was meeting with fresh difficulties. She "scrapped" with the girls, and she was careless about her belongings. The assistant in the dormitory had no patience with her. The staff had been chosen as carefully as possible, but prejudices would crop out from time to time. Shortly after the Nellie episode I met Isabel sidling around the corner of the building, red-eyed, in her stocking feet, her shoes in her hand and a tremendous bulge under the front of her frock.

"Why, what's the matter, Isabel?" I exclaimed.

The answer came with a rush of tears. "I've just *got* to run away. She makes me sit and sit and *sit* up there in the dormitory and she scolds me all the time, so I've just got to go. My clothes are all here in my bloomers."

"Go and leave me! Oh, Isabel, I'd be so lonesome for you!"

Instantly the shoes were flung wide and the grotesque, bulging little figure was throwing itself into my arms, sobbing wildly.

I drew her back into my office, which was filled for her with only friendly, happy associations. Now was the time

to help her to see what she was really doing and where her mistake lay.

"Things were hard for you and so you were running away from them. That's it, isn't it?"

She nodded.

"It's just the same as when you were home. You ran away when you were bossed too much, or scolded too much. See here! You've been doing arithmetic. Tell me, can you ever get the answer to an example in adding by saying, 'Oh, it's too hard!' and running off without trying to get the answer?"

"Oh, no!"

"Well, all hard things are the same. You can't find the answer by running away from them. You have to stop and look them square in the face and think and think what you can do to make them better. That is, to find an answer. Now, here in the dormitory—Pretend you are Mrs. Mowbray, and you're in charge of that big room full of girls. Would you like it if you came in and found everything lying about?"

Isabel was listening intently, but she did not answer. I went on:

"I was a careless little girl and my mother used to scold me about not putting my things away nicely, and I hated to be scolded and was angry with her. I hated to take time to put things away. Then I found things didn't get torn or broken if I was careful with them, and I liked the look of my cool, pretty room when I'd taken time to hang up my clothes and put things in drawers. It made me feel

peaceful inside. I'm not very good about being orderly yet, but I do try, and I like to come into an orderly room."

Isabel was still listening, with a thoughtful, softened expression.

"How do you get on with the girls," I asked, "now you've come to know them, Isabel?"

"They don't like me and I don't like them. You're the only one I like here."

"Would you like them to like you?"

Her eyes filled.

"Of course you would. Everyone wants to be liked. And I know I can help you if you'll try."

Then I went on to explain that people usually liked you if you were interested in them, and joined in their games, and listened to them and didn't always try to make them do what you wanted.

"Maybe you've tried to boss them too much and they don't like it any more than you liked it at home. Now do you see what I mean for you to do?"

"Yes," she said slowly.

She did not try to run away again, even though it was not possible to modify greatly the attitude and technique of the conventionally minded dormitory official, kindly though she was in general. Fortunately, because of the understanding between us, I was able to give Isabel sufficient affection and self-confidence for her to build herself up.

It was a fact that when she came to the Children's House Isabel was unattractive, with gruff manners that

did not draw people to her. Yet already, with a spark of self-respect lighted by her very real achievements in arithmetic, reading and geography, she was holding her head higher, and her expression was less gloomy. As she improved in neatness, in keeping her hair brushed, and as her teeth slowly yielded to the straightening process, she became visibly more winsome and found herself with friends among the girls instead of antagonists.

Hitherto she had been forced to the conclusion that no one wanted her or loved her, or thought of her as a person, except perhaps the father who was too much away to count in the scheme of things. Emma welcomed her. In Emma's plan of life you got away from your own miserable thoughts in the thrill of excitement. Following Emma was a natural, logical step in the building up of your own self-respect.

Isabel had *had* to run away in order to save herself from annihilation. She did not put it into words, but she felt it and used the means she found to hand. Her action, though mistaken, was intelligent, because it was a protest against misunderstanding, wrong handling and injustice. This protest might have taken another form, but Emma appeared and offered one way out. Therefore running away rather than tantrums, illness, quarreling, or some other veiled means of registering her unhappiness and striving for consideration. Anyone of us would assuredly have worked out some form of protest under the same circumstances. If an Emma had appeared, we would prob-

ably have seized on running away and the thrills of winning admiration just as Isabel had done.

What a person does in any situation is the logical thing for him to do, given his background of experience. If we knew every item of that, we could foresee what he would do. In fact, we often do, or we say, "Knowing him, we might have foreseen it!"

Logical thinking and immaturity of thinking can go hand in hand. Mature thinking, which means thinking in terms of give and take of a social world, is not to be expected of a youngster of nine or ten. What this child was striving for was to feel safe in her parents' affection and to be recognized as a real person. When she got this recognition from the first adult who treated her with consideration, she responded with even greater enthusiasm than she had to the proposals of Emma. Perhaps blindly, unconsciously, she realized that at the Children's House she was living at one with the world around her, while with Emma, it was the two of them, she and the outlaw Emma, against the world, fighting it in a frenzied revenge for the suffering it had heaped upon them.

Like Bob and his older brother, Isabel was expected to live up to the reputation of her older sisters. Like Stanley, whose story follows shortly, she, too, felt lost in the crowd. Again, she, like Sally Ann, must learn that she will have to pass many moments when she is forgotten in the press of other interests or even when she is disap-

proved. Then she will have to depend on something in herself to keep her serene. This something inside may be an inner approval, an inner purpose. It may be a realization that she is only a part of other people's lives, as they are only part of hers. She too must learn that willingness to be ignored is a measure of her advance in growing up.

WILLA—FROM REALITY

The earnest young mother was deeply troubled, partly because her five-year-old daughter Dorothy persisted in telling "falsehoods," but chiefly because the child resisted so passionately any interference with the dream playfellows she had fashioned for herself.

"They are dreams," said the mother, "and I know she should face reality. I don't want her to grow up unable to make real friends and afraid to meet real difficulties in life. What shall I do?"

This is a familiar problem among quiet, sensitive children. If the child were going to persist in this mental running away from life on into adolescence and adulthood, her mother would have reason to worry. But many a child I know, and many of my grown friends, have told me about the imaginary playmates of their childhood. Some of them were actually lonely because they liked to be part of a group and there were not enough children around to satisfy their needs, but most of them simply did not find real children as interesting as their dream children. One friend, now a professional woman of wide and deep sym-

pathies in her relations with people, said she didn't remember feeling lonely, but had persisted in keeping her imaginary playmates partly because they were more interesting than any of the children she knew, but largely because she could always mold them to her will, where she could not the more obstinate human material.

I was able to help Dorothy's mother by telling her the story of this friend, whom I called Willa, as I had pieced it together from her own account and from that of her mother. It has particular value because it shows an understanding family handling the situation without outside help.

"The Grampuses say they can stay for supper tonight, both of 'em. I'd *like* them to, mother. May they?"

Willa's voice was wistful.

Her mother hesitated.

"Please," begged the child. "They are so good and quiet, 'most always, like you tell me to be, and they've never, never stayed to supper."

"Very well, you may ask them to stay."

As Willa ran joyously out of the room, her mother went to the window and watched the playing in the garden below. Then she took off the telephone receiver and called her husband.

"Harry," she said, "the Grampuses are here again and what do you think Willa has taken into her head now! She wants to have them stay for supper. No, I did not refuse her. I rang up to warn you. Be sure to play up. Yes,

I know it will be weird, but we'll live through it and so will she. Selma Crawford's Sue had an imaginary playmate for years and outgrew it. So did Alma's boy. You know that. No, I'm sure you're wrong. Opposition only upsets her and will drive her further away into a dream life. I'm convinced of it and that the only way is to go along with her and yet take every opportunity to broaden and deepen her interests. I'll tell you what I have in mind when you come home tonight. I'm warning Helena and the maid, too. I'm counting on you to carry it off, remember."

Helena was Willa's ten-year-old sister. Willa herself was seven. Helena came in from school soon after.

"Willa's having her beloved Grampuses for supper to-night, Helena," said her mother, "and we'll all have to be very careful not to laugh or hurt her feelings in any way."

"Gee, that'll be queer, but it's O.K. with me. The Grampuses keep her busy so she doesn't tag around after our gang. I think it's swell she has 'em."

"You're sure, Helena, that she plays with other children at school?"

"Oh yes, mother."

"She says she does," went on the mother, "and the teachers say she never goes off by herself, and I've gone by the grounds several times and she is always in some group or other, so she can't be really lonesome. I wish, though, you'd play more with her, Helena, here at home."

"Aw, mother, she's so little. None of the gang want her. She can't keep up and she doesn't like what we like. And

when I do stay home with her, she never wants to play my games; and hers, really, mother, it's always fairies and house and magic. I'm bored to eztingshun."

"*Extinction*, Helena, if you want to use the word. I don't want to spoil your fun, you know that. And you're never mean to Willa, but I do wish you two could be more companionable."

"Can't you have her bring in some of the girls in her class every afternoon?"

"She begs off, you know that, because she prefers the Grampuses."

"Well, she can play all the fairy games she likes with them. What do you care, so long as she's happy? I won't forget about supper, mother. Won't it be funny! Oh, it's time to practise," and Helena disappeared.

Out in the garden the murmur of voices went on: "Now, Slinky, you can't get out of coming to supper. You're a big boy, and you never spill things on your chin. My daddy won't scold you. He's nice. And if Silky spills things, it doesn't matter, 'cause tonight she's little, aren't you, Silky darling? See, she says yes. How old are you today, Silky? Fwee 'ears ole" (this in a squeaky voice, then speaking naturally Willa went on). "Yes, you're the baby and I'm the fairy godmother and you're the wicked old witch, Slinky, and I'll be the mother too. Oo, you naughty bad witch! You can't come inside my magic circle and take my baby. But I can't find my wand."

Supper was a great success to Willa. Her little friends behaved themselves almost perfectly, even if she did have

to apologize for dabbles of egg on Silky's bib and on the doily under her plate. To be sure, there had been a short but intense session between father and mother before going in to supper, and Jennie, the colored maid, had rolled her eyes queerly as she offered vegetables and omelet to two carefully set, but empty places, served what was indicated by the squeaky or deep voice that came from Willa's place just beyond, and removed the untouched dishes.

Conversation did not lag. Slinky asked questions that only daddy or mother could answer. He also took brotherly responsibility for Silky. He admonished her for putting too much in her mouth. There was a bit of commotion when Silky choked over her food and had to be patted on the back. "That's 'cause you tried to talk while you were swallowing. 'Member what your mother says and don't talk with your mouth full," he reproved sententiously, "or Willa's nice mother'n father won't ask you again, will you?" turning to them.

"Oh no!" indeed they wouldn't.

A little later Silky was heard to remark that she hated custard. Instantly she was "shushed" by an anxious Willa, who explained that her parents did not like children who complained about their food. Her father and mother exchanged glances. The companionship of the Grampuses might have values they had not suspected.

There was one dreadful moment after dinner when the family was gathering in the living room.

"Oh, daddy, you're sitting on Silky!" shrieked Willa as

her father started to settle himself in his big chair under the lamp. He jumped as if he were shot, then looked sheepish, but turned and said gallantly,

"Oh, pardon me, Silky, I really didn't notice that you were sitting there."

Willa beamed.

"Aren't they nice, daddy? Wasn't it lovely having them to supper, and may I have them again?"

To her mother's surprise, he answered promptly, "Yes, they are well-behaved children. I think their parents must be very fine people, to bring up their children so nicely. I hope they will come again some evening."

Later he said to his wife: "It wasn't so bad as I expected. Do you know, I could almost see those two little creatures myself, as I suppose Willa sees them. I got so intrigued watching her keep three personalities going I forgot what I was talking about several times, and was afraid I'd get one of those reproaches for being absent-minded. One thing, if we have the Grampuses in from time to time, we two can retire from the table manners business. Willa knows all the patter, I see."

"I suppose she's had it dinned into her ears often enough to know it," said his wife thoughtfully and somewhat ruefully. "Her talking that way makes me think we've overdone along that line."

The following Friday Willa announced that she was invited to the Grampuses' for the week-end. "May I go, mother, only for Saturday and Sunday?"

"Yes, but be home Sunday by five o'clock," said her mother, wondering how matters were going to be arranged.

Next morning Willa got out her little suitcase, carefully packed night clothes, fresh underwear and her favorite "best" dress, kissed her mother goodbye, hugged Helena and—went out into the garden as usual, her voice floating up, sometimes her own, sometimes in Slinky's boy-tones, sometimes in Silky's bird-flute. The suitcase lay beside the steps of the side door.

At noon Willa picked it up, took it to her bedroom and kept it lying open for the rest of the two days, although she carefully hung up the "best" dress. Going down to lunch, she addressed her mother as Mrs. Grampus, Helena as Miss Grampus, and Jennie as Jane.

"But you didn't set places for everybody! There are two missing," she exclaimed. So the two extra places were set. For the evening meal her father was Mr. Grampus and his guest tried her hardest to live up to the amenities.

"And who is President these days, Mr. Grampus?" she asked.

"Dear me, what are we coming to!" she sighed at his answer. "Polyticks is a *very* mixey-up subjeck, don't you think?"

Helena snorted, trying to bury her laugh in her napkin. Willa turned on her reproachfully. "Polyticks aren't funny, Miss Grampus. My father says they are most awf'lly important." Then she turned politely, to address the other end of the table.

"This dessert is 'lishus, Mrs. Grampus. Just how *do* you make it? I'd like to ask my mother to make it too."

The transposition of own family into Grampuses continued without a slip until just before five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when Willa disappeared into her own room, emerged with her suitcase, went out to the sidewalk, rang the door bell and was again in the bosom of her family.

The following year was a busy one. There was practising. There was the dramatic group that met every Saturday morning, and Friday afternoons there was the dancing class, "fairy dancing," Willa called it. And Saturday afternoons there were hikes and games with "the club." Willa did not suspect that her parents were filling her days and making opportunities to bring her into contact with real people. There was little time for the Grampuses.

When she was nearly ten her mother asked one day, "Where are the Grampuses? They haven't been over for a long time. Have you quarreled?"

"Oh no, mother. They've gone away and they aren't ever coming back."

Willa's eyes filled with tears, but she went on resolutely, "They decided to emigrate, you know, in those big wagons, way up in Alaska."

"Haven't they written you?"

"No, it's too far away to write."

That was the end of the Grampuses. Nor did any other imaginary playmate take their place.

From Willa's story and from the experiences of others, we may feel sure that, practically always, the imaginary companions disappear when life becomes so full and interesting that there is no further need of them.

Dorothy's mother asked one important question.

"But Willa never faced the fact that they were imaginary. Isn't it of supreme importance that she do this?"

It is not important that a child say so in actual words. I know of no children who ever did. But each child admitted it tacitly in finally sending them out of his life. Some say they've moved away, or gone traveling. One child came in tears and said Blinka was dead. Another said there'd been a shipwreck and everyone was drowned.

It would be as unwise and as unkind to demand more as it would be to insist on a child's saying in words that he is sorry, after his actions have clearly shown that he is.

As to the question of truth and falsehood that worried the mother, imaginary excursions should never be called falsehoods. That word should be kept for lies told in protection of self and others, and for throwing the blame on to others. This throwing the blame is the only case where lying is actually "bad," because it shows a deep-seated lack of appreciation of the rights of others. Imaginary adventures show only that the real home is too dull for a highly sensitive and imaginative child.

In the story of the Houghtons the parents use another technique, equally successful, in handling a child who "romanced."

It is important to show such a child that the real world

is interesting. But it is equally important not to go too far in thrusting him into more social living. Don't try to change the type of your child. A quiet, imaginative child can be very unhappy when he is forced to be hail-fellow-well-met. Too great efforts in that direction will only make people more terrifying to him than before, and force him into still further retreat. There are important places for the student type of person, and for the dreamer, when the dreamer makes his dreams come true.

INTOLERABLE SITUATION X.

Refuge in Illness—from Growing Up

SALLY ANN

SALLY ANN was four years old when out of a clear sky came pneumonia, three agonized days, then the danger was past.

“Get her out in the sun and back to the normal routine

as quickly as possible. No coddling!" ordered the sensible physician.

That would be easy, the child had been so patient and good, and had never been spoiled. But it wasn't easy. Sally Ann had derived too much enjoyment from the exalted status of invalid. Her feelings were deeply injured at the sudden absence of hovering faces, of the jovial doctor, and of sickroom routine. She developed unexpected needs to bring her parents to her room, needs which had to be dealt with hard-heartedly.

Weeks later I asked her to come to lunch with me.

"Which dessert shall I have, jello or gingerbread?" I inquired, knowing her favorite dishes.

"Jello," was the prompt reply, "and when I'm sick again you can bring me gingerbread."

My mind flashed back. I had brought her gingerbread during the first days of convalescence. Gingerbread accordingly had linked itself with illness in Sally Ann's scheme of things. And gingerbread stood for satisfactions to be gained through illness. I thought quickly. Here was danger that the child might grow to think of illness as a state greatly to be desired. Something must be done to break up the association.

"Gingerbread when you're sick, Sally Ann! No indeed. Sick people mustn't have gingerbread. They have to have medicine and broths and whatever the doctor says will make them well. Don't you remember? I didn't bring you gingerbread until the doctor said you were well again."

"O.K.," accepted Sally amiably, and there was no fur-

ther mention of illness and its perquisites. Later, on being told the incident, Sally Ann's mother exclaimed, "I'm glad you headed her off. She said to the children with whom she was playing yesterday, 'I have to be IT because I'm the one who was sick.' So we'll all have to keep on our toes to make her think of sickness as unpleasant enough to be avoided. Wouldn't it be dreadful if our jolly little Sal became one of those whiney hypochondriacs like Mrs. Carver, whose only joy in life is working up some new ailment to talk about!"

Soon after, the opportunity came. After a Saturday and Sunday at home, nursery school on Monday morning had lost all attraction.

"I don't feel well, mommie. My throat hurts."

Mother looked and saw nothing. The little body was cool.

"Of course, if you feel sick, Sally Ann, you must stay in bed quietly. I'll bring you a glass of orange juice and pull down the blinds and you can have a nice, long rest."

Mother kept her word. No one came into the darkened room. At noon mother brought another glass of orange juice and slipped away. "Oh, no, you can't sit up and play, Sally Ann. Sick people lie quietly in bed."

I came in later and the mother told me what was going on. "But you needn't know anything. Go in as if you'd just come and see what she says."

Soon I came back laughing. "I'm a messenger. Sally Ann says she feels all well now, and would like to get up and play."

"Tell her she can at supper time, and have her supper with Jimmie."

Next morning the mother telephoned me. "Sally Ann is back at school. She had dressed herself entirely and was struggling with the hair-brush when I went in to call her. As she kissed me good-by she said, 'It's much more fun to go to school.' "

For the next two years there were no illnesses beyond the beginnings of colds which promptly succumbed to staying in bed for twenty-four hours, with school again next day. But when Sally Ann was seven there came an extraordinary series of upsets which were a definite trial of her ability to throw off the effects of illness.

First came measles, then chicken pox, then an awkward step and a fall that gashed her lip. She sat still in the chair and let the doctor take the necessary three stitches with only a local anaesthetic. Soon after came Fourth of July. The father brought home a few fireworks which he set off for the children. Then he gave each three torpedoes recommended as a specially safe brand. These they threw just as father told them, father standing beside them. It was great fun, until—Sally Ann's last one bounced back from the walk and exploded in her face.

Mother was upstairs, and rushed down as she heard the screaming. Sally Ann was stumbling towards her, her face, from the hairline, one stream of blood. Her father and terror-stricken Jimmie tore after her. "Quick, the doctor! Telephone!" said mother, and rushed the little girl into

the bathroom, where a rapid but gentle washing showed the eyes unhurt, and the blood streaming from a large, jagged circle in the forehead. The doctor was there in a few minutes.

"I'm giving her anti-tetanus at once," he said, "which means no anaesthetic while sewing up the wound. You'll both have to hold her." Then they went back to Sally Ann, who had stopped screaming and seemed completely self-possessed. "Hullo, Dr. Evans," she said, "I suppose you're going to sew it up."

"Sure," he answered in the same matter-of-fact tone.

"You just hold my head, daddy, and I'll be very still," she said, climbing up on the dining room table, spread with a clean sheet. Then she lay relaxed and did not utter a sound until the last of the five stitches had been taken. One tiny cry and she sat up.

"Isn't it time to go to the train, mommie? You said I could go to meet auntie."

"Wait by the car, dear," said the mother. Then she turned inquiringly to the doctor as the child ran out.

"Anything to keep her mind off what's happened. She's a brick. Tomorrow and for the next two days keep her in or on her bed. There may be some reaction to the anti-tetanus," he said.

For a while nothing more happened. The wound healed rapidly. About three weeks later mother heard Sally Ann padding about one night in the bathroom. "What's the matter?" she called.

"I'm just vomiting a little," cheerfully answered Sally

Ann. As an afterthought she said something about a pain in her side. "It's like the stomach-ache I've had lots of times."

Her mother realized that the child was being entirely too stoical and explained that she always wanted to know about aches. Meanwhile she sent for the doctor.

It was appendicitis.

"No need to operate immediately," said the doctor, "but if the symptoms recur do not waste any time. Meanwhile, don't stop her from any of her usual activities. Let her run and dance and swim. Just watch for anything unusual, as anything might be a symptom."

The next recurrence was a year later. The operation was performed. When Jimmie was allowed in to see her, he stood frozen for a moment in the strange hospital room, looking at his sister on the bed.

"It doesn't look like Sally Ann. It doesn't look like Sally Ann," he murmured; then, as she called to him weakly, he added, "but it *is* Sally Ann," and tiptoed over and kissed her hand.

I was on the other side of the bed.

"I'm in luck," she told me as I left. "It's vacation and I won't have to miss any school."

JERRY

Jerry's mother, too, cured her six-year-old son of what might have become a habit of using illness as an alibi.

"That tired feeling, mother. No, nothing hurts, just that

tired feeling," he complained on Monday morning just before time to start to school.

She kept him home the first time, but the second, again on a Monday morning, made her thoughtful. He had just started school and he liked the big group of children. But the rules to sit still and not to chatter with the others were a heavy weight, after the freedom of Saturday and Sunday. Besides those unchildlike words, "that tired feeling" had a familiar sound. Hadn't she made the same complaint to her husband? Jerry must have heard.

"As long as you don't feel well you must stay in bed, of course, and I'll give you a dose of castor-oil."

Jerry knew nothing about castor-oil. He nodded cheerfully. Mother ran to the drug-store and asked for the good old-fashioned kind.

"Castor-oil will cure that tired feeling," said mother.

And it did. There were no more complaints on Monday mornings.

HOWARD

Howard, a fourteen-year-old High School freshman, was sent to me by the principal because he kept demanding to see the school nurse. Physical examination had shown nothing wrong.

As he talked with me I realized that here was the only child of a widow, suddenly shifted from the complete authority and supervision of grammar school to the quite different atmosphere of High School. He was not pre-

pared for the responsibility that being a High-Schooler entailed. The sudden shift was too much. He was overwhelmed, and at first it made him really sick, he said. He was sent home. So he got sick often. Fortunately for him, his teachers began to put two and two together.

The boy was intelligent. One talk was all he needed. I showed him that he was trying to remain a little child who let others tell him what to do, while his body and his brain were getting too near toward manhood for that.

"High School isn't just for learning out of books and labs," I explained. "The biggest thing it does is help the boys and girls in their teens to stand on their own feet and to take responsibility for themselves. It helps you to grow up. It's paying you a compliment, because it is really saying that you no longer need to be told what to do in every detail."

"That's interesting. I hadn't thought of that before. But I do worry sometimes about whether I can make good. I'm all my mother's got. She expects a lot of me."

"And when you're sick she doesn't expect so much. Isn't that true?"

He blushed. "How did you know?"

"Do you dream sometimes?"

"Oh yes, every night. Sometimes I wake up with my heart thumping."

"Can you remember one of your dreams?"

"I have one that comes pretty often. I'm running and a big man with a huge black beard is trying to catch me. The last time I had it I seemed to be a very small child,

and I called out, 'Don't catch up with me!' so loud I woke myself up."

"Do you know where you were running?"

"Home to mother, of course."

"That's an interesting dream, Howard, because it is telling you something. It keeps saying, each time you have it, 'Don't let grown-upness catch up to you. Stay a little child whom mother can protect.' Do you see what I mean?"

He looked up grinning. "Say, that's a good one. Sure I see. I've been running home to mother all my life. Time I stopped it. Thanks awfully," and out he went.

There are few child hypochondriacs. In children the habit of getting what they want by illnesses is usually not deeply rooted. It is easy to break up.

Seven of the eight children told of in this chapter changed their illness technique after one explanation of what they really were doing, or one experience with an adult whom they could not successfully browbeat. Even fourteen-year-old Howard needed nothing more. In Elmer the habit of regarding himself as weak and therefore helpless had been instilled from birth. He is the only child in the group who could rightly be called a little hypochondriac, and even he responded so quickly that again it seemed a miracle.

The fact that they give up the illness technique does not mean that they invariably stop alibi-ing. Frequently they turn from one means to another to get their way before they can become convinced such tactics are useless. Mar-

garet, Paul and Elizabeth are examples of this, together with several of the children in succeeding chapters.

ELMER

Elmer was brandishing over the heads of all members of the household the weapons his mother had unconsciously put into his hands. Young, inexperienced and anxious, she had been told once by a physician to keep her baby on the bed and off his feet because of a slight hernia and flat feet. This man evidently did not know that all infants have flat feet.

At five Elmer was still wheeled in a carriage for his daily exercise and the nurse was strictly warned, in front of the child, not to let him be on his feet in the park, lest he hurt the arches, get hot and then catch cold and develop pneumonia. He might, however, be allowed to *sit* on a park bench if he got restless. Since Elmer's ears were good and his intelligence keen, none of the implications and suggestions was missed.

Besides, he had heard all his little life, the anxious questionings, "How do you feel?" "Aren't you a little hot?" "Are you *sure* you're not too tired?" So the young man, after leaving his mother, with full realization of his privileges, would threaten the nurse if she did not do what he wanted.

"I'll get off this bench and *run* up that hill and then you know what'll happen! I'll get hot and then I'll get sick and die and it'll be all your fault." Or, "Take my coat off

for me. I'm getting hot trying to do it myself, and then I'll get pneumonia and die. Mother says so."

I came into the picture because of a crisis in the family. The father was away. There were whispers of a probable divorce. The mother, worn out with her responsibilities, had gone away for a few weeks' rest, and her mother had come to take charge of the child. Solicitous grandma hovered over Elmer anticipating, she thought, his every want. But suddenly "he went crazy and threatened me with a knife. So I called the doctor, and he said to call you."

The nurse was gone. She left without notice when Elmer began to brandish the knife. I had my plan, for the doctor, a new man on the case, had told me what he knew of the situation. "Physically normal, spoiled child and over-anxious mother. Perhaps marital strain. The boy felt his oats with the mother gone and scared grandma into fits," was his diagnosis.

It happened to be my vacation. I could devote considerable time to Elmer, if necessary, so I arranged with his grandmother that I should arrive after his one-o'clock nap, take him out and get him to bed that night, and that possibly I would continue the same program through the next few days.

"Hullo, are you my new nurse?" he asked me when I came in. Grandma did not appear, according to plan.

"No, I'm a doctor, but a different kind of doctor from Dr. Hill," I answered. "I came to take you to play in the park."

He sized me up. "O.K. Where's the carriage?"

"Carriage? What for? We're going to walk."

"Mama says I can't walk. It'll hurt my feet. They're awful weak."

"Mama wants you to do what the doctor says. Dr. Hill says you can walk and I say you can walk, because now you are big and your arches are strong."

"Come on, then, quick!"

The joy of that afternoon! Elmer, unaware that I was watching to see that he did not overdo on his first day of liberty, frisked like a joyous lamb. He climaxed the series of unbelievable exploits by climbing a grassy slope and sliding down the smooth rock on the other side. It was a tiny slope, only a foot or two long, but it was a revelation. When it was time to go home his beautiful trousers were worn clear through!

Once at home, with grandma still out of sight, I gave him the light supper that had been prepared for him, and started him to bed. Suddenly he remembered his rôle, forgotten all the afternoon.

"You get out of here. I'll tell on you, making me run and climb! Grandma, grandma, come help me!" Grandma came running at this, but I spoke through the closed door.

"Don't worry. It will be all right. We had a grand time this afternoon."

"All right, if you say so," answered the worried voice from behind the door.

Elmer proceeded to show me his complete repertoire. He threw chairs, he jeered, he threatened to get sick and

die. I sat and pretended to read, occasionally saying softly, "When you're in bed I'll read to you till I have to go, or tell you a story."

"Aren't you scared of me? I'm a big giant. I'll eat you up! I'll kill you!"

He got no response. I turned a page without looking up.
He tried again. Still no response.

Suddenly I heard a rustle and a murmur, "Guess I might as well be good." Then a triumphant shout, "Look at me! I'm in bed. Come and tell me that story!"

"Fine. Do you know the story of Robinson Crusoe? It's a long one. If I don't finish it tonight I'll tell you the rest tomorrow."

Elmer was a good listener. He liked the story and I was careful not to finish it.

"Now I must go," I said. "Good night."

Up came two arms, which half strangled me as I bent over him. Then I went out to grandma, listening anxiously around the corner of the hall.

I told her about the day's experiences, explained that the boy was perfectly well and able to take a normal boy's exercise. And that even though it meant mending trousers, the exercise had made Elmer's cheeks glow and caused every morsel to disappear on his supper plate. I told her how funny it was to see Elmer suddenly remember that he must live up to his reputation as boss of the household, and how he had given in generously and completely when he found he didn't frighten me by his threat of getting sick.

"It's quite natural for him to have been spoiled under the circumstances," I went on, "but now that you are assured that he is strong you can treat him differently. You and your daughter want him, of course, to be a hearty, wholesome boy, and he can easily be one. He is a keenly intelligent child, and if he sees that you are not worried about his getting sick or overdoing, he'll stop using threats of sickness. Even if you are anxious, don't let him know it. But there is no need for anxiety. He's in fine shape."

I couldn't speak to her fully. It would have been too painful. They had actually been *teaching* him to be sick and to remain a baby. It was a fortunate chance that the grandmother, naturally the more difficult of the two to change, was the first convert to the new point of view.

I shall not forget the mother's happiness when she returned to a hearty little son. I have seen her several times in the three years since. She tells me the boy is distinguishing himself at school and is a pleasure to everyone.

NED

Ned's mother, a sweet-faced woman in black, handed me a note from her physician that read abruptly:

"This child, seven years old, father dead two years, an only child, is perfectly sound organically, so far as I can see, but complains continually of aches and pains. See what you can do for him and let me know. I'll be interested."

The mother gave me the usual story of an anxious

mother of one ewe lamb made the more precious by being all she had left. Then while she read in another room I called in Ned. He began chattering at once, giving me this important information:

"Did my mother tell you what my trouble is? It's imaginary illnesses. I've got lots of 'em. I guess you never knew anybody before who had imaginary illnesses!"

Here was my cue.

"Oh yes, indeed," I answered casually, "anybody can have them. Do you know what imaginary illnesses are?"

No, when it came down to it he didn't.

"Well, imaginary means something that isn't really real. You think it is real sometimes, but it is only in your mind. At night when you're in bed you can pretend you're talking with one of your friends, and say everything you'd like to say, and it will *seem* real, but it is only in your mind. You see? Well, that is the way with imaginary illnesses. You can think about them till they *seem* real. The good thing about them is that you can get rid of them by thinking, too. You just think that they aren't there."

Ned looked puzzled and doubtful. I went on.

"I know because they've happened to me. Once I read a book that told about all sorts of sicknesses and as I read I could feel myself getting each one of them, and then when I stopped thinking about them, I felt all right."

"Gee, that's just the way I feel. Do you think I can stop it like that, too?"

"Of course you can," and to the amazement of everyone, that was all there was to it. He told his mother he under-

stood now what imaginary illnesses were and that he didn't have to have them. He actually stopped at once all his fussing and complaining.

In his case the satisfaction of getting attention and sympathy from his mother was apparently not the real spur to his attempts at invalidism. There had always been a number of grown-up complaining invalids in the family and by imitating them he thought he was behaving like a grown-up. When for the first time he met an adult whom he respected who had other ideas about health, he promptly accepted the new model.

WARREN

Ten-year-old Warren was knocked down by an automobile as he was crossing the street. His parents instituted a claim for injuries, so large that it was contested. The boy had not been seriously hurt, but he did not get better. Though no longer confined to bed, he had become quarrelsome, querulous and irresponsible.

All this the parents laid to the accident. Their claim was pending, but meanwhile their physician suggested they come to the Guidance Clinic for psychological advice.

The boy began to talk about himself, the accident, his parents and his life in general. It was clear that he was in his glory as hero and martyr. The moment we were not all looking at him, his animation faded.

As a result the following conversation with his parents took place:

"Which do you want most, the money you may get from this claim, or the happy boy you had before the accident?"

"Our boy, of course," was their answer.

"Then drop the claim and all talk of it. You'll see that the boy will improve at once. I found in my talk with him that all he thinks about is the accident and how interesting and important it is making him. When he finds that you do not think it is important enough to bother about, he will change his attitude at once."

He did.

DICKY

Dicky's mother hated to see her baby grow up and start school. She had never let him go to nursery school or kindergarten, because the time would come soon enough, she said, when he would have to be away from her and she didn't want to miss a moment of his babyhood.

She had tried to prepare him for the "ordeal" of starting school and had been emotional about his "leaving her to go out into the big world." The result was that he became emotional, too, and on the morning that school opened, just after his sixth birthday, they both cried during breakfast. Emotion upsets digestion, so Dicky vomited as they neared the school.

His mother hurried him home, rejoicing secretly at the reprieve. Next day the same thing happened, and the next. Dicky never got farther than within sight of the school steps.

His mother decided that he was too delicate to start yet,

and Dicky was triumphant in his knowledge of how to bind his mother more securely to his will. Thereafter he used his power on all occasions when things were not going precisely to his liking.

The following year she realized he *must* go to school. He was too much surrounded by adults, and her husband was insisting on her stopping molly-coddling the boy. Dicky was lanky, saucy and no longer her curly-headed baby. She was not so emotional about him now. But Dicky had not forgotten his power. No sooner had the front door of their house closed behind them on the first day of school than Dicky wailed, "I'm going to spit up again!" and did so. She started solicitously, then caught a sidelong glance from her son, a cool, calculating glance.

"You're playing tricks on me, you naughty boy!" she exclaimed. "Now listen to me. You'll put on a clean suit, and start right back to school. And if you throw up on that one, you'll put on another but to school you go."

She did not have her own mop of curly red hair for nothing.

Dicky, again appraising her with that cool, calculating glance, decided she meant business. This time and thereafter he successfully made the journey to school.

JOHN

John's experience was somewhat different. He met his Waterloo on his first day at nursery school. He had parted happily from his mother, eager to explore the new and

fascinating surroundings. For a few moments he ran about, looking at everything and everybody. Then his eyes lighted on a small boy with a wheelbarrow full of blocks. He shoved the boy aside as if he were a stick of wood and proceeded to trundle the wheelbarrow himself.

"Get out of my way! Choo-choo, I'm an engine. Don't you see me coming!" he shouted, but at the words a big teacher blocked his path and said to him surprisingly, "Tommy was playing with that, so it's his till he's through with it. There are lots of other toys for you on the shelf."

"But I need the wagon. I need it for a train. Don't you see I'm an engine! Choo-choo! Get out of my way!" But his path remained blocked.

"After Tommy is through with it you may have it. Come, let's bring it back to Tommy. You wheel it."

John's eyes blazed. This was not the way to treat him. However, he knew an infallible receipt for getting what he wanted.

"I'll vomit if you don't let me have it," he threatened.

"Go ahead," answered the teacher. "See that cupboard? When you get through vomiting you'll find pails and mops there, so you can clean up the mess."

"But aren't you going to let me have what I want when I say I'll vomit?" exclaimed the astonished child. "My mama always does!"

"Here we don't," said the teacher. The child looked at her for a second, then walked quietly away and chose another toy from the shelves.

In the months that followed there was no further threat of vomiting.

Mother and teacher had a quiet conference. "He does do that," confessed his mother. "I didn't say anything about it to you in starting him in school because I hoped he would be so interested here he wouldn't get upset. I could fight tantrums or defiance, but a delicate stomach like that! I've never dared risk crossing him."

"Now that you see he's survived this experience without vomiting, you won't need to be alarmed. He's only threatening you. I've known several children who had the trick of vomiting to force people to give them what they wanted. There's no unpleasant taste, as there's no spoiled stomach, and besides, they know that generally the mere threat is enough."

"But isn't vomiting one of the signs of developing illness, just as a fever is?"

"Sometimes, but not when you look into the circumstances and see the child is avoiding a difficulty or getting a longed-for pleasure through vomiting. He knows you see through tantrums, so he is too wise to use those. You are afraid of his vomiting, so your canny young man proceeds to exploit your fear. Now, just for a moment, let us look at the possible consequences to his life and happiness if he continued to use these tactics. As he enters a wider world, and that may be school, or his first job, or his marriage, he will naturally expect the same treatment that he gets from you. How is he going to act when he finds that

this outside world doesn't coddle him as you do? Wouldn't it be logical to expect him to revert to bodily weakness of some sort when he encounters a difficulty, relying on his previous successes with you? For these successes have taught him the firm belief that the world owes him anything he wants. If he is denied what he considers his due, his use of bodily weakness is, he thinks, a two-edged sword. One edge would force his will. The other would punish the cruel world for refusing him."

"I'm following you closely. I'm much impressed, I assure you. But you use the word 'punish.' Just what do you mean?"

"Isn't he punishing you by being sick or threatening to be sick when you try to discipline him? Each child has his own special way of punishing those who do what he doesn't like. It's a habit which takes firm root and grows. The younger children are, the shorter the roots and the easier it is to change the habit. That is one of the best arguments for nursery schools. John, for instance, is now in a world where children and teachers will not be frightened by his weapons and, sensible little chap that he has shown himself to be, he's already learned that he has a better time when he is not running counter to the group. He may try the old method a time or two more, but I hardly think so."

John's mother was an intelligent woman. More than that, she was a reasonable one, and courageous enough to face herself and see that she had been making a mistake. With her, to see her mistake was not enough. She pro-

ceeded straightway to change herself. John found, to his surprise on returning home, that his precious weapon was hopelessly blunted, and that he was much more apt to get his wishes fulfilled when he was pleasant and obliging.

Timely help had, in all probability, prevented a little hypochondriac from becoming a permanent, self-made invalid.

INTOLERABLE SITUATION XI.

Lost in the Crowd

STANLEY

STANLEY was eight and he looked like a shivering white rat, with his red-rimmed eyes in a long, thin, white face. He was utterly pathetic as he stood huddled in the hall on his arrival at the Children's House, to be cured of incessant running away.

His parents could make no explanation. None of the children had ever given trouble before. There were nine of them, four younger than Stanley. Stanley was never naughty. He merely took to disappearing, and nothing could stop him.

During the first few days at the Children's House, he ran away just as determinedly. Nothing was going to hold *him*.

I had talked with him during his test and afterward. He didn't say much. Words were difficult for him. All he could talk about was his home. I got an impression of how full it was with its many children. His mother was always busy, he murmured.

Few and inadequate as his responses were, I began to understand the longing in his eyes and tones and in his half-spoken words. I realized that, absurd as it sounds, he had run away from his home because he loved it too much to stay there.

He was running away from a home where he was lost in the crowd. He loved it and hated it at the same time because it did not give him what he demanded of it.

"Do you think if your father and mother did not love you, they would care when you ran away?" I asked.

He brightened. "Did they?"

"Of course they did. They cared a great deal."

"Then I'm going back."

But before Stanley would be ready to go back into the crowd of his own family, he had to learn how to stand on his own feet. So I said,

"Later on you can go back. Your father and mother want you to stay here a while. This is a place where children learn to be big."

Then I showed him a way to watch how big he was growing. I handed him a sheet of paper ruled with twenty-eight squares, seven across, and with a broad space at the top.

"This is your star chart. See, I'll write your name on top. Every day that you do not run away, you put a pencil mark in a square. And every week you bring me the paper and I'll put a gold star like this,—pasting it on the corner of the sheet—"in each square that's marked. When you have a lot of stars in rows you'll know you are growing big enough to go home and stay home. What shall I write for you here, under your name, to show what the stars mean?"

"Write, 'I did not run away today,'" said the child.

He took the star chart upstairs with him, but next day he was gone. Again and again he started off, although he never got far. Each time he was brought back he looked whiter and more than ever like a frightened white rat.

I realized Stanley must feel lost in this crowd of school children, too, and that he needed what he had never had —a special friend.

So I arranged for him to come into my office every day so that we could have a little chat and play together and I could give him the gold star to paste on each day, instead of waiting till the end of the week.

I remarked that each star meant that he had been a brave boy who had not tried to run away from things. He

seemed to understand what running away from things meant.

He was running back to his father and mother, he insisted. Then I showed him that by earning the stars he was *earning* his way back home.

"And when you've filled a sheet with beautiful gold stars without a single break, would you like to frame it for a present to your mother?" I asked.

This appealed to him. He came eagerly to my office each evening. Soon he began to lose the rat-like look and to become a rather attractive little chap, still timid and appealing, but no longer furtive.

My haunting memory of him is of his clinging to my friendship as if it were a life-line.

Meanwhile we had tried to help his parents to understand his need. The mother had always been too busy to stop for endearments. None of the other children had needed them and she had not noticed that one of her flock was more sensitive and demonstrative than the others.

We told the parents of the child's wistful affection for them and how, though he had run away because he believed that there was no place in the home for him, he could not stand the separation and had tried again and again to run back to them. This touched them deeply.

"To think it all happened because he loved us, and here we were so taken up with business and house that we never knew him at all! From now on we will take time for all the children, especially Stanley, since he seems to need it the most."

Their whole attitude was changed. They saw then that the suggestions we had made of giving him a pat or a kiss in passing, or an extra big hug when his parents said goodnight, would not increase the burden of the busy parents, but would definitely lighten it, as the anxiety about him and the time spent on hunting for him really lessened. The suggestions, too, were apt to carry over to the other children. The older ones could understand why Stanley had run away, and they, too, could make him feel more one of them.

Stanley did win his way back home, with a fuller appreciation of what he could give to his family instead of expecting them to give him everything. He settled down contentedly.

There is a danger-point to come later when Stanley reaches the next weaning period, and takes a job. He must learn then to be independent of his parents. If they have gone to the other extreme and have given him too much attention, he may be as greatly hindered in a well-balanced development as if they had continued in their old ways and given too little. Stanley's parents are not likely to have too much time to give him. But they must change the kind of interest they show in him as he grows older. Growing up must shift a child's dependence on his parents to a friendly give-and-take companionship on an adult level.

Stanley helps us to understand the misery of a child lost, as so many are, in a crowd. Otherwise his story might

have been told among those of the children who ran away from different kinds of intolerable situations. Stanley could not bear to be overlooked by those he loved. In this he is like every other child in the world.

It is true that he eagerly accepted my statement when he first came, that his parents must love him or they would not feel so anxious when he ran away. Yet consciously, or unconsciously, he must have had a thrill each time he was caught and brought back. He had created a stir, he, Stanley, the forgotten and passed-over; also he *must* be valuable to his parents for them to try so hard to find him.

Thus each running away was another needed proof to him that he was worth while. Yet until he learned, at the Children's House, to face a difficulty squarely, he was never thoroughly convinced. Here again he is like many a child and many a grown-up, who is so afraid that he is really weak and inferior that he keeps putting himself to the proof.

ALTA AND JAFFREY

"Come see what I've got waiting for you! Dr. Martin can't be here today, but he wants you to go ahead with the psychological examination. She's an inveterate bed-wetter and a dumb-bell if ever I've seen one. Family says so too." This from the usually sympathetic and optimistic home-visitor, Miss Thomas, who was waiting for me in the hall.

I looked into the playroom of the Guidance Clinic for a moment or two before I entered. A huddled lump that was seven-year-old Alta blocked one of the windows. Her

eyes were fixed on the floor; not a flicker of interest in all her heavily seated body, though the room was lively with youngsters. Dully obedient, she rose at call and shuffled across the room to the door, eyes still on the floor, chin on chest.

An hour and a half later a pink and white bouncing ball came hopping out of the office, clinging to my hand, bright blue eyes upturned and dancing voice babbling gaily.

Miss Thomas, who had visited the family and had been so anxious to hear the results of the psychological examination, gasped. Surely this was not the same child! Just then a spare, determined little figure rose from a chair in the corner of the playroom, made a bee-line for Alta, seized her free hand, and announced in a businesslike tone, "I've come for Alta. I'm her sister Lena. Come along, Alta, I'm in a hurry." Off she started for the outer door, dragging Alta after her. Meanwhile, at sight of Lena, devastation had fallen upon Alta. The happy, vibrant body slumped again. The lifted, flowerlike face was sunk upon the chest. The dancing feet dragged.

"Who'd have believed it!" exclaimed Miss Thomas. "What did you do to that child? And what did Lena do? Yet Lena's not a bad sort. She's her mother's right hand. Takes care of the little ones while the mother does the housekeeping for the raft of children and the husband."

"I haven't seen your notes on the family. Give me a general idea," I asked. "I got something from Alta, of course."

"They are really good, hearty people, living in an old-fashioned comfortable apartment in a somewhat rundown neighborhood. Six children, with the oldest girl holding down a fairly good job. She gives her mother most of her wages. The oldest boy, next to her is nineteen, just beginning to feel his oats and to rebel at being expected to bring home his pay envelope and account for his comings and goings. The mother is worried about him. Lena is thirteen, in the seventh grade, takes care of the younger children. Mother calls her 'fresh' but relies on her. The only other boy in the family is Jaffrey, nine years old. He ought to be coming here too. He has night-terrors and wakes up the whole house. No trouble daytimes, his mother says; is very quiet. All of the children have done well enough at school. Then come Alta, seven, and the baby, Tessie, just turned four. Alta's the only stupid one of the crowd, the family says, and they say it right in front of her. She just sits with her head hanging, though she's up to grade in school. She has never been sick, but her bed's wet every night and has been for two years. Mother's tried scolding and shaming and whipping, all to no avail. All the child says is, 'I was asleep. How could I help it?'"

"Just what is Alta's school record?"

"She's in the second grade, doing rather better than average work, according to the teacher. It seems she gets along well on the school grounds. At least, nothing has ever been heard to the contrary. The teacher likes her. Now tell me, how did you find her?"

"All round good material. Quick, responsive; intelli-

gence average but she's delicate somehow, fine. She hung over the pictures on the wall, fingered the silk of my dress, and spoke of its color. You'll agree with me she blooms out under appreciation."

"Never saw the like. What do you make of it?"

"It's too soon to be sure, but my guess is that besides being the dispossessed baby (she was the baby for over two years, you know, and must have been a pretty one, and smart) she's so much gentler than the rest that she's been unable to hold her own against them. The boy with night-terrors may be somewhat like her. The others are probably more assertive, more able to look after themselves. The baby must be a great favorite. Alta's proud of her too, and is going to bring her over next week so I can see how she dances. But you notice that Alta's return to bed-wetting began when the baby was two, just old enough to begin to chatter and be a personality that would draw the family's attention away from the charms and exploits of Miss Alta. The baby was still not dry (you know there's not much training done in that kind of helter-skelter family), especially at night, no doubt, and so got attention from the mother. Thus Alta had a proof before her eyes of the value of baby tricks. She was too gentle to fight directly for her lost kingdom by taking it out in naughtiness or cruelty to the usurper. So she seized on something that had not only brought her attention in her own babyhood, but was getting Tessie attention at the moment. She started wetting again, and her logic was good. She certainly has received the attention she set out

to capture. Witness, here she is, a problem child. Now, what are your notes on Jaffrey?"

"His night-terrors were especially bad when he was five and six. That puts them also at the time that Alta's wetting began."

"Yes, she must have felt that the attention he was getting because of this was endangering her position too. So she was threatened on two sides. School, at all events, was not the difficult experience it is to so many sensitive children, according to what you told me. I gave her the usual talk and a star chart. We'll see how far she gets with no other effort on our part, until next week."

"One other thing," said Miss Thomas. "Three years ago they all became irritated with an older daughter who has since died. They kept jumping on her all the time, Mrs. Delmer said, only to find she was fatally ill with diabetes and neuritis. The mother has never stopped reproaching herself. That makes her afraid to be too strict with Alta. But she is inconsistent. If she gets irritated she relapses into her old quick-tempered way with all the children. She scolds, raps them on the head, yanks them by the arm. She seems afraid of her husband, who is very impatient. She was friendly to me, and very anxious to get help for Alta."

"What else do you know about the father and the general family relationship?"

"I met Mr. Delmer. He had been home sick for several days. He has been spending his time playing cards and has lost enough money to worry him, especially as his

compensation is not enough to make up for his weekly earnings. He owns the house they live in, but it is mortgaged and it is difficult to meet the payments. He is a large, fair man, very cordial to me, a despot to the family. He likes the house to be quiet when he is at home. He would like Alta to be helped, but he made it plain that he would undertake no responsibility himself.

"The rooms of the apartment are exceptionally large, light and airy. They were very well kept. There were plenty of toys and some books. In spite of the quarreling, I should say there was a strong family loyalty and affection."

The next clinic visit was partly a repetition of the first. A determined, protective Lena appeared with an unresponsive Alta and cherubic, four-year-old Tessie in tow. Lena pushed Alta into the waiting-room, answered for her and very definitely assumed the brunt of the visit. As she had brought her two responsibilities along with her, she was not in such a hurry and I got more than the hasty glimpse of her that I had had the week before. Plain, dark and thin, she was a marked contrast to the dimpled fairness of the two little ones. Tessie looked much like Alta, but was more poised, friendly with the assurance of the petted baby.

"Dance that new dance you learned at school, Alta, and taught Tessie," commanded Lena.

Alta started to obey like an automaton, but the rhythm of the simple folk-dance soon carried her away and she and Tessie went through it charmingly. Alta glowed with

the appreciation they received and Lena beamed in motherly satisfaction.

For the next few moments Alta was closeted with the psychiatrist.

"Let's go to my room now," I said to her when she came out. Lena instantly gave her a vigorous shove toward the door. Head drooping, Alta dragged behind me.

"I have your chart all ready, Alta. How many stars are we going to put on it this week? One?"

Alta, who was looking a little upset, suddenly beamed as she shook her head.

"You don't mean there won't be *any!*"

The head shook emphatically and the dimples came.

"You mean there will be *more* than one?" enthusiastically.

A nod with another flash of dimples.

"Two?"

"More!"

"Three?" incredulously.

"More."

"Four?"

"More."

"*Five!!*"

A series of nods.

So congratulations were in order. It was clear that the family expectations had been set for perfection and Alta made to feel that she had not done well. So she had to be shown that we appreciated any evidence of effort and improvement on her part. Lena would have to be coached,

too, how to interpret this to her mother and the rest of the family.

"Let me have the piece of paper I gave you to mark the star-nights," I said.

"I'll go get it. Lena has it."

I added another mental note to what I must say presently to Lena. Alta *must* be allowed to take her own responsibilities.

Meanwhile Alta returned triumphantly with the bit of paper, grimy by this time, with five black crosses penciled on it, three of them in succession for the three days immediately following the first visit. Her joy in putting stars in the proper spaces of the new star-chart with her name printed on it above the caption, "I HAD A DRY BED," was a pleasure to watch, but her collapse like a pricked balloon once back in Lena's presence was pathetic, well-meaning as the older girl really was.

Lena's cooperation was obtained, though she was clearly doubtful as to the wisdom of letting Alta be responsible for the carrying to and fro of the precious weekly report. Alta had not been allowed to mark her own crosses either, the mornings that the bed was dry, but from now on it was stipulated that Lena would give her the pencil. And she would tell them at home that we had said that no one was to scold when the bed was wet, but everyone was to show pleasure when it was dry.

This was all much easier said than done. Throughout the three years that Alta came to the clinic, there was constant difficulty in getting full cooperation from the home.

Lena seemed sure that she was slighting her duty if she did not find fault and do some ordering. Her own self-respect apparently demanded this. That was her way of keeping her personality from getting lost in the crowd at home. In the playroom we grew to like her, in spite of longing at times to shake her out of her domineering, for she was kind-hearted, really fond of the children and never shirked her responsibilities. Indeed, she overdid them to the point of irritation.

On the third visit, the trio appeared again, with a record of six stars. Lena seemed as proud as Alta and was much impressed at the "fuss" made over her sister. She remained in the background except when she was asked to join the chorus of admiration. Alta glowed with a new self-respect though Lena again produced the record. Her mother had been afraid Alta would lose it on the way.

"Six dry nights! Splendid! Perhaps next week it will be all dry nights! If it is, you'll earn an ice-cream cone for yourself and one for each of your two sisters."

This suggestion was to serve a double purpose:—to let Alta see that she was able to do something for others as well as for herself through her own efforts, and to let Lena understand that there were times when she, the big sister, had to be dependent on little Alta. At the same time there was an underlying appeal to Lena to be particularly encouraging to Alta in order to help her have the seven successive dry nights.

The following week we could hardly control our impatience until the trio hove in sight. We saw from afar

that the ice-cream cones were to be a reality. There were great rejoicings, but alas, after this one perfect week, there were constant back-slidings! It is a great sacrifice to ask of any child to give up the treasured techniques that he has learned always bring him the longed-for attention. Just as soon as the newness of dry nights had worn off, the family took to expecting them as a matter of course, and no attention was paid them. No one could blame Alta then if she felt that she was being penalized for her efforts to keep her bed dry. So she relapsed into the old habit which had always brought her into the limelight, even though the limelight meant scoldings or something more drastic. We tried to explain this to Lena at clinic and to the mother, but always in vain.

Alta and her family were told that hereafter she must bring her own star-chart even if she did lose it. From this time on the appearance of the record was always a signal for many stars. The paper was forgotten or lost when there were too few dry nights. It was like a thermometer recording Alta's feeling of shame of guilt. She began to appear alone with Tessie, independent of Lena. Her chum often came with her, and the three played happily with the other children in the waiting-room.

She remained gentle, lovable and dependable with us, but at home there was a new development. She was no longer spineless and "dumb," the mother told Miss Thomas one day when she called at the house. She refused point blank to follow our plan of no liquids after five o'clock. She complained that she was thirsty and in-

sisted on drinking two glasses of water at dinner and two more just before going to bed.

She was always refused at first, but then she would "set up such a howl" that her father insisted it be given her to quiet her. When her mother tried to get her up at eleven or twelve so that the bed should be dry, she would fling herself to the floor, kicking and shrieking so that she awakened everyone. The tenants complained. Her father ordered her mother and sisters to let her alone.

Alta, fully aware of the advantage she now held, started utilizing the new technique to get her own way in other things, for she knew her mother would do anything to have peace when her father was at home. Therefore she would frequently start a tantrum just before he was due for dinner.

"Alta says that if we try to make her get up at night she will wet still more," interposed Lena.

At this stage of the recital Alta, who could not be gotten out of the room, fell upon the tattler Lena, pounding her with both fists. But when her mother opened the bedroom door and showed the visitor the wet bed, still open to dry in the middle of the afternoon, the child ran and hid in another room.

On the next visit to us she was told she was not playing fair with the family at home, and that nearly eight years old didn't act like three. To give a positive note to the conversation, she was promised as many invitations to a party we were giving for all the children who came on the weekly clinic visits as she had full weeks of stars.

When the party day arrived, Lena and Tessie came as guests of another child who had been more cooperative. Alta lost her little independent air and stayed closely at Lena's side, without a vestige of initiative.

During the second year she was not asked about the bed-wetting, but was called in for friendly visits with the clinic staff and encouraged to bring books in which she was interested and to read bits of them aloud to us. While she was doing this there was a slight improvement at home. Then came a change in our staff. Miss Thomas had to leave and a new home visitor took her place. Alta was introduced as one of the old friends who could be relied on for help.

This was too much for her. She waited till Dr. Martin and I had left and then led a group into my office and began noisy games, threw ink and was rude and defiant when the home visitor tried to stop her. She did the same thing the following week and was even more defiant. She was perfectly sure she did not have to obey this newcomer. She did not take it seriously when told she could not come back for four weeks, and returned the following week. She was amazed when refused admission, and marched indignantly into my office.

"That Miss Smith says we can't come here for a month. She isn't the boss. I don't have to mind her."

"You're mistaken, Alta," I answered. "Whoever is in charge of the playroom is the boss. I have nothing to say about whom she lets in and whom she keeps out. If she said a month, then it will be a month."

Exactly four weeks later, the old gentle Alta, accompanied by an equally gentle little chum and the cherubic Tessie appeared and resumed their old places.

A few months later, when there was another change of home visitor, the two tried their powers again. I reminded them of what had been the outcome previously, and they promptly took the hint. However, they asked,

"Always, is whoever is in this room the boss?" thus betraying their real attitude toward authority, an attitude that is found in adults as well as in children often enough to strengthen many sociologists in the belief that the mass of human beings is as yet far from ready for real democracy.

In Alta, respect for authority was evidently based on fear, tinged with awe and a real affection for those by whom she was well treated. The moment that there was a shifting of the outward signs of the authority with which she was acquainted, she dropped into lawlessness. Her gentleness and submissiveness changed at once into leadership in anti-social activities. There was no real self-control or social responsibility to keep her law-abiding. In her home she was using the belief in herself she had gained in clinic anti-socially also, in her tantrums and refusals to abide by the household regulations. Naughty as this sounds and uncomfortable as it was for the family, it was a healthier outlet for the child herself than the crushed submissiveness she had shown before. At least, they all had to learn a certain respect for her and it was noted that there were no more remarks from home about her

"dumbness." She was now a force to be reckoned with. That meant that she had taken her place in the family, even though she had had to fight for it and continue to make herself disagreeable to retain it.

Out in the world, as a grown person, she may follow the same trend. If she finds herself in an environment she considers authoritative, she will be docile. The moment she thinks she sees authority weakening, she will be apt to try to take advantage. Many do this. All babies do. It is a sign of immaturity, showing that one is not really ready to take one's place in the world as a cooperative member of the group.

It was interesting to remember that just before the first rebellion, while Miss Thomas was still there, she and I had started at the same moment to call each other's attention to the change in Alta's face;—the disappearance of the baby expression and the new squareness of jaw she was developing.

Alta is a loyal little soul. Affection and loyalty are part of her difficulty in shifting allegiance to a new source of authority. She never ceased her inquiries after Miss Thomas, and wrote her letters telling how lonesome she was for her.

During the third year the older sister married. In the excitement of the preparation for this event, at which Alta was to be a bridesmaid, the wetting disappeared for four weeks, and the doll, long promised for four weeks of dry beds, was earned at last. With that achievement effort relaxed, wet beds appeared again about twice a week for

a couple of months, and then, with no apparent cause, the entire difficulty ceased and did not return.

In its place, however, came nail-biting, an entirely new development. A manicure for each finger that had a nail long enough soon straightened that out, but the fact that when one means of attention-getting stopped another had to be substituted, shows how deep is the need in any human heart to keep from sinking into insignificance. Alta's behavior difficulties call out to us as clearly as if they were words.

"Don't over-look me! I won't let you over-look me! I'll use anything to force you to keep me in mind."

Jaffrey, Alta's brother, was eleven before he would come in to see us. He was then in the sixth grade. He looked like Alta and seemed to have the same sensitivity and delicacy, so at variance with the family pattern. It had been very hard to persuade him to come, partly because of shyness, partly because he was ashamed to admit the reason his parents wanted help for him. He shared a room with his older brother, and if his brother were not at home to go to bed with him, he was afraid to go to bed alone. He would slip over to the girls' room and crawl into bed with them, or lie whimpering and calling for his mother.

He was ten years younger than his only brother, with Lena in between, so he was practically an only boy among girls. There was the attack of meningitis that caused his life to be despaired of for four days. He remained seriously

ill for two months. He has always been "nervous" since, and developed night-terrors which were especially severe during the years when he was five and six. It may have been mere coincidence that baby Tessie was born at just this time, but it is more likely that these terrors came because his mother gave the baby the place in her room which had belonged to the sick little boy. When he found that his fright at being away from her brought him attention, fears became a habit.

All this had brought him, until recently, more than his share of his mother's care. On the social side, he had not been affected by her solicitude. He had his share of the family responsibilities and did not shirk. He got on well with other boys and could play amicably with his little sisters.

By the time he began coming to clinic he seemed so perfectly well that his mother had outgrown her anxiety and whacked at him as she did the others when he "got fresh" or tracked in mud or snow. He would dive into his bedroom and lock the door till she forgot him, but he was afraid of his father.

On account of his illness he did not start school until he was eight, but he had extra promotions and did well. He was fond of reading and though he made friends easily, he often lapsed into day-dreams, revealing that real life, as he was living it, was not altogether satisfying.

The particular combination of inheritance of these two children had evidently started them out with more sensitive nervous systems than the others. They felt more keenly.

Therefore they acted differently from the others. Acting differently they were differently treated. The longer this went on the greater the difference between them and the rest of the family would become.

Why did not these two sensitive children, lost in the middle of the large, aggressive family, also behave alike? Why did they differ from each other? Jaffrey's method is much more socially acceptable than Alta's. Although his nervous system may have been much like hers to begin with, he was the second of two boys among four girls, almost an only boy by reason of the many years between him and his brother, and that is a much more favorable position than to be one of four girls. Furthermore, his illness brought him into prominence again, even when there were two younger children. With his position as youngest boy and his long invalidism, there was no need for him to go to the lengths his sister did to keep attention focused on him.

Jaffrey did not come regularly to the clinic. In fact, he appeared very seldom and friendly interest and suggestion were found to be the only means of reaching him. I felt that little progress was being made. The parents did not seem able to change their attitudes of alternate spoiling and severity, and the older children followed the parents' pattern.

However, now that Alta has learned to assert herself, we are more troubled about her brother than about her. We would like to give him more courage to help him grow into independent manhood.

Life is usually difficult for the day-dreaming, fearful person. Parents worry less about this quiet and "good" type, while the psychologist worries more. Jaffrey was really an older version of Paul in the story of Paul and Margaret. The problem is always to increase courage sufficiently to meet life.

INTOLERABLE SITUATION XII.

Adopted

ARTHUR

"WHAT's eating Arthur Lane? His work has taken a sudden slump. His behavior is becoming impossible. Now he's beginning to jerk as if he had St. Vitus's dance!"

"And see here," added the boarding-school principal,

pointing to Arthur's report-card. "Till little over a month ago he was one of our honor boys. There is no explanation of the change in him! Yet there *is* a story behind it."

I began to read the packet of letters which the principal had pulled from his file. They had been written by Arthur Lane's father and mother from one of our pleasantest suburbs, and their tone was warm-hearted and intelligent. Certainly Arthur had had a favorable home.

But the outstanding effect of the letters was one of hurt bewilderment. For the story of Arthur's thirteen years of life before entering the school held a curious parallel to the story of his seven months in the school itself.

He had started life so well. For twelve and a half years as a bright, obedient son he had given pleasure to all who knew him. And then suddenly, without any possible excuse or reason, his character had completely changed.

The first symptom was a strange hateful attitude in all he said and did. The climax was his parents' discovery that at the same time he had been stealing money from the neighbors' milk bottles. Yet when they faced him with the charge he showed not the slightest shame or repentance. Instead he defied them, and went right on stealing! In desperation they had sent him to a strict boarding school. It was clear that they felt overwhelmed.

"The odd thing," remarked the principal, "is that although Mrs. Lane thought it important to be frank about the problem she was turning over to us, there never was any problem so far as we were concerned. Not till now, I mean. The boy is a natural leader. He got along with

everyone. And everyone, boys and teachers, trusted him. Naturally, the one or two of us in the secret were watchful at first about money. That's easy where all the boys have the same small allowance. But that's never been his trouble here. It's just that he won't study and he won't even try to behave, and that punishment only makes him defiant. What's worrying us now is his physical condition. The doctor's report is 'possible chorea' with a question-mark."

"Perhaps your own diagnosis is more exact,—something's eating him," I answered. "I'll give him some tests as an excuse for trying to find what it is."

I did not know Arthur Lane. For, busy elsewhere, I came to this school only as consultant on special problems. But already I suspected that the petty stealing, which was naturally uppermost in the parents' fear of a permanent flaw in their son's character, could be quite differently interpreted:—that it was one symptom along with other symptoms, of an underlying cause which had nothing to do with character. And that once we got at that cause we need never fear a return of dishonesty.

The clue to that possible cause lay in my hand—a letter from Mrs. Lane.

In the consulting-room I found a youngster in the lank stages of early adolescence, attractive in spite of his dejection and hollow eyes. A friendly remark set him at his ease and he started cooperatively on the vocabulary test. Word after word he defined with a clearness that would have done credit to a college student. But as I drew out

a couple of sheets of paper in preparation for the next test, Arthur looked embarrassed, hesitated, and then said, his voice trembling,

"If there's any writing about this I'm afraid I'll do it badly. See how my arm shakes. I guess it's because I don't sleep much any more."

I followed this lead and in a few minutes I was in the midst of an avalanche of words.

His thoughts just wouldn't let him sleep. It kept coming over him, how terrible it all was. It had been bad enough at the beginning, but the last few weeks he hadn't been able to think of anything else, and between that and not sleeping and eating, everything had gone worse and worse. Before he was sent away to school he had found out a terrible thing. Here he stuck, a lump in his throat, speechless. I urged him on gently.

"I went right home and asked my father and mother, when I found out from the other boys that I wasn't their own child, and they stuck to it I was. But the boys were sure because their mothers had said my mother had told them. So I began to see why I was always being picked on at home. If I'd been their own they wouldn't have picked on me for every little thing. It was because I was adopted!"

"It kind of knocked me out and it made me mad, too, and I thought if they were going to pick on me because I didn't have anyone of my own to stand up for me, I'd have to stand up for myself, and then they got madder and madder. And they wouldn't let me have any money

because they said nobody needed money in our little town except for food and clothes and those father paid for, but all the other boys had pocket money and I owed them treats, and early one morning in bed it came over me that I'd never ask my father and mother for anything again, but rustle some money for myself, and the picture of those milk bottles with the money in them came into my mind so hard that before I knew it I was up and sneaking the money out of them. I didn't seem to care if I was a thief or not.

"After that every time I was jacked up for something at home I'd think about those milk bottles and early in the morning I'd go the rounds. Sometimes I'd feel ashamed but mostly I was just mad. Then it all came out and I got sent here and I was glad to get away from a place where I didn't belong. You know I didn't even think about my mother and father at first. Then my birthday came. That's when it all came over me.

"It was my birthday and I didn't know who I was. All I knew was I knew who I *wasn't*. Nobody caring about me, an adopted child, picked on and kicked out, no place to go when I get through here. Everything got kind of black and I couldn't think and I couldn't sleep with all those things never letting me alone and worrying about what would happen after I finished school and . . . and I *did* like my mother and father!" he finished brokenly.

"I think I understand, Arthur. A little bit, anyway. Thank you so much for telling me. And if there's any more you think of afterwards that you'd feel better about

if you could talk it out, just go ahead. Now how would *you* like to listen to a story?"

"Go ahead. I'll try to listen. But I told you how it was with me."

"Once upon a time a mother and a father came to a big hospital in the city," I began. "Their eyes were swollen, for they had been crying a great deal and they said, 'We've just lost our two babies with influenza. Our home is empty and our hearts are empty and we want another baby. Have you one here that needs a good home?'"

As I talked, I watched Arthur's eyes, fixed on my face.
"And what happened?"

"The superintendent said, 'Just now there's only one tiny baby and that one is so frail we don't think it will live. Its mother died when it was born and its father is dead, too. I'm sorry, but I'll let you know when we have a strong, healthy baby.'

"But the mother and father looked at each other and the mother said, 'If good care and love will make that baby live, please let me have him. I know what sick babies are. Perhaps no one else will want him and he will have no home.'

"So that father and mother took that sick little baby and gave him the love they had felt for the two babies who had died, and he got well. He became a fine little boy and they were proud of him. They planned that he should do wonderful things.

"And they thought, 'Perhaps it will hurt him if he thinks he was not born to us. We will never let him know

he really is not our own because we love him so and because the law has given him to us.'

"So when their boy came to them and asked if it were true that he was adopted they were frightened for fear he would think they did not love him and for fear he would stop loving them. And they said, 'No.' "

Arthur's eyes were swimming and his cheeks were flushed.

"Can you see now, boy, how it all happened? Fathers and mothers have to take what they can get when they have their own children. They have no choice. But they *choose* an adopted child. Think how much that means.

"People who think only about themselves would have chosen a rollicking baby who wouldn't make them worry and trouble, and would give them a lot of fun. But *you* were chosen by your parents because you needed them, and they loved you the more for it. When you remember the two babies whose place you took—you have so much more love than most children."

Arthur's head was down on the table but when he raised it there was a new expression on his face.

"I'm glad you told me all this. I wish I had known it before. But I see why they didn't want me to know. Gee, I'm glad I know now!"

"I'll come again to see you tomorrow, Arthur. I must go now. Tomorrow we can talk some more if you like."

Next day a radiant Arthur rushed up eagerly.

"I feel like a different person," he exclaimed. "I was

so happy about what you told me I went to sleep right away, and this morning the jerking in my arms is gone. I've got one new worry, though. How am I ever going to make up to my father and mother for the way I've acted? I want to see them and I'm scared to see them. They've stuck to it so about my not being adopted."

"I've been thinking about that, too. I wonder what you think of this:—They've done so much for you, and now you have a chance to do something big for them. As long as it gives them comfort to think that you believe you were born to them, how about letting them go on thinking so? Never let them know you know otherwise, and just give them all the love and happiness you can. Would that seem possible?"

"I think that's great. They told a lie to keep me from feeling hurt, and I guess it's up to me to make them think I believe it."

"Fine. And now let's go on with the tests. I'm sure you'll enjoy this one."

The rest of the series of tests went well. The jerks and tremors were almost unnoticeable. The quality of the whole performance showed a keen mind and good judgment.

"What do you want to be when you are grown up, Arthur?"

"I want to keep on at school and college and study law and get to be a judge. I'd like to have a court for children so I can help boys who get in trouble. You'd never guess

how many of the boys here are doing things they oughtn't to. And I've learned a lot about why."

Immediately after this second interview reports began coming in of a change for the better in Arthur's attitude and work. It was not long before he had won back his former privileges and honors. Two weeks later his parents came to visit him. He sent word after their visit that he wanted to talk with the psychologist.

He had gained in weight and in poise. I saw already the well-built young man he would grow into.

"I was going to do what we planned," he began, "but I didn't have to! They said they had been talking it over and they thought it was a mistake not to tell me the truth. That was why they came. To explain everything.

"It was all just the way you told me, the way they chose me and the way they loved me and the other babies and how they wanted me to take their place in the world. We talked about a lot of things. We had a wonderful time. And then I told them about how I wanted to be a children's judge."

"Did they like that?"

"They thought it was great. Do you know what they said? They're going to send me to college and let me study law so I can get started right off preparing myself."

MARGUERITE

When ten-year-old Marguerite was brought to the Children's House we were ready to be very careful. Her par-

ents had warned us of her tendency to be familiar with boys. They had not been able to control this and were afraid to be responsible for her any longer at this time.

They brought her to us rebellious, her face swollen with crying, her only words, "I hate you," repeated over and over.

During the first few days I was her frequent companion, for the child was in such a state that we felt it would be unwise for her and for the other children to be thrown together until she had calmed down and we had come to know her. We generally kept each new child in a friendly isolation of this kind for a few days. So she stayed in the little suite near my office and we went for walks together.

I found her extremely intelligent. She used her ten-year-old experience with the ability of a much older child. She was a beauty, something like a marguerite herself, all white and gold, poised on a tall slender body, and her big, corn-flower blue eyes were deep and shining. After two days, she responded to my interest with a passionate gratitude that spoke silent volumes.

She was an adopted child. Her parents had given up hope of ever having a child of their own, and had found this lovely baby, two years old, in an orphanage. Everyone turned to look at her as she was proudly carried in her new father's arms, and she nodded and beamed, waved her hand and threw kisses. A love of a child. The father was a lawyer and he and the mother planned the best of education for this promising youngster.

Within a few months came, what so often comes with

the adopting of a baby after childless years, the realization that they were to have a child of their own. This baby was another girl, who grew up pretty and charming, although never the beauty that Marguerite was. The two girls were devoted to each other, especially little Irene to Marguerite, but Marguerite became more and more demanding of her parents as the years went on. She was good to Irene but could not bear to see her get two candies, for instance, if she herself did not have at least three. As a baby she had played for attention in public in a way that everyone thought cunning. But as she grew older the trick began to worry her parents. She came home one day a few months previous with candy given her by a "nice man." She had long been told never to accept anything from a stranger. She was punished for this by being shut in her room all day. The next day a neighbor telephoned the mother that Marguerite was at her house. She had noticed the child walking down the street with a stranger, and, alarmed, had called her in. In a fit of anger the father, when he got home and learned of this, told the girl with no softening of the blow, that she was no child of theirs. She turned white and said in a tight, hard voice,

"So that's why you don't love me. Well, I don't love you either, I only love Irene."

After that she became an aloof little figure in the house, causing less trouble than she had before, always devoted to Irene, apparently playing as usual and practising her piano.

Then one Saturday Marguerite did not come in to

dinner. Irene had not seen her since lunch. While they were anxiously wondering what to do the door bell rang. A man and woman were half-carrying Marguerite.

"I'm afraid your little girl's leg is hurt," said the man. "The car she was in had an accident, a lucky one. None of the boys were hurt beyond bruises. We came along just as they turned over, and I brought the little girl back."

Any parent would have been frightened by the child's behavior. But these were more than normally alarmed because of their fear that Marguerite had a bad inheritance that might contaminate their own little girl.

So they isolated her in the guest-room while her leg was healing, would not allow Irene to see her, and continually reproached her for her misconduct, uttering dismal prophecies. Marguerite remained silent.

One day the mother found a cheap bracelet hidden in the pocket of the child's sweater. She took this as a confirmation of her worst fears.

"You wicked child, what does this mean?" she cried.
"What have you done?"

Suddenly Marguerite could bear no more.

"They liked me, they liked me, I tell you," she screamed.
"They didn't hate me the way you do!"

"No one should ever take a child from an orphanage!
I might have known there was bad blood that would show up!" exclaimed the mother.

In answer Marguerite began calling her one foul name after the other—words inconceivable for a child to have known.

The mother's instant reaction was to get the child out of the house.

The frantic child was packed off to us. It was a question with the parents whether she should ever make her home with them again. They had not wanted to give her up, but they feared for Irene. Perhaps if Marguerite spent a few months with us she would learn to look at things differently and be able to come home.

This was the story I knew. The parents were likable. There seemed to be a genuine affection for their adopted daughter in spite of the trouble she had brought upon them. And besides, Irene was unhappy without her. Marguerite would surely never do anything to hurt Irene once she was home again.

Knowing all this from the parents, I understood the fervor of gratitude that shone in Marguerite's eyes when I showed interest in her. But I waited for her to feel the impulse to speak. It came the second night, when she began shrieking in a nightmare. With difficulty she was quieted back to sleep and next day she told me what she could about it. She often had bad dreams, she said. People and bears were after her and sometimes snakes. This time she thought she was really awake and saw "spooks" making passes at her from everywhere around her bed.

"When you are afraid of people and of animals in your dreams," I said, "it sometimes shows that you are very unhappy and think that people have been bothering you. Are you unhappy, Marguerite? I've been thinking so."

Her eyes flashed.

"Wouldn't you be unhappy if everybody hated you? My father and mother hate me. They've got their own child to love. I'm adopted. I don't know who my real parents are. Oh, I wish I was dead!"

"Can you tell me about it? I'll try to understand, and perhaps can help you feel better. It helps a lot to be able to talk to someone."

"All right, I'll try. You're the first person I've ever liked except Irene. How they talked to me while my leg was bad, damn 'em to hell—oh, I didn't mean to say that," distressedly. "I'm going to try so hard not to say those words any more. I'm always scared I'll say 'cm. I just hate 'em and yet I say 'em. Mostly they come into my mind when I'm in bed, and sometimes I don't dare try to go to sleep—" she broke off sobbing.

"It's all right. I understand. When you feel better you won't need to say them any more. But tell me, isn't there something that comes up in your mind every time you want to say those words?"

"How did you know?"

"Because the same thing happens to lots of people. When they talk it out they feel better."

Encouraged a little, she began. She stumbled over her words. Sex words, sex images, sex overtures, these were hard to her to say. I handed her paper and pencil. "Writing them will be just as good as saying them," I assured her.

Relieved, she wrote, handed me the paper, and went on speaking.

"And they liked me. They liked me and they bought me candy and some of them gave me nickels. I knew it was bad, but I knew then I was adopted and I thought maybe I had to be bad, and I got all mixed up. Sometimes I wanted to be bad, I was so mad at my father and mother. Whenever I'd think of them I'd want to go right out and be bad. Then I'd be ashamed and sometimes, I don't know just how to say it, when I wanted to be bad, and didn't want to be bad, sort of ashamed and I thought about Irene, those words would come out."

"And then you didn't want to go out and be bad after you'd said the words, isn't that it?" I asked.

She nodded. "If I even whispered them to the dark, I could go to sleep."

"That was a pretty good way. They didn't hurt anybody then. That shows you are not bad, if you try not to hurt people. I know you love Irene, and that's good. Tell me more about Irene."

"She's sweet. She's got big brown eyes and straight hair with bangs, and we play house together all the times. I'm the mother and she's the baby. I never have to spank her, she's always so good. If I needed to spank anybody I had a big doll and I pretended it was bad."

"Were you spanking it because it was big, like your mama, and you were angry at her?"

"Yes, she wouldn't give me things and I was the oldest. I ought to get more than Irene. She wasn't fair and neither was Daddy. And when I said so they punished me."

"Parents often give all their children exactly the same things, because they think that's the only way to be fair.

Isn't that queer—I used to be angry at my parents, too. They made me eat the same supper as the babies till the youngest baby was big enough to eat the grown-up supper."

"That wasn't fair!"

"Maybe not, but they thought they were doing the right thing. I got bigger clothes. I didn't have to stuff myself into the babies' size dresses and shoes, and I got the new clothes and the next sister got my out-grown ones. I got more grown-up books to read than she did, so it evened up, don't you think?" I asked, smiling.

She smiled back.

"I have a letter for you, Marguerite."

She started eagerly, then drew back. "Who from? If it's my mother, I don't want it."

"Irene."

"Give it to me quick, please, oh please!"

She went over to the window to read it, her back carefully turned to me.

Suddenly she turned and buried her face in my lap, sobbing wildly. "They're lonesome for me, all of 'em, Irene says. She says, 'Come home quick.' "

I patted her. "That's a lovely letter! It made you cry for joy, didn't it!"

"I'm homesick! I want to go home! I want to go home!" she sobbed.

"And they want you. If you like, I'll help you to get back as quickly as possible. Shall I?"

"What do you mean?"

"You'll want to bring them back a lovely little daughter, won't you, with no more danger of running off and breaking out into tantrums and ugly words?"

"Yes, I want to be nice."

"Then we'll have some more walks and talks together, and you can come to my office whenever you need me. If you *have* to use bad words or think thoughts you don't like, come and tell them to me. They won't hurt me and it will do you good to get rid of them. Will you?"

She promised eagerly.

It wasn't so easy as all that, of course. There were encouragements and set-backs. But she began to sleep better, she pored with me over "Growing Up" and "Being Born" and other books and diagrams I had around, to explain to the children what they needed to know about the growing-up process, and, as she took her place among the other children, she showed real self-control.

Her prettiness bowled over the two eleven-year-old boys at first, but she was so casual that they quickly lost interest.

Once a bright necklace which she did not own was found in the pocket of a dress of hers that had gone to the laundry. The handling of this incident was not tactful. I was not in at the time. When I returned I was met by an indignant matron and told I would find Marguerite in my office with her hands and mouth tied, because of the thievery and her dirty language when she was faced with the discovery.

She was glaring defiance.

"Gracious, you don't need those things! I'll untie them," I said, taking them off. "Now tell me about it."

"I don't feel like talking. I feel like swearing."

"All right. Go ahead and swear. Swear as hard as you can."

She opened her mouth, then shut it.

"I don't feel like it any more. I—I want to cry!" and she burst into tears. I soothed her.

"Now tell me about it! You know I don't scold."

"It was Sarah I was mad at. She's a sneak and a greedy. She hid all the nice things her mother brought her when she came to see her last week, and ate them all herself. We were all mad at her, and she got mad back and called me 'old bleached hair' and I started to swear back at her. Then I remembered I wasn't going to do *that* any more, and it just came to me to pay her back by taking her necklace. And then they called us to get dressed to go to the movie, and I forgot I had it and put my play dress in the wash."

"I'm certainly glad that you could hold in the swearing. Congratulations. Now you've got a new job. Can you guess what it is?"

"Not to get mad at all?"

"Well, that would be too hard for anybody, I'm afraid. No, I wouldn't ask you to do that. The job I'm thinking of is, even when you *are* mad, not to take anyone's things to get revenge. It gets you in bad with everybody. I think I'd rather you'd go off alone somewhere and swear. Then

maybe you could laugh at yourself a little while you're swearing."

A smile was coming. Yes, that would be a way. "And now I guess I'd better go and apologize to Sarah. I'm sorry I did it. I really am. I won't say I'll never do it again, but I don't think I will."

Meanwhile we had succeeded in getting the parents to understand what Marguerite really felt and needed which would make the home ready for her when she came back.

Their mistake was not to have realized how sensitive a child is to attitudes even when no word is spoken. Long before they had told her that she was not their own child, she had sensed that she did not have the same secure footing as the little sister. She needed affection from somewhere to make up for what she felt was the lack of it at home. This in itself explained her behavior. There was no need of calling in the possibility of "bad blood." As a matter of fact, in any family, regardless of its "good blood" there is always the chance of a poor combination of inheritance and an individual may appear who develops less quickly than the other children or who holds longer to his baby self-centeredness in a way that his training does not seem to account for. Take Bryce in the story, "In the Grip of the Ancestors." Such people need unusually careful training. There is little more of a chance taken in adopting a child than in having one of one's own.

When the parents heard how tormented she was by the

idea that perhaps she *had* to be bad, they realized at once and sharply how cruel it had been to taunt her. Her quite normal behavior with the little boys in the Children's House, where she was receiving her share of attention and perhaps even a little more than her share, proved my point. So they waited eagerly to have her home again.

Marguerite's basic mistake was the mistake of many adopted children, a constant and growing demand. If she did not get more than Irene she thought she was not getting as much. Here she needed all the help that we could give her. We talked that over together many times. I told her about children in other homes, that no child could have all it wanted, even an own and only child. I told the story of Laura, who had to learn to get along without all she wanted of her own father. I explained to her, as I did to Arthur, what it means to be a "chosen child" instead of one that just came. Marguerite was really a sensible little girl. When she fully understood that she had been expecting too much, and when the tempers wore off, I felt that she could be trusted again in the home where she was longing to be.

It was almost a year before she earned her way back. A month before she did go, Irene came to see her for the first time. The meeting between the two little girls was touching. It was all Marguerite needed to put the finishing touch on her self-control.

Two years later she was doing well, was taking part in the Junior High School activities, and so getting her normal girl's share in the give and take of social living.

SITUATION XIII.

Being an "Only"

NOT INTOLERABLE, SOMETIMES DIFFICULT

THE problems of only children are no different from those of any other child. Occasionally they are exaggerated by the concentrated solicitude of the family, or by the lack of opportunity to share, not only belongings, but also the time and interest of the grown-ups. Take Eleanor.

ELEANOR

Eleanor was the only child in the midst of worshiping aunts, uncles, grandparents and widowed mother. The first acute trouble came when she was six and would not leave her mother to go to school. By the time they came to the last corner, Eleanor would be in such hysterics that she had to be taken home.

At first the mother said there was no other difficulty. But as she talked, it came out that Eleanor would not go to sleep unless someone lay beside her, would not eat unless coaxed, fed or told stories, and then would touch nothing but breast of chicken and mashed potatoes. Her mother had tried to force her to eat better, and to sleep alone, but her own parents, parents-in-law and the raft of outraged uncles and aunts reproached her with tormenting their darling. Now they all insisted that the child was too young and too sensitive to be forced to go to school.

"Let's surprise them," I suggested. "Bring Eleanor here tomorrow and leave her with me for half an hour. Then we'll be able to make a plan."

"I'll bring her, but she won't stay with you alone."

"I think a surprise is in store for you, too. Don't worry. Everything will come out all right."

The child who arrived next morning was small and pasty, but courteous in her greeting, alert and interested in the strange room. I turned to the mother. "You'll be back from your shopping in half an hour, won't you? It's ten now, Eleanor, with the big hand of the clock up

straight. When it's straight down it will be half an hour and mother will be here for you."

When Eleanor realized her mother was leaving her, she screamed and clutched, but her mother disengaged herself and left the room. As soon as the elevator door was heard to close, the shrieking stopped, and Eleanor turned an eager face to me. "What do we do now?" she asked.

She played a few of the games, showing herself keenly intelligent, and they opened the path for a conversation on the way big children acted in contrast to what babies did. Then I asked her why she thought people ate food.

"'Cause things taste good," was all she knew about it. She was interested in finding that food helped children grow. She was anxious to be considered "big."

"Let's make two lists, one of things you like to eat, and one of things you don't like. Then we can tell your mother and plan some meals."

Her list of "don't likes" was astonishingly small. On the other hand, she didn't know whether she liked many things or not, because she had never tasted them. She was willing to try.

All of a sudden the bell rang and her mother came in. The child ran to her eagerly. "What do you think we've been doing! Planning meals! See what we've put down for lunch and dinner today and breakfast tomorrow. Can we have them?"

The mother was having the surprise I had promised, but she wisely said nothing except, "I'll try to get every single thing."

"Come back tomorrow and we'll play some more," I said in good-by.

Next day the child let her mother go with only, "You'll come for me in half an hour?" It had been lots of fun shopping with mother, she said, and getting all the things, and oh, how good they'd tasted! What could we plan for today?

When that was settled and another game or two played, she made a list of things a six-year-old girl should do, and another of what were babyish, that perhaps she'd been doing. The child showed that she knew very well just what she had been doing and why. The result was that next morning an astonished mother telephoned, to say that they would not be with me, as Eleanor had insisted on going to bed alone the night before and in the morning was almost dressed and asking to go to school when her mother awoke. After crossing the last street the child dropped her mother's hand with merely a "good-by" and ran the half-block to the school without a backward glance. Her mother said, too, that the interest in food had continued and that she'd warned the relatives not to make remarks upon the change in the child's habits.

A month later there had been no set-back, and, instead of pasty cheeks, Eleanor now had red ones.

Most parents of only children are keenly aware of the importance of providing opportunities for companionship and sharing, with the result that only children often are less selfish than those with brothers and sisters. Eleanor's difficulties cleared away quickly because she was a sensible

little girl, normally anxious to be "big" and ready to take on the responsibilities of "bigness." Hence it was not too much of a sacrifice for her to give up being fed, the stories at meals, and having someone lie down with her at sleep times, because there were compensations that brought her much greater satisfaction.

Sometimes children give up their food fads when attention to them ceases. Once a child is thoroughly convinced that no one cares whether he eats or not, the table ceases to be a battle ground. Whether the child is given his choice of any or all food brought to the table, whether new or disliked foods are gradually introduced, or whether he is told he can have nothing more until he has eaten the small quantity on his plate, doesn't really matter. Whatever the method, the secret of success lies in removing from the adult's manner every trace of anxiety or urging.

Some parents have found that with children of three or four on, a social appeal may be made. My own mother used to say, "Think how badly grandma would feel if she had turnips for you for lunch and you wouldn't eat them! You'll be asked out to meals more and more as you get bigger. You don't need to *like* things, but you must learn to eat them without a fuss, so you'll be a good guest. See, I'm giving you only one spoonful, and we won't have turnips again for a long time."

I have always been grateful for this training. It has helped me to come fairly gracefully through some difficult places.

KATHY

Kathy's mother carefully planned a party for the child's second birthday. Kathy had hitherto known only adults who delighted in bringing parcels to be opened by an eager-eyed child, and her mother was not sure how she would adjust herself to children. So only three were asked to come from three to four. When the bell rang Kathy went to the door with her mother and greeted each child exactly as her mother did. Then she offered them her toys, among them her pet carpet-sweeper.

A big box suddenly appeared in the center of the room, covered with pink paper and with a balloon soaring from each corner. The children each were told to pull hard at one of the balloons. The paper ripped and there was a toy at the end of each string. Susan, however, preferred the carpet-sweeper, and Kathy became worried. She went over to her and took it out of her hand, but when Susan began to cry, Kathy stared a moment and then gave her back the toy.

"Party" itself was pink birthday cake with candles, to look at, and icecream with strawberries and animal crackers to eat. Then it was time to say good-by, and that was difficult. Kathy had never seen toys go out of the house before, and her expression was very queer as she said, first to one little girl and then to the other, "Good-by, Susan," then, wistfully, "Good-by, dolly," "Good-by, Gracie, good-by, b'loon." She did not cry, but it was clear that she was bewildered and even suffering a little. Her

parents realized that from then on, she must be thrown more with other children, since it was not likely she would have brothers and sisters of her own.

Bobby stayed a little longer, as his father was coming to take him home. Kathy had just started to eat another cracker when Bobby snatched it and ate it himself. Kathy stood aghast, till Bobby's mother said, "Isn't she wonderful not to cry!" That, of course, gave her the hint, and she howled. Nothing would comfort her until I handed her the whole bowl of crackers and said, "You offer Bobby some, and then take one yourself." Kathy was happy at once and passed the bowl like a gracious little hostess.

I happened to be present when the child showed her earliest disobediences. She had always been a cheery baby, adjusting easily to whatever was demanded of her. I had been romping with her when her mother came in saying, "It's bath time." Kathy protested once, then as her mother said, "But the clock says it's bath time," she gave in gracefully. Her mother was obeying the clock too. The real rebellion came a year later when her mother told her to go in and take her nap. "I won't," she said, looking straight at her mother.

"It's nap time," said the mother.

For reply, the child stamped her foot, crying, "No!" then stamped on her mother's shoe. The mother withdrew her foot, but the child stamped on it again, crying, "I won't, I won't!" The mother picked her up without speaking, carried her in and put her in her bed. She

bounced out. The mother put her back several times, each time saying only, "It's nap time." Finally the child realized she was not being successful and relaxed on the bed. After the nap she came out, cheery as usual.

During the next few weeks she said "No," several times. It was evidently an experiment to see what would happen, an attempt to widen the boundaries of her personal freedom. When she was satisfied as to the new limits that growing older gave her, the disobedience stopped.

CHAPTER XIV.

Milestones toward Willingness to Be Ignored

SALLY ANN

SALLY ANN had always loved school, ever since she began nursery school when she was barely three. There had been a little clinging to her mother the first two or three days, then a delighted merging into the group.

But this year, her first few weeks in the second grade, she came home unhappy.

"I don't want to go to school any more, mommie. I don't like my teacher."

Her mother tried to get at the root of the matter, but succeeded only in finding that Sally Ann was sure the teacher didn't like her, that she was "mean" to her, and that school was "horrid."

"Think hard, Sally Ann, and see if you can find anything you've done that your teacher doesn't like."

No, there was nothing.

"Or something that you didn't do that she wanted you to do."

No, nothing. Nothing at all.

"Then, little girl, you've got to make the best of it. Some people like one kind of person and others like a different kind. So far you've been lucky and had the kind of teachers who liked you. But you can't always meet only the people who like you. None of us do. Now, if you and Jimmie play for half an hour, would you like me to call you then to go shopping with me?"

"Oh, yes, mommie. I'll tell Jimmie," and off ran Sally Ann.

Her mother, however, turned the matter over in her mind, and then talked with the father. Next morning she went to school and went over the matter with the school psychologist.

"I've been so happy that she's loved school. I was afraid that she would hate it as I did. But I was the victim of the

old, cramped methods. Now that she's begging not to go, I'm puzzled."

"You know it is always possible to change her to the other second grade, in the first few weeks," the psychologist reminded her.

"I certainly don't want her to stay with a teacher who makes her dislike school, but on the other hand I don't want her to get the idea that by criticizing a teacher she can be transferred to another class, when it may be she herself who is at fault," said the mother.

"Have you visited the class yet?" asked the psychologist.

"Not for more than a little while at a time."

"Then I suggest that you go in and spend the rest of the morning there. I'll go in tomorrow or perhaps today. After that we'll talk over what we've noticed and decide what to do."

An hour later the mother came hurrying back to the psychologist's office.

"I'm so glad I caught you," she said breathlessly. "You needn't make a special visit to Sally Ann's room now. I saw what was the matter, and I've learned a lot. Not for anything would I have her moved."

"Miss Grey is exactly the person she needs. Let me tell you what happened. Sally Ann didn't make an independent move while I was there. At every step she asked directions, approval, explanations. Miss Grey merely said, 'You've a good little head, Sally Ann. You can think that out for yourself.' Sally Ann is angry at her teacher because she won't do her thinking and deciding for her."

"Then I realized that it was all our fault, my husband's, my mother's and mine. We've patiently answered and answered and never tried to get her to think things out for herself. I'm going straight home and change our family tactics."

"I'm glad you found out what the matter was so quickly. But I wonder. Sally Ann is not dull. We know that. Yet she is acting like a stupid child unable to think for herself. What satisfaction is she getting out of acting that way?"

"Why, attention, to be sure. Why didn't I think of that before? She's keeping us aware of her every minute."

"Yes. And now another question. Why is it so necessary for her to keep you and the teacher aware of her?"

"You mean that she thinks she is not getting her share of attention?"

"Maybe she isn't. Or perhaps she only thinks she isn't. I know that she always speaks proudly of her little brother. But do you think she feels that he gets more than his share?"

"That is one of my difficulties just now. He's still in the charming baby stage that she's just outgrown and people are always stopping to speak to him or about him and ignoring her. I've realized that it was hard on her and I've done my best to head off such remarks. Or I've tried to make it up to her. I've explained that she was just as cunning when she was little, and that there are compensations in growing up, like staying up later, having larger allowances, and so on."

"That was wise."

"But on the other hand, the little boy feels left out because he is not so close to his grandmother as Sally Ann is, and we've had to make up to him for that, his father and I."

"It is a real problem. I've had two years of Jimmie in the nursery school and I know how engaging he can be, while Sally Ann, for all her charm, is shy. Here she is clinging to her baby dependence as the only way she knows to keep her grown-up world as aware of her as of him. So we must see to it that she reaps more satisfaction from working things out herself and standing on her own feet than she's been getting from dependence. We here, and you at home, can take care that she gets this satisfaction."

A few days later Sally Ann came home with shining eyes.

"We've got a lib'ary in our room and Miss Grey thought I'd be a good taker-care of it, 'cause I'm careful and the other children thought so too. So I take care of the cards they write their names on when they take home books. Miss Grey likes me now, mommie. Can't I ask her to come to lunch soon?"

A year later. Sally Ann and Jimmie had spent the night with Emily and Jane. Emily was half way between Sally Ann and Jimmie in age, while Jane was younger than Jimmie. Jimmie came home bubbling with delight, but Sally Ann said little and disappeared into her own room.

Her mother followed and tried to draw her out. Instantly a pent-in resentment burst forth:—

"Oh, mommie, they didn't like me. They only liked Jimmie. And they weren't nice to me. They ran off with him all the time and had secrets, and I just stayed alone and played with the doll house."

"Were you mean to them?"

"No, mommie."

"Maybe you were too bossy?"

"No, mommie, they just didn't like me."

"I suppose, then, it was because you were too old for them. Jimmie and Emily are nearer the same age. And besides, you'll always find that some people like you best and some people like Jimmie best. You know how it is with you—you like Alvin and Wilma better than you do Edna and Jack, yet they're all nice children. Life's like that, you know. We all find that some people like us a lot, and some like us a little and some don't like us at all. We just can't worry about it. Next time Emily comes here or asks you there, Jimmie'll play with them and you and I will do something different. How's that?"

"All right, mommie."

She spoke almost cheerfully, but it was a hard lesson. She walked slowly and thoughtfully away.

CHAPTER XV.

Having Passed Through

THREE SUCCESSFUL FAMILIES

IN THE three families whose stories follow, problems have not been lacking. There are no model children among any of the nineteen. What seems common in the three homes is a respect for all members of the family, and an

ability to build up in the children a belief in their parents' interest and sympathy, so that it is easy for them to talk things over together. Through this belief and through the gradually increasing responsibility that leads toward adult independence (a technique common to all these parents) the young people seem to have developed an ability to get on well with people, to fill to the satisfaction of the employer whatever job may be undertaken, and to find life itself interesting and satisfying. These criteria, together with the ability to achieve and to give happiness in marriage, are the units of measurement by which I hold my friends the Houghtons, the Monroes, and the Arnolds successful families.

A point of significance is the series of youthful marriages in each of the families. As Mrs. Arnold said, "Perhaps the thing that makes my husband and me happiest is to see that the children *want* to marry. It proves to us that our example has not terrified them. If one of my children said, 'Marriage is beautiful, but I want a career,' I should not mind; but if a child of mine said, 'From what I see of marriage, none of it for me!' I should feel we had failed miserably."

THE HOUGHTONS

The Houghtons were faced with the most important problem of their ten years of married life. It took all their courage to look at it squarely. Both of them with advanced tuberculosis and three small children! Not only that, but

with no one in the families of either who understood their principles of bringing up the children, the principles that they had worked out with so much careful study! In fact, only one or two of their friends were at all in sympathy with the way in which those Houghton youngsters had the run of the house and the say about what clothes they should wear and even what clothes they should buy!

"We've got to think straight and fast now, when perhaps we have only a little time left with the children," the young parents said to one another. "Since we can't count on anyone else not to baby them and not stunt the judgment and independence we've been trying to foster, we must redouble our efforts to get all three, and certainly the two big girls, to think straight and to make decisions. We must put more and more responsibility upon them, but not to the breaking point. We must develop them to maturity of thinking and acting as quickly as possible so that they can carry on for themselves."

At that time the two girls were eight and a half and almost ten and the boy just six. Their school life had been much interrupted by traveling and illnesses, but they had a fund of practical knowledge that came from trained observation, experience, and the contact of their own quick little minds with the wise, rich minds of their parents. From the beginning the parents' principle had been, "As much responsibility as they can bear at each age. As much freedom to make mistakes as is consistent with physical safety. On our part as little nagging as possible."

The result, to the few of us who understood and sym-

pathized, was entirely satisfying. Those who criticized and thought it "dreadful that Pamela, not nine years old yet, think of it, should calmly announce to her mother that she thought she'd have a green dress for good this spring, and her mother only said she thought that would be pretty, and she was glad Pam had decided on it," those very mothers who criticized and felt that children so brought up would lose all respect for their parents and become "too cocky for anything," would remark with considerable bewilderment the friendly confidence with which the three Houghtons ran to their parents with all their joys, perplexities and sorrows, the freedom with which they talked things over together.

"How do you get them to tell you all that?" they would ask. "It's like trying to drive a wild horse to get ours to tell what they and their friends really do and think."

But if Mrs. Houghton took them at their word and tried to explain, they would answer, "Oh, I'd never dare. They'd make so many mistakes. It would be too expensive, to say nothing about the worry on our parts. And as for acknowledging to them that their father or I ever make mistakes, why, we'd never get obedience after that! I notice you never get angry if the children question your opinion. I'd never stand for that. They've got to respect what I say. And my husband's been so strictly brought up. He insists on instant obedience and no questions, just as his father required of him."

Sometimes Mrs. Houghton would change the subject in despair. Sometimes she would try to get a little further

and would respond, "My husband was brought up that way too, and he found it made life very difficult for him. He made up his mind when he was still a boy that he was going to give his children the chance to make decisions and learn from their own mistakes. He didn't want his children to feel toward him the way he felt toward his father. I had the opposite extreme in my childhood, but it came to the same thing in the end. My parents loved babies and hated to see us grow up. They kept us babies as long as they could and we have found it difficult to learn to stand on our own feet. So my husband and I had no trouble in agreeing that we would start in early to cultivate independence in our children."

With this preparation and a ten years' start, the young parents felt hopeful of carrying through their plan of developing such a sense of right values in their trio and such a habit of careful judgment as no over-solicitous relatives would be able to undermine. To start with, then, the children must be trained to carry on the household, even with one or both parents in bed. As a matter of fact, that is just what did happen periodically over the second ten years, for the Houghtons have lived to see their children grow up after all.

Housekeeping, in its aspects of planning and buying food, clothing and household paraphernalia and the care of all these, offered fields for gradually increasing responsibility and cooperation. Actual cooking offered another field. Social give and take offered still another. If Ruth wanted to give a party, she joyously would spread

out her plans before her mother, discuss them with her, make her final decision after considering the pros and cons, and then proceed to put the entire plan into execution. Mother would retire or even go out, and it was a point of pride with the children to make their part of the preparations a vacation time for their mother, so that she would be fresh and able to enjoy the party when everything was ready. Of course, if her opinion were asked or a bit of help needed, she was always ready. The two girls usually worked together in arranging the decorations and preparing the food. If one wanted to carry through her project herself, she was free to do so and the other girl would retire to return as a guest.

They loved color and learned to use their wits to make the few pennies they had for decorations go as far as possible. Shopping with their mother had taught them much about quality and values.

School issues would come up, or moral issues. The children loved to talk them out with mother and dad. Since no opinion was ever imposed on them they listened eagerly to their parents' reactions, sometimes agreeing, sometimes taking the opposite point of view.

Then the parents would say, "You may be right. It seems to us that you're making a mistake, but it may be we who are mistaken. Think over both lines of argument carefully. Then go ahead according to your best judgment. If you are wrong, we will help you as best we can. If we are wrong, we'll have learned something new,

widened our experience, and we'll be very proud of you and grateful to you for having shown us the way."

These children were no prigs. They had plenty of ups and downs. Pamela took adolescence rather hard and, with her opinionated ways, made life almost unbearable at times to the adults. But they realized that it was a stage of growth and preserved their equanimity. In a couple of years she had ceased to announce impressively, "In all my life I've never heard such magnificent singing," or, "*In my opinion, this is the best book on the subject.*" During this period the parents' method was to listen respectfully, and then remark that it was interesting to note the variety of ways in which a voice or a book, a personality or an action, could affect different people, perhaps because each person's experiences had been so different.

The summer the girls were twelve and fourteen a chance visit acted as a crucible to try out their values. The eighteen-year-old daughter of an old schoolmate of Mrs. Houghton's came to spend a month while her mother was away. Mrs. Houghton had seen little of this friend since their school days. She knew she had lost her husband shortly after her baby was born, and that there had been a constant struggle with poverty. But Mrs. Houghton was not prepared for the hard, cynical young woman this baby had become. Pam and Ruth were awestruck at this glimpse of another world, such a grown-up glittering world, it seemed to them. For several weeks their old dreams of a future of travel, college, writing, acting, interior decorating and journalism were sidetracked for

those of evening clothes, smart sports wear, balls, beaux, wealthy husbands and magnificent homes. Again the parents said to each other, "Patience. We'll live through this. We've lived through other phases before."

Accordingly they attempted no opposition, no remonstrances, no veiled attempt to expose the tawdriness of Cecile's values, and three or four weeks later they had the satisfaction of seeing their girls, bored by this time with sitting motionless at Cecile's sophisticated knees, rise vigorously and plunge into their old lively and wholesome activities.

The small son, too, had his moments. One afternoon he did not come home from school at two as usual, nor at three, nor at four. At almost six he appeared, much excited, and telling how his teacher had taken the whole first-grade to the top of a neighboring high hill from which there was a wide view. It seemed improbable, but the young man stuck to his story with such a wealth of detail that his family was silenced. The girls had climbed to the top a couple of weeks before, but Don had not been with them. That evening his father, going to the library, happened to meet the youngster's teacher.

"Don told me what a marvelous time you gave the children this afternoon. I'm filled with admiration at your courage in taking the entire class up Mt. Hemlock!"

"Mt. Hemlock! What do you mean? We didn't go anywhere this afternoon."

"Aha, master Don! I rather suspected as much. You see, Miss Anderson, Don has let his imagination run away

with him. His sisters each went through the same stage at about this age. I remember when Pamela, the eldest, used to tell imaginative yarns as if they were true, until finally one day she came in announcing that a thousand white elephants were parading down Main Street. Her mother became excited and exclaimed, 'A thousand white elephants! I want to see them too. Come on, and we'll hurry before they're all gone.' The young lady was rather nonplussed and said, 'Well, mother, there aren't really a thousand. Maybe it's only five hundred.' But that didn't dampen her mother's ardor. So little by little Pam lowered the number in her procession until finally she got down to one. Her mother, though, had hold of her hand and by this time had pulled her beyond the garden gate. Half-way down the block Pam stopped, and looking much ashamed, admitted, 'There weren't *any*, mother. I just like to think there were.'

"After that she was ready to label her stories true or make-believe especially as we told her that we liked both kinds, but that we always liked to know which was which. Ruth went through the same thing a couple of years later, and now Don comes along. I'm going in to get a copy of Munchausen and try an experiment."

The next evening Mr. Houghton said he had a new book of stories to read aloud and the children gathered round him. Their eyes opened wider and wider as he read, until at the end of the first tale Pamela gasped, "Father, don't you think that Mr. Munchausen has just a little bit —over expressed himself?"

Ruth and Don said nothing.

The next story was curious. Mr. Houghton was apparently reading from the book, but the story had bewildering elements of familiarity. When Munchausen was a little boy, one day he didn't come home from Sunday school until nearly night, and then explained that the teacher and the whole class had gone on a picnic to the top of a famous mountain, which he proceeded to describe.

As their father read on all three children had their heads cocked to one side, puzzled furrows between their brows. Suddenly Don galvanized into life. Face the color of a cock's comb, head sunk low on his chest, he took a flying leap from his chair, butted his head into his father's stomach, flung his arms around his waist and clung there, butting, trying vainly to knock his breath out so that he would stop reading.

Nothing was said. Nothing more was needed. Don knew.

The years slipped by. Sometimes mother was in bed, sometimes father. But precaution and care prevented the doctor's prophecy from coming true. Both parents are still living and have seen the children grow up independent, thoughtful, capable, sociable. All three are happily married. There are three grandchildren. By not losing their heads in the struggle to maintain parental prestige, these parents had been able to establish a mutual confidence that was invaluable as the children came to the age when

many young people shut the door of their lives in their parents' faces.

THE MONROES

It had been a tradition in the Monroe family to gather in all the friends and have most of the good times at home. Back in Grandfather Monroe's time the big house and garden were always full of romping youngsters, changing to a college crowd a few years later that alternately romped and discussed solemnly the philosophy and economics of living. Grandfather, who was father then, was always included in the bevy of young people, and grandmother, then mother, beamed placidly on the happy group.

The Monroe boys all followed their parents' example and married young. Fred, the oldest son, and his wife Selma are now young grandparents themselves, since their oldest daughter Frederika followed the family tradition at nineteen. A happy, turbulent, unconventional family and family life. There were years of financial stringency, many violent but short-lived clashes between the children, anxiety carefully held in leash by the parents, but through it all has run the thread of companionship, sympathy, varied common interests and a love of home.

Fred and Selma's two oldest babies were born in Europe while the parents were studying there. It would have been a pity to be in Europe and not to see as much of it as possible, so baby was tucked into a stout clothesbasket

with a strong handle, all the little trousseau underneath, and away went the family "touristing." When there were two babies, the boy strutted manfully beside his father, while four-months-old sister slept peacefully through the glories of Italy.

Back in America came the crossroads, one path following the beaten track with a secure position and an ample income; the other a barely blazed trail with a goal that lay near to Fred's heart. He turned to his wife.

"You'll have to decide this," he said, "since you and the children will be the ones who will be the most affected. One way means easy living from the start, and the other may mean years of pinching, with possible success at the end. You've put up with so much these three years in Europe that I haven't the right to ask you to go through any more."

"You don't have to ask me. I *want* you to go into the pioneer work. It means everything to you, and as for the children, think how much better it will be for them not to have everything coming easily to them. I hate blasé young ones anyhow, and it won't hurt me to do without a maid a while longer. As a matter of fact, the children will be with me so much more this way that I flatter myself they will be better educated than if they were left to a nurse."

Selma prophesied truly. Her own interests were many and varied. Her capabilities were apparently limitless and she had one talent especially that meant everything to her own life and the lives of her husband and children. This

was the gift for entertainment. She had a proud unconventionality that enabled her to say, "I shall never offer entertainment that I cannot afford. All our friends and acquaintances know our financial status. If they are willing to accept the simple entertainment I can offer, there is no reason for me not to accept whatever kind they wish to offer."

The result was that she numbered among her friends people from many walks in life, each of whom, whether artist, student, financier, worker or housewife, eagerly looked forward to the next merrymaking at the Monroes', so jolly, so unique, so utterly relaxing and delightful it was sure to be.

Every little while Selma would decide to keep one of the children (there were four by now) out of school for six months or so, and teach him herself. She would invite the children of a neighbor or two to join George or Frederika, or whichever child it might be, and with a couple of hours' supervised work a day and much supplementary tennis, swimming, reading, music and gardening, she would return the children to their regular school, six months ahead of where they would have been.

Each child knew it was open house, day or night, but that he was responsible for the comfort of his own guest, and that he was responsible for his share in making the entire household's machinery run smoothly. Each child knew the limitation of the family purse and even when High School was reached, there were no inordinate demands for money for social frills. It was much more im-

portant to have a good tennis racquet than a new dress or suit. Money went into fine concerts or a rare moving picture such as Robin Hood. That was an event talked of for weeks afterwards. The first Paderewski concert was dreamed about for weeks before it took place, and the Minuet was adoringly practised by thirteen-year-old Frederika.

"Oh, *do* you think he'll play it? I know you say he always plays it, but this time, do you *promise* me he'll surely, surely not leave it out? How do you think he'll play this part?" running to the piano.

And then, when the great day came, and the Minuet was not on the printed program, my sister and I whispered assurances to each other that it would indubitably be one of the encores. And then encore after encore and no Minuet! What anguish must be going on in Frederika's heart. Suddenly as the tall black figure with its flowing mane bowed its way across the crowded stage, after what must surely be the final encore, a shorter figure, all in white, with long white legs and a flood of pale hair streaming, tore across the stage, seized the black elbow and held vigorous and urgent conversation with the stately, poetic face above. The great artist wheeled, patted the child on the shoulder, led her back to the piano and played the Minuet to his enraptured listener. In the opinion of one listener who had heard him give it many times, he played it as he never had before.

After the concert we waited for the Monroes and little

Emery said proudly, "Did you see Frederika go right up to Mr. Paderewski and talk with him?"

And Frederika, in the most matter-of-fact voice, explained,

"But I had to. He wasn't going to play the Minuet."

No blasé children there.

Early love affairs began to bud in this family as they had budded early in the previous two generations. The parents were prepared. They had planned for emergencies.

"If we want to know the boys and girls our children are choosing as sweethearts, we must avoid every shadow of opposition, no matter what we think or fear. We must invite them often, give them every welcome, and if they do not show up well against our background, it is likely that our children will notice the discrepancy almost as quickly as we do. It's not as if any of the children were rebelling against our kind of life. They've always said they had better times bringing their friends home than going visiting themselves."

So the first boy and girl interests served as apprenticeships to the great business of becoming an adult, with father and mother close at hand as master-craftsmen.

Meanwhile financial success made its appearance, but the children were so filled with the habits of shared responsibility, so able to throw themselves into simple pleasures, that money to them meant chiefly more concerts,

more books and plays, new plants for the garden, opportunities for hobbies. Not one of these young persons is smug. Each is eager, alert, independent. Each has had problems of personal adjustment to the group and to the world that have brought him a widening understanding, a gradually acquired self-control. Each is as different from the others as if he came from an unrelated family.

The two oldest are out in the world and standing on their own feet. Frederika, as a mother, is carrying on the family traditions, in that she is carving out her own path regarding the training of her baby son.

"I'm showered with advice from all Jack's relatives," she says, "but I'm not at all sure about most of it, and I'm quietly working things out for myself."

THE ARNOLDS

"It's really much easier to get along well in a large family than in a small one," said a mother who knew what she was talking about, for she had not only been one of nine herself, but could point proudly to seven sons and five daughters, each planned for, welcomed and trained into cooperative and loving responsibility.

"You can have such good times, with teams ready to hand, and it's so sociable," she went on. "Oh, yes, there are quarrels, plenty of them, but if tension gets too high, their father has trained them to select a referee, put on the gloves, go into the back yard and have a go at each other. There is always an audience too, and that adds to

the interest. The older ones are mostly away now and things are not so exciting. But for my part, I found the house even easier to run when it was full of children.

"It wasn't that I was naturally a good manager. I take very little credit myself. My husband made the original suggestion and laid most of the plans to run the house on a cooperative scheme, as much like a business concern as we could. He said if we were going to have the large family we wanted, we would have to grease the household machinery as much as possible and that the more grease the children could supply of themselves, the better equipped they would be for living outside the home later on. So we sat down and worked out a scheme that had three main facets.

"The first was the general skeleton of the routine of the house, just as a business has its general routine. We were all to be bound by this, so as to save time arguing, pleading, trying to decide. At the same time we realized we must never let ourselves become slaves to routine. So we made allowance for very special occasions, such as staying up later for birthday parties, and the like. Then within the limits of the schedule we all had great freedom. For instance, if it were a fine evening, the group in charge of supper might announce that we would eat out-of-doors. Or if it were a howling, dreary night, they'd decide that we'd have a floor picnic around the big fireplace in the living room.

"The second phase of the scheme was that the work of the household should be organized into jobs, and these

jobs carefully studied and graded according to their difficulty, their wearisomeness and their responsibility. Then they were to be handed around according to age, ability and reliability. As often as possible, the jobs were given to groups, instead of to individuals, in order to avoid loneliness and monotony. When the oldest children were tiny, only the simplest jobs were given them, but as they grew older, they advanced to more and more difficult and responsible ones, while breaking in their next younger brothers and sisters to take over their work. They always seemed to get a great deal of satisfaction out of playing teacher in this way. They could trade jobs if they liked. But both sides had to be satisfied, and the job equally well done."

"How did you get them to be willing to accept such responsibility?" I asked.

"Well, that is where the third part of the scheme came in. Every Sunday, and oftener if necessary, we had a family conference. Dad was the head, but each member had not only the right, but was expected to take part. That was the time to offer suggestions or to consider the suggestions of the others as to better methods, eliminations or new projects. Dad sat at the head of the table and listened respectfully while each child learned to present and defend his own case.

"It was excellent training for them all and one of the by-products was the growth of a belief in the wisdom and fairness of the pooled opinion of the group. It led, too, to a surprising amount of cooperation and confidence in each

other. We had a signal proof of this only recently. Our fourteen-year-old girl is a junior in High School, with classmates mostly two years older. She raised the question of being allowed to go to parties with a boy unchaperoned, as her friends were accustomed to do. We demurred, thinking she was still too young. She argued that as she was constantly with these older girls, who accepted her and that since she stood on equal terms with them at school, she should be considered as being practically their age and have the privileges they enjoyed. She knew that her sisters had been carefully chaperoned, but things were different now. Anyway, why not have a family conference and abide by the pooled opinion?

"Now, of course, the older children are all scattered, some at work, some at college, and one away married, so a family conference seemed impossible. 'Not at all,' persisted Marnie, 'Let's do it by letter.' No, she'd rather not write the letters herself. We knew how she felt, and she knew we'd put her side fairly. We agreed, provided she would look over our letters and see if we had stated both sides without prejudice.

"The result was interesting. The married sister and her husband were strong for chaperonage. The youngest college boy said it would be time enough to consider the subject when Marnie was old enough to be asked out by a boy. He hadn't realized how the young lady had grown up since his last vacation! But the others, each from his corner of the world, wrote, 'Marnie's a capable, sensible girl. You can trust her. Be sure you know the boy and

then let her go. Be sure, too, to see them off and be around when they come in.'

"So we did, and all goes on serenely. But what pleases us especially is the spirit this shows.

"As for routine, that has been, of course, the backbone of our living, but, like a backbone, it combines strength with flexibility. We all like a fair amount of certainty. And of course a schedule we really live by eliminates, as I said before, quantities of waste time, effort and emotion by eliminating arguments and fussing. The children all understand *why* we use schedules. They all have learned to feel that they are cooperators and producers as well as mere receivers of protection and consumers; and the schedule helps. They really like it. It makes them feel important and worthwhile. The flexibility comes in whenever necessary. Our schedule isn't dead and as each child knows that he can make suggestions in regard to it, none of us is irritated by feeling that we live according to rule.

"Enough of the children have grown up now so that we can begin to judge results. As they go away from home and have to depend more and more on themselves, they seem to carry with them a fund of knowledge of situations and of people that stands them in good stead. They welcome responsibility, or at least they accept it instead of resenting it or trying to avoid it, as we have seen so many young people do. And they also go at a job in constructive fashion. They differ widely in their interests. That pleases us too. They have been used to earning and spending money since babyhood, making budgets and

keeping accounts, so they do not become overwhelmed by manipulating an allowance when they start off for college, or by living within their salary as they start on their first jobs."

A visit to the great rambling house where children and young people of all ages are coming and going, where the two generations mingle in happy confidence, is a heartening experience.

The most outstanding part of the Arnold plan is the family council. Such a council is equally successful in smaller families. For instance, I know a family where there is a son and a daughter. At one period the girl insisted on having a larger dress allowance. The four met in council. The parents worked out before the children the budget for the absolute necessities of their household.

Next the father told them his monthly income. "Subtract the necessities," he said, "divide by four and you'll see what the share of each of us is for clothes, carfares, and amusements."

The children gasped when they saw how small each share was.

"But my winter coat cost more than my whole share for two months!" the girl exclaimed. "How did it get paid for?"

"I made my old coat do one more winter," said her father.

"I was going to tell you I needed a new baseball outfit," said the brother, "but my share will have to go for the

shoes I need worse, if we're to keep even, and I'll begin to save for the baseball things."

Without being called selfish both children realized the unreasonableness of their demands, and cheerfully modified them.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I'll Be Good If You'll Be Good"

SALLY ANN

"SEE what I found on my bed when I went in just now," said Sally Ann's mother to her husband one evening. She handed him a slip of paper.

"What does this mean?" he asked as he read it.

"She's been slow and dreamy again, and it's gotten on my nerves. I must have been much more impatient and nagging than I realized. She makes me ashamed of myself. Of course her behavior depends on ours. But isn't her way of seeing it refreshing!"

The little note read:

Dear mommie:

I love you very much. I'll try hard to keep my room nice. I'll be good if you'll be good.

Love.

SALLY ANN.

"I'll be good if you'll be good." What words could better convey the purpose of this book, trying to carry to all older people who have children in their care, the child's point of view?

PSYCHOLOGICAL SUMMARIES

INTRODUCTORY: WHAT TO EXPECT OF THIS BOOK

The child's world is different from the grown-up's. A naughty child is an unhappy child, trying to right situations that he cannot bear; his lack of experience and mistakes in so doing. This book is an attempt to find out the misunderstandings behind annoying behavior. Usually with understanding this behavior stops.

I. THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE NOT LOVED

Mark: (complaints) quarreling, defiance, laziness, sudden school failure, jealousy

Mistaken belief he was not loved, consequently not fairly treated. What he believes is true for him, and he acts accordingly. With misunderstanding cleared, annoying behavior disappears. Mother finds she has been spoiling the two babies, and changes, finding one can't touch one of the family without touching all. Mark's need of protection against the marauding babies who spoil his things. Mark, recognizing value of help given, brings playfellows for help, too. His feeling for justice and his social feeling.

Sally Ann: jealousy, tantrum

The nipping in the bud of the first signs of jealousy of the new baby in the two-year-old, in contrast to Mark, where it had been ingrained seven years. Need to get past utter dependence on love.

Timothy: wetting, attacking of baby, shyness, aimless running, masturbation, refusal to speak

Teasing, uncooperative parents; dominating husband and father,

compensating for small stature and minor position in business world; weak, excusing mother. A teasing parent causes a teasing child. Child believes parents no longer love him, since the arrival of the new baby. Masturbation a sign of his need to seek comfort from within, since he found none outside. With lack of cooperation at home, only hope lies in understanding at school. Improvement comes with that.

Elizabeth: tantrums, jealousy, shyness, arithmetic weakness, pulling out own hair

Another dethroned baby, indignant at parents and punishing them. The tantrum as a technique of meeting life. Rage as helplessness. An only child for seven years, spoiled because of delicacy as infant. Tantrum the strongest weapon of the spoiled child, who uses it to get what it wants and to avoid obstacles. When child meets, in the new baby, an obstacle she cannot evade, tantrums become wilder because of her helpless rage against the parents she thinks repudiated her. The child recognizes and dislikes her own attitude. The parents are more and more cooperative as they gain understanding of the child.

II. WHEN THERE'S A FAVORITE

Margaret: crying, selfishness, jealousy, anger, tantrums, domineering, contrariness, rebellion

Paul: thumb-sucking, baby talk, helplessness, timidity

Two more dethroned babies, one aggressive, one passive. Jealousy shown in both as father transfers affection from one baby to the next. Father considers each baby a toy, the older child more a responsibility. Both children show different reactions to illness in infancy. Paul solves his problem of getting attention by remaining a baby, while Margaret solves hers by anger, rebellion and domineering. The fighting child, thought more of a nuisance at the moment, has the best chance in future for suc-

cessful living. The passive child is crushed, unless help comes in time.

Laura: spoiled, thumb-sucking, wetting, nightmares, grinding teeth in sleep, food fads, destructiveness, tantrums, quarreling, jealousy, laziness, question of sex difficulties

She knows she is an unwanted child, that the little brothers are the father's favorites, and she becomes, in revenge and unhappiness, as annoying as possible at home, while making excellent school adjustments. Her goal, to attain her father's love, is seemingly impossible. The mother is not completely cooperative, since to cooperate would be to confess that she has been at fault.

Doris: quarreling, domineering, rudeness, destructiveness, cruelty, nail-biting, selfishness, jealousy, restless sleep, impudence

The oldest child, spoiled since desperate illness in infancy. Refused to give up her reign as disagreeable and exacting queen; at the same time, enjoying being a responsible older sister.

III. IDENTICAL TWINS TREATED DIFFERENTLY

Alice: grouchiness, sullenness, stupidity, graspingness, quarreling, jealousy, disobedience

Ardis: boldness, selfishness, wanting babying, quarreling, jealousy, disobedience

They behaved alike when treated alike by understanding teachers, but at home, where one was identified with a beloved dead baby, one was gay, assured, affectionate, the other called by mother sullen, stupid, grouchy. Mother and grandmother uncooperative, playing favorites persistently. As unloved twin has more and more experience of being shoved out, she will become more unhappy, more sullen and grouchy, until people will say that she has an entirely different nature from her twin, yet this will not be true, for when treated alike they behaved exactly alike.

IV. THE ONLY BOY AND HIS SISTER

Raymond: quarreling, jealousy, night-terrors, nervousness, food fads, fussiness, restless sleep, teasing

Louise: quarreling, jealousy, rages, impudence, laziness, selfishness, violent language

The boy, the younger, feels he must be revenged on his sister who has the place he, as the boy, should have, of being the eldest. Also she is tall for her age while he is short for his. She knew her parents wanted a boy instead of a girl, and, resenting this, she punishes parents and brother by her irritating behavior. Picture complicated by birth of third baby, and consequent night-terrors of Raymond. These stopped, but further help blocked by lack of cooperation of parents.

Jimmie: destructiveness, jealousy, rage, disobedience, defiance, revenge

Jimmie revenges himself by destructiveness on the family which allows his sister to be taken on trips while he stays at home. Taken on a trip while she is left at home, he ceases being destructive. He does not quarrel directly with the sister he loves.

V. WHEN THEY COULDN'T GET WHAT THEY WANTED

Jimmie: destructiveness, disobedience, jealousy, defiance

One more incident of the destructiveness dealt with above, involving the fascination of the forbidden (knife to small boy). The matter successfully handled by the father through obtaining the child's cooperation in sacrificing to pay for damage he had done.

Norma: vomiting, food fads, jealousy, fears, sauciness, worrying, refusal to sleep alone

She gets attention by vomiting, fussing about food, refusing to sleep alone and fearing anything sad. Thus she keeps her

mother tied to her, and keeps herself from assuming responsibility. Her neurotic mother offers an example of invalidism. "Nice to be a baby." With poor cooperation from mother, outcome likely to depend more on this highly intelligent child than on mother.

VI. IN THE GRIP OF THE ANCESTORS

Bryce: slyness, tattling, cruelty, harsh voice, calculatingness, rudeness

Win: underhandedness, lying, over-activity, twitching in sleep, grinding teeth in sleep, uncouth manners, loud voice

The effect of past generations, living and dead, on the lives of two boys. Rebellion of their mother against the prim tyranny of her own mother, and consequent over-doing in giving her children freedom. The shut-in great-grandmother and her effect on three later generations. The spoiled, shouting, demanding grandmother, and her spoiled only son, trained to be selfish, and denounced by his mother when he neglects her. Conflicting ideas about training children between parents. Strained sex relationship. Mother not afraid to face herself, change herself, and admit, even to her children, that she'd made a mistake.

VII. LIVING UP TO THE FAMILY REPUTATION

Bob: Stealing, bad companions

Rivalry here takes the form of being different from his brother, having interest in sports instead of study. Discouraged at being expected to live up to brother's reputation at home and at school, he first rifles brother's and mother's purses, as if in revenge, then takes refuge with a gang, ending in stealing for them. Unsatisfied sex curiosity found to be a definite element in gang's power over him, while stealing relieves his guilty feelings over his sex curiosity. Helped by correct explanation and by a new appreciation of his individuality by mother and teachers.

VIII. WHEN CHILDREN WORRY ABOUT SEX

Hugh: no complaint, just normal interest

In contrast to Bob, whose mother refused to satisfy his natural sex curiosity, here is a mother's constructive handling of a sex-play incident. She gives not only an explanation of "the father's part" in starting a baby, but also a point of view which will help the boy face other problems of sex, marriage and human relationships in wholesome fashion, with a sense of responsibility and a respect for idealism as well as for fact. The danger in masturbation lies in the sense of guilt, not in the activity.

IX. RUNNING AWAY—FROM WHAT?

Edgar: from a stepmother situation

He feels he isn't loved as much as his small brothers, basing this on mistaken proofs. The stepmother notion begins only as schoolmates start pitying him for being like Cinderella.

Isabel: from an unsympathetic home where she was bossed, teased, scolded or ignored by all but her father

She runs away to save herself from annihilation. Episode with Emma—two outcasts fighting the world in revenge and despair. Immediate response to affection and interest.

Willa: from reality

She invents imaginary playmates who are more interesting to her than real children because she can make them do anything she wants. Her parents handle the problem constructively, first by not antagonizing her by teasing or showing disbelief, second by providing new interests. Such imaginings should not be called lies.

X. REFUGE IN ILLNESS—FROM GROWING UP

Sally Ann: satisfactions gained through illness: attention, gifts, exalted position

Consequent use of illness as threat of lever: development of new needs to bring parents to her side; to avoid anything disagreeable. Dissociation of illness and satisfaction. Prevention of habit of invalidism.

Jerry: attempt to use illness as alibi

"That tired feeling." Imitation of an adult remark. Mother's antidote meets with unqualified success.

Howard: high schooler using illness as threat over teacher as he always used it to bring widowed mother to terms

Here it is also an escape from responsibility for his own conduct, which is the difference between high school and grammar school treatment of children. Anxiety dream caused by fear that he cannot make good his mother's expectations. Wants the dependence and irresponsibility of infancy because that keeps adult attention. Faced with this tendency in himself, he repudiates it and takes a more adult attitude.

Elmer: prolonged infancy due to alarmist doctor and inexperienced mother

Use by child of supposed weakness as threat in order to get what he wants. Use by child of his new freedom under psychologist's care, and prompt realization of the uselessness of his weapon against her. Explanation to adults that the boy was being trained into life of invalidism, so as to evade all difficulties, with premium put on remaining a baby.

Ned: the prestige of having imaginary illnesses: of behaving as he sees others in the family behave and as he thinks is the way to be grown-up

His quick response in modeling himself after adults with more wholesome ideals. Suggestion to him that since imaginary means *not real*, he can get rid of any imaginary illness by thinking it is not there. This brings prompt response.

Warren: invalidism and apparent change of disposition after automobile accident injuries

These disappear as soon as damage suit is dropped, since this robs him of his importance.

Dicky: mother hates to lose her baby

Emotional over his starting school. Emotion causes indigestion in child, who vomits on way to school. Child realizes he has new weapon, vomiting, and uses it successfully for a year. Then mother puts two and two together. Dicky sees that his method no longer works, and vomiting disappears.

John: finds teacher is not like mother and that threats to vomit do not move her

He promptly discards weapon. Teacher explains to mother how child uses weapon to punish her if she does not do what he wants, and how habit of evading responsibility, using weakness and illness to order people about, is being trained in. Roots of such a habit are short in childhood, and can be broken easily, thus preventing a lifetime of complaints and self-induced illness.

XI. LOST IN THE CROWD

Stanley: running away

He runs away from a home he thinks has no place for him. Has longed to be petted and mother always too busy. Understands explanation that he is to be a brave boy who doesn't run away from things any more. Loves and hates his home at same time. Earns way home by responsible behavior, and returns ready to give instead of expecting always to be given.

Alta: bed-wetting, backwardness, dependence, jealousy, nail-biting, discouragement, tantrums, aggressiveness

Jaffrey: night-terrors, fears, shyness

Two sensitive children lost in the middle of a large, aggressive family. Alta used bed-wetting to force attention and to pun-

ish parents who no longer paid attention to her, since there was a new baby. It was also a wail of despair. When wetting disappears, nail-biting takes its place, showing further her insecurity and further forcing attention upon herself. At the same time her "dumbness" changes to fighting and rebellion, a much more healthy sign than her passive behavior. Now she's a force to be reckoned with. Prefers punishment to being ignored. Her respect for authority is based on both affection and fear, but is not very deep. Jaffrey gets attention by fears and night-terrors, also developing with the baby's birth.

XII. ADOPTED

Arthur: stealing, suddenly unpleasant at home, sudden school failure

Parents deny to him that he is adopted. He knows he is, and thinks they punish his pranks more severely than they would those of a child of their own. Is sure he cannot be loved as much as an own child and despairs. Begins to take pennies each time he thinks how unhappy he is. He seems to himself forced to do this. Sent to boarding school, begins to twitch. All cleared when he hears own story from psychologist. Straightway wants to do something for his parents, and in future to become a children's judge, because "I know how boys feel when they're in trouble."

Marguerite: familiarity with boys, bad language, tantrums, accepting money from strangers, nightmares

She never can be given sufficient proof to satisfy her that she is loved. Finally accepts pennies and sodas in return for childish favors to boys. Considers this a proof she is liked. Her need of assuring herself forces her on. Also her behavior punishes her parents with having supplanted her with a child of their own. Real devotion of these two little girls, nevertheless. Terrifying dreams show mingling of hate and love for home. Relief when

tortmenting thought that she *had* to be bad, was removed. Earns way back from Children's House, by good behavior.

XIII. BEING AN "ONLY"

Eleanor: refusal to leave mother to go to school; food fads, refusal to eat or sleep alone

Only child in large family of worshiping adults, she willingly sacrificed the privileges of babyhood for the privileges and responsibilities of being "big." Advantage of eating everything.

Kathy: need of sharing with other children; dawn of disobedience
Children need companionship of their own age, as one of the first lessons in how to live in this world. The joy and the discipline of sharing. The need of the expanding personality of the child to try its power by saying "No."

XIV. MILESTONES TOWARD WILLINGNESS TO BE IGNORED

Sally Ann: attention-getting devices at home and at school; dependence, hurt feelings at not being as popular as brother

The mother, willing to face her own mistake in answering the questions the child should think out for herself, changes a sudden dislike for school back to liking. When some friends clearly prefer to play with brother than with her, her mother explains that everyone won't like her best, that life is like that.

XV. HAVING PASSED THROUGH

Introductory: criteria of successful families

The Houghtons:

Parents, expecting fatal hemorrhages at any time, give their young children intense training in responsibility and judgment. They let the children decide after listening to both sides of a question, and are willing to be taught by child if opinions differ and child's judgment proves right.

The Monroes:

Spartan simplicity in childhood, and emphasis on value of interests that enrich mind and emotions. These young people have come through with a fine appreciation of the art of living.

The Arnolds:

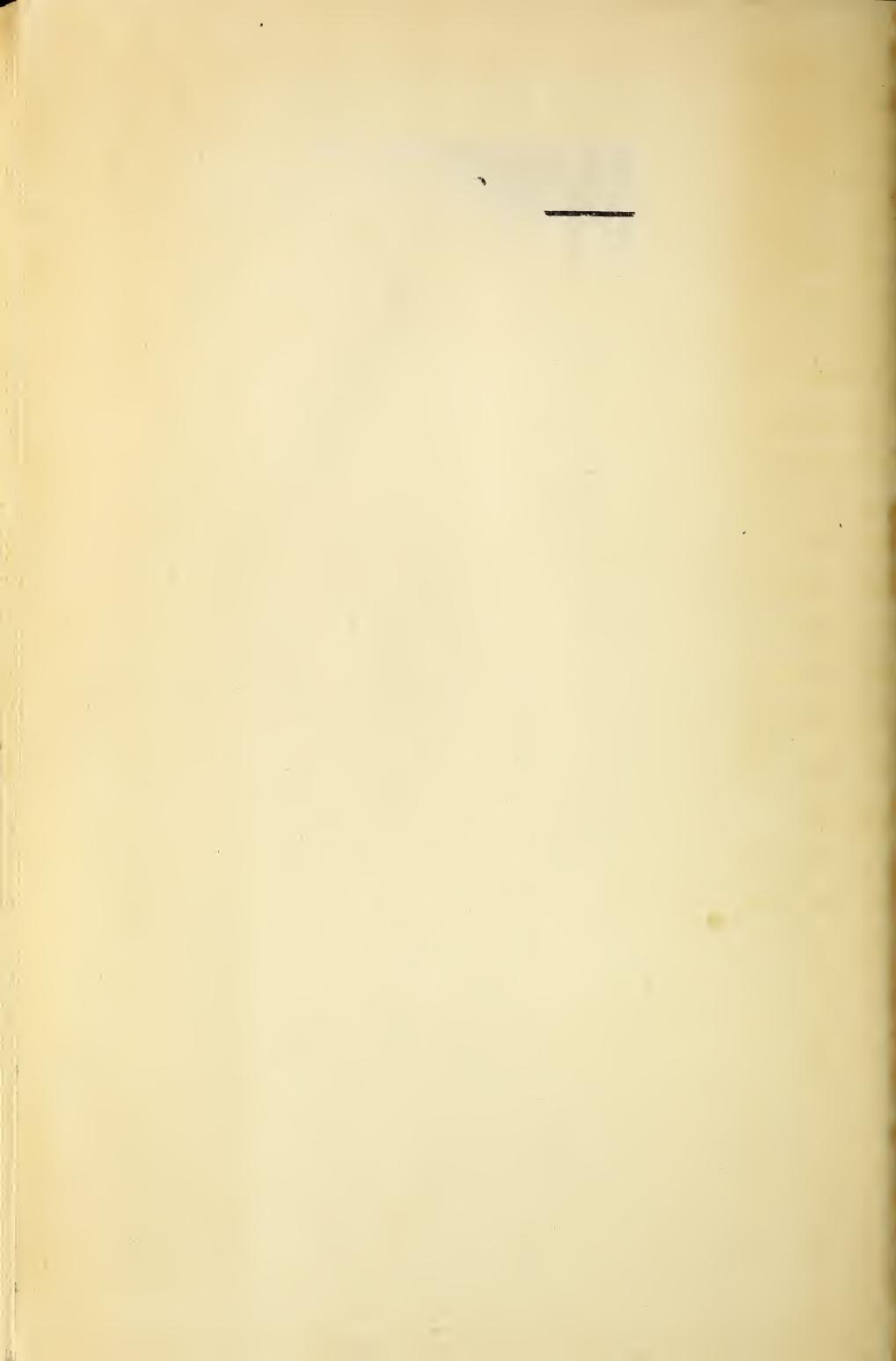
The value of the job in developing children; the home job that fits age and ability, the job that changes as age and ability change, the job that develops responsibility, and its fine effect on a large family of children. Also the value of the family council and the group spirit that develops.

XVI. "ILL BE GOOD IF YOU'LL BE GOOD"

Sally Ann: wool-gathering

A child's chance statement of the point of view of this book that a child's behavior hinges on the behavior of the adults in his world.





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